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**BY DAVID
HANDELMAN**

**SINGER, RECORD EXECUTIVE**

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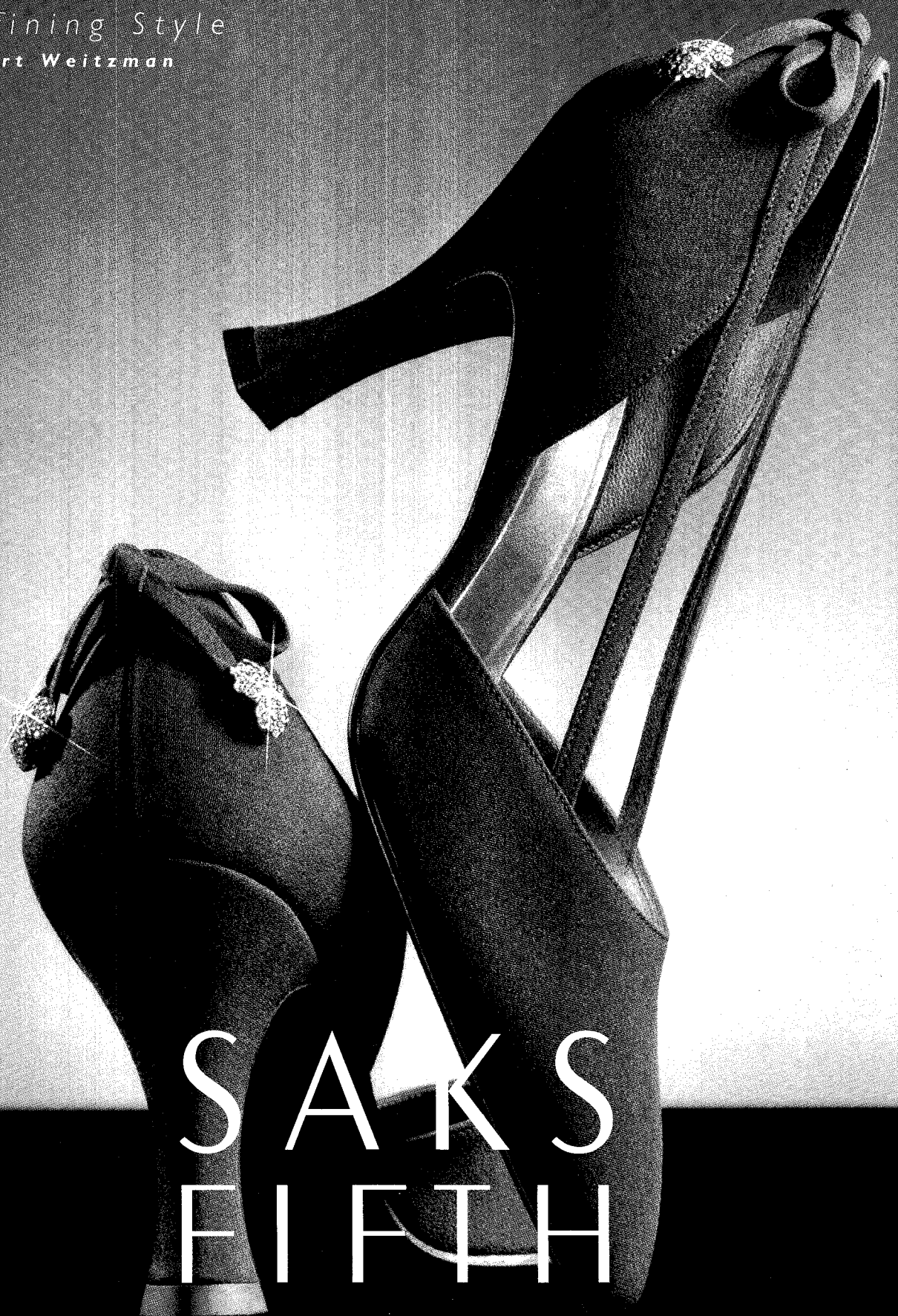
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If the president is re-elected this November, he'll have Robert Rubin to thank. The Wall Street operator turned Treasury secretary helped engineer a healthy, low-inflation economy; promoted the dropping of trade barriers; and won Clinton his biggest political victory to date: the debt-default battle. On the global road with a liberal in capitalist's clothing.



38 The Best of Next Fall's Fashion By Jade Hobson Charnin

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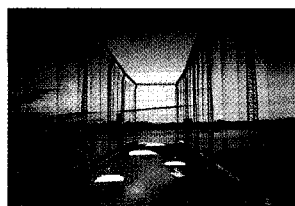
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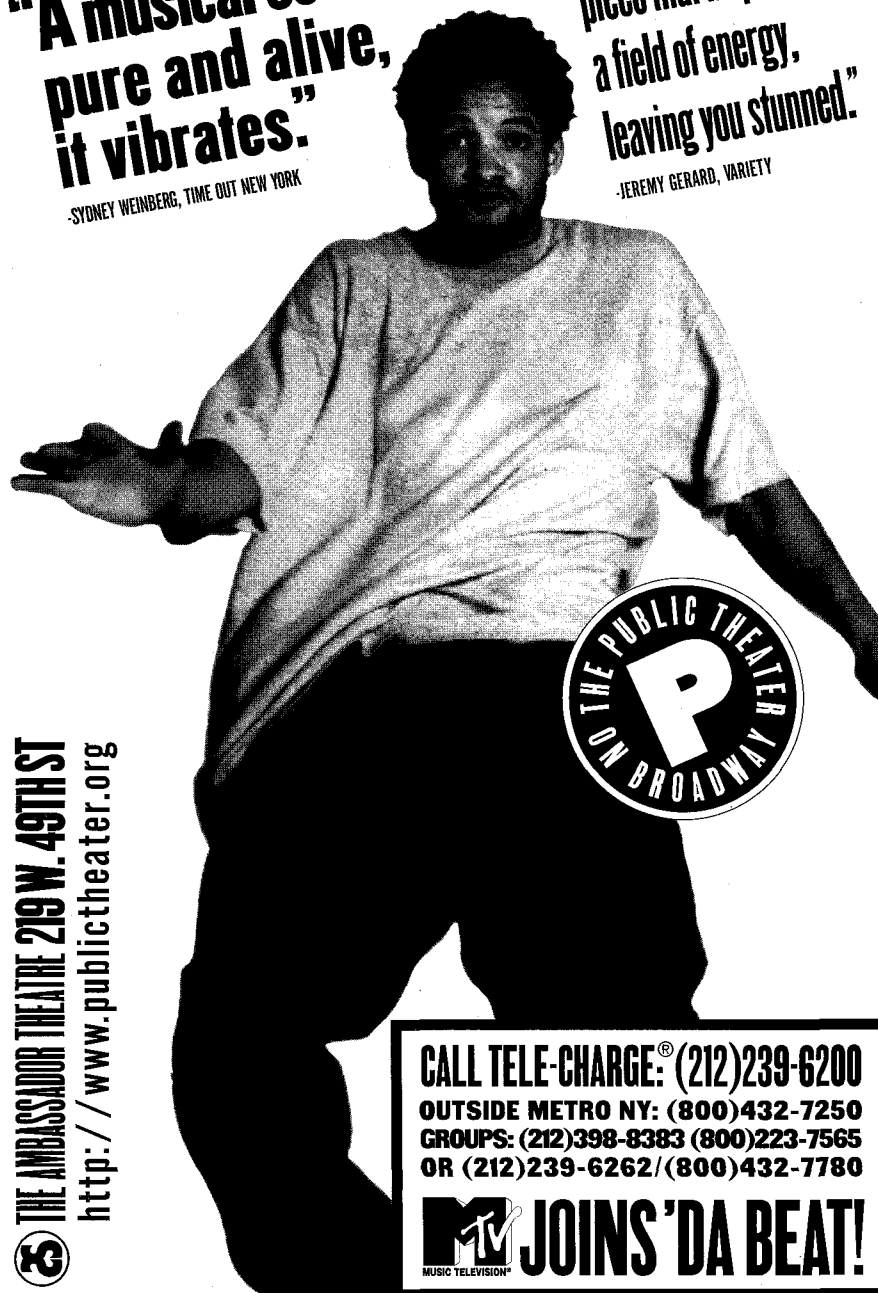
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To Market!

IS SHOPPING—THE DAYLONG ramble, the lunchtime dash—ever so enticing as in the warming months, when closets emptied during spring cleaning are thrillingly

bare and every shopwindow is filled with fresh objects of desire? Part of *New York's* mission has always been to act as interpreter, Baedeker, and conduit to the vast consumer culture of this most complex of cities through popular columns like "Best Bets" and "Sales & Bargains." And spring seemed like the perfect time to introduce our newest section, "Marketplace," in which these perennials join three new columns to provide an even broader range of guidance for the avid consumer.

Corky Pollan will continue to select weekly Best Bets as she has for years, but "Sales & Bargains" is being reinvented, its purview expanded. In addition to presenting the exclusive announcements of seasonal, sample, and warehouse sales, the column will become more reportorial and style-savvy. Retail nooks and crannies will be ferreted out; tips on places to get deals on the latest must-have *objet* will regularly appear. Paul Lukas's "Inconspicuous Consumption," a fine-print look at everyday items, has been running for some time, and will be joined soon by *New York* fashion director Jade Hobson Charnin's biweekly look at trends, news, and personalities on the fashion-and-beauty front. "There will always be an item, a piece of clothing that's great for right now," Hobson says. "Inevitably, that little black dress that's on everyone's back never makes our pages because it doesn't fit within a big story."

The biggest new component is a two-page feature called "The Goods." Three weeks ago, we featured J. M. Weston shoes, men's wear popular with certain stylish women. This week, Alex Williams ventures with clubs and skates into the Chelsea Piers sports complex. Other entries range from espresso machines to car-theft deterrents to upstate inns. Eclectic, yes, but that's the point. As our readers have already figured out, if the city were an open book, no one would need a guide.



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**DESIGNER
PREVIEWS**

Differently Abled

*Gifted and learning-disabled designations can be misleading,
but some parents are satisfied with kindergarten chess.*

AT THE AGE OF 10, I WAS CLASSIFIED as learning-disabled. I grew up resentful of the evaluation, and my path through high school and college was a difficult one. Although I now know better, and have a job in a field that I enjoy, I've struggled throughout my life to be normal and only very few people knew I was LD. In high school I took my tests with my peers because of social pressure. Only after I saw my first scores did I realize that taking advantage of the options the Educational Testing Service created for people like me was my only hope of getting into the college of my choice.

Your article "The Learning-Disability Scam" [by Zev Borow, March 18] talks of "try[ing] to win classification as learning-disabled." What child wants to live his life being LD, or even thinking he is LD, if he is not? With all the hours spent on the education of teachers, parents, and children about learning disabilities in the past fifteen years, it seems sad that the same aggressive parents (with average children) who have exhausted their options of pushing their children end up giving their children a label they once considered a curse.

Melissa Merlino
MANHATTAN

AS A PARENT OF A TRULY LEARNING-DISABLED child, I was disgusted to learn that parents and their children are knowingly abusing the Americans With Disabilities Act in order to obtain high SAT scores. In a bill sponsored by Governor Pataki, learning-disabled children and their parents are facing severe legislative reforms and potentially ruinous budget cuts in state funding for special education. If this bill is passed, many deserving children will be prevented from receiving the special-education services that are crucial for their development.

Don't these self-serving parents and their children realize that this bill was framed, in part, because of abuses, from preschool through high school, by the non-disabled and their families? In

Letters may be edited for space and clarity. They should be addressed to Letters to the Editor, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998 or sent via e-mail to 76702.2510@compuserve.com. Please include a daytime phone number.

your article, "Peter T." said, "I don't think [falsely labeling himself learning-disabled] hurt me or anyone else." Well, Pete, you may have been accepted at an Ivy League college, but you ain't so bright.

Karen Mulhern
RYE, N.Y.

Gifted Gap

WE WERE GLAD TO SEE ACADEMICALLY TALENTED students' need for accelerated and challenging curricula brought to the forefront of Billy Tashman's arguments in "The Gifted-Program Charade" [March 18]. However, we were dismayed that he failed to present some important information about gifted education in New York City's public schools. First, numerous highly rigorous elementary-school programs do exist. These include, but are not limited to, Mott Hall in District 6, the Lab School in District 2, the TAG School in District 4, the Anderson Program in District 3, the CIG program in District 22, the Astral Program in District 18, and Hunter College Elementary School. These programs are not only academically excellent but diverse in their student populations.

Specialized high schools including Bronx Science, Stuyvesant, La Guardia, Brooklyn Tech, and Hunter College High School have produced outstanding contributors to all realms of American life. New schools like Townsend Harris and the science-research programs at Midwood and Cardozo provide unparalleled challenges to high-achieving students. No city in the country offers better public secondary education to its gifted students.

We found it fascinating to compare this story with that of private-school students (described in the same issue of *New York*) who struggle with the highly accelerated curricula offered at their schools. Students in many New York City public schools are grappling with equally challenging curricula.

Dr. Rena Subotnik
Dr. Barbara Slatin
Board of Directors, AGATE

Dr. Anthony Miserandino
Director, Hunter College Campus Schools
MANHATTAN

IF ONE DAY YOU WOULD LIKE TO WRITE about what is good and what works in the normally dysfunctional New York City educational system, give us a look-see. We will amaze and astound. Contrary to the anecdotal comments you



P.S. 116's gifted kindergartners work on their moves.

gathered during your interviews, P.S. 116 has a true gifted program that smartens up what the bureaucracy has dumbed down. Chess in the kindergarten classroom and Leonardo da Vinci in the art room are only a small part of it.

Stephanie Young
PTA EXCEL Member, P.S. 116
MANHATTAN

First Wives' Club

PAGES 9 AND 10 OF THE APRIL 8 ISSUE OF *New York* are called "Intelligencer." I would suggest that this is a misnomer, as good intelligence is built on the accuracy of one's facts. "Smart Women, Foolish Choices," referring to 1983, speaks of me as "the then-married novelist." Well, I was married then and am still married today to the same extraordinary woman, Norris Church, with whom I have lived for 21 years, and if your Intelligencers and your researchers and your fact checkers couldn't come up with as easy and available an item as that, I don't know what you'll all do when you come across the murkier stuff out there.

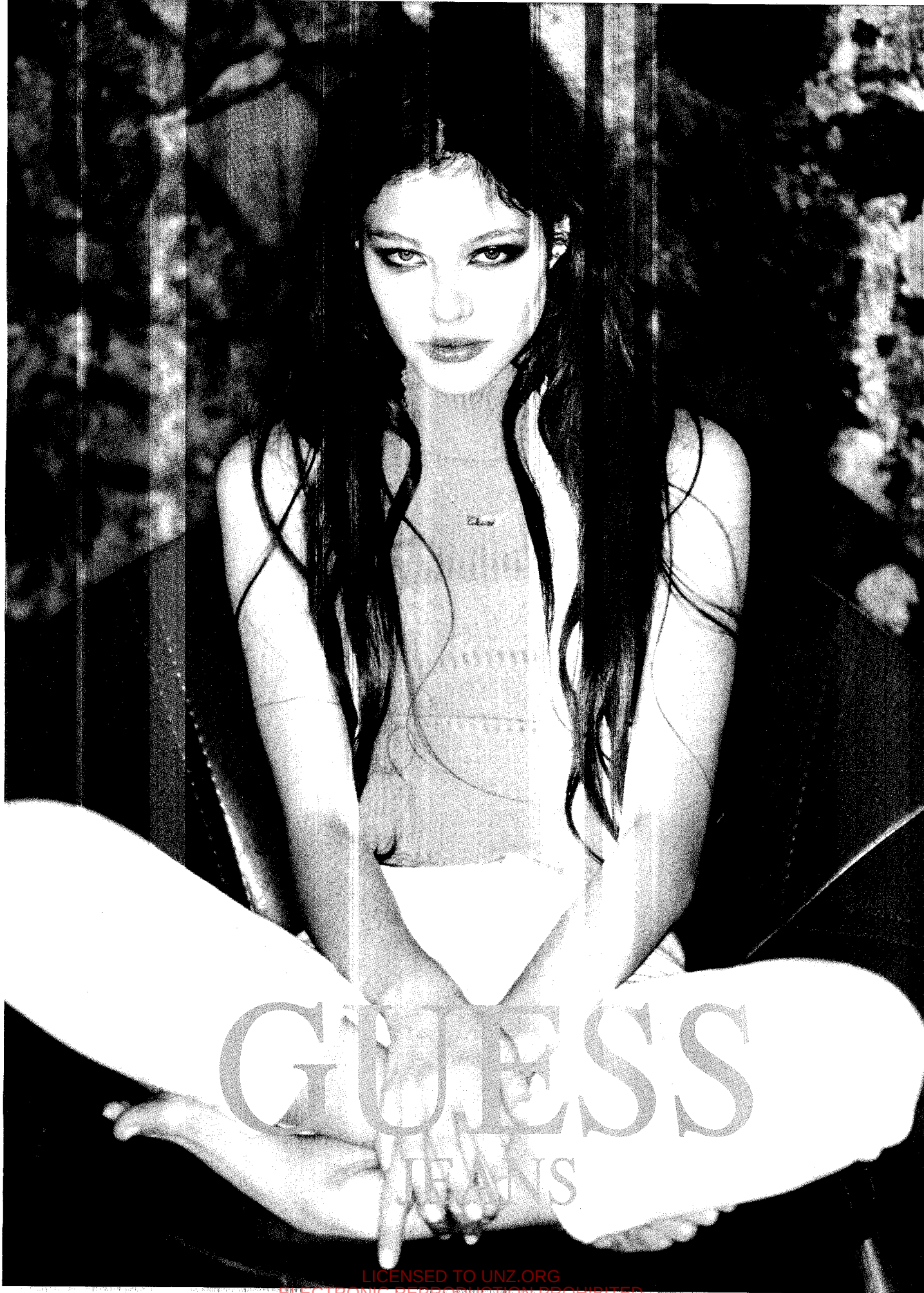
Norman Mailer
PROVINCETOWN, MASS.

Correction In John Simon's April 8 theater column, "Blue Notes and Blue Ribbons," a musician in *I Do! I Do!* was misidentified. The two pianists are Tim Stella and Valerie Gebert.



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THEY'RE COMING TO TAKE CHIN AWAY

For five years, defense attorneys for **Vincent "Chin" Gigante** have claimed that their client could not possibly be the head of the Genovese crime family because he is, quite simply, a lunatic. But in a recent competency hearing, prosecutors brought forth numerous witnesses, including **Sammy "the Bull" Gravano**, who claimed that they had had coherent dealings with Gigante as late as 1988, and that he has been faking insanity to avoid prosecution. According to a post-hearing memorandum filed on April 3 and obtained by *New York*, the defense has subsequently decided to make a somewhat more novel argument: "Even if there were something to the Government's contention that the defendant sometimes feigned psychiatric symptoms

PETER GATIEN'S LOST ANGEL?

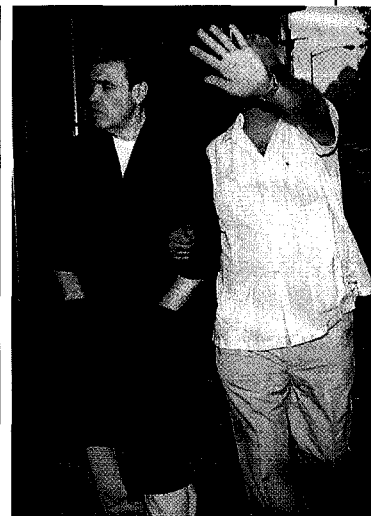
It hasn't been a good year for club king **Peter Gaten**. First there were the drug raids on his clubs the Limelight, Palladium, and the Tunnel; then state tax authorities began an audit of his books. Now the nightclub impresario has to contend with a disgruntled former employee who is threatening to create another imbroglio. **Michael Alig**, a close associate of the club owner, was fired by Gaten last month, reportedly at the urging of his wife, Alessandra. Sources say Alig is also being questioned by police concerning the disappearance of a twentysomething club kid named Angel, who, according to Alig, worked for Gaten at the Tunnel. Though sources claim that police are investigating the possibility of foul play, a police spokesman refused to comment on the case. A shaken Alig, who recently sold most of his furniture and is preparing to leave town, admitted that "Angel and I had a fight over about \$1,200 to \$1,400 that Peter and I owed him. Some people say that I threw him out the window. I've also heard that his hand is in a freezer somewhere in Staten Island. I don't really know, but I'm going to Europe this weekend. There's nothing left for me here." Gaten firmly denies ever having heard of Angel and claims that Alig—who has a history of substance abuse—is "mired in a host of difficulties. I have a lot of compassion for him."

in the past," Gigante's lawyers are now arguing, "there would be a far more plausible way of putting together all the evi-

dence before this court. Vincent Gigante has been the victim of episodic mental illness and a deteriorating overall level of mental functioning. If in the past he feigned symptoms, he was able to do so not out of great psychological insight, but because he had to do no more than continue or copy those symptoms he could not help exhibiting during his episodes of acute illness." Got it?

SULLIVAN TO LEAVE TNR

It was surprising enough when *New Republic* editor **Andrew Sullivan** told his staff late last week that he will be leaving the magazine in May—after five years as editor of the influential weekly. But his reasons for leaving reflected none of the cheap chatter that has increasingly attended his tenure



Vincent "Chin" Gigante:
In happier days

lately. Looking robust and tan in his habitual Gap shirt, the editor gathered his staff together on Friday morning and told them that he has been HIV-positive for the past three years and has decided it is time to move on. "I am not leaving because I am sick," he assured a tearful group of editors and writers. "I am leaving because I am well."

Sources close to the editor say that while Sullivan shows no signs of illness, his diagnosis "made him reconsider what was important to him. He felt like he had been forced to hide his sexuality for 23 years. He didn't want to have to hide this too."

Sullivan, a gay Roman Catholic from England, was appointed to the post by owner **Martin Peretz** in 1991, when he was just 28. His conservative politics made him a controversial choice for the left-of-center magazine, and his tenure saw many high-profile defections, including those of **Hendrik Hertzberg** and **Sidney Blumenthal** to *The New Yorker*, **Fred**

MOVELINE FALLS FOR PYRAMID SCHEME

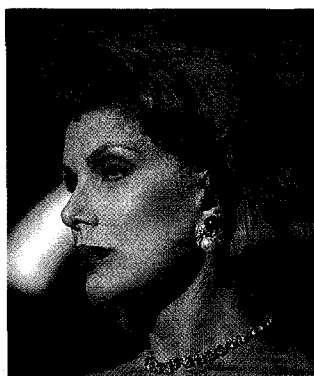
New Yorkers who love to feel superior to their intellectually challenged compatriots on the Left Coast will have plenty to gloat about this month, thanks to the May issue of *Movieline*, which features "The 100 Dumbest Things Hollywood's Done Lately." First on the list: "**Daphne Zuniga** Confessed that she wears a pyramid-shaped hat to help her memorize her lines for *Melrose Place*." Well, no: Zuniga "confessed" that on *Weekly World News*, **Brandon Tartikoff's** satiric send-up that aired on the USA Network. Zuniga, a friend of one of the show's producers, appeared on the program wearing the hat as a gag, and says she can't believe that anyone took the stunt seriously: "Hello, wake up! Do they also believe that **Don King** is a god to pygmies [another segment on the same show]? It takes a lot more than a hat to remember these lines." "Believe it or not, pyramid hats really do exist," retorts *Movieline* associate editor **Julee Stover**, who maintains that, "from our reports," Zuniga *did* use the hat for real, before she "good-naturedly" spoofed herself on the show.



Zuniga: Mad hatter



Barbra Streisand:
A Time Inc. cover-up?



Georgette Mosbacher:
A real bargain

Barnes to *The Weekly Standard*, and **Michael Kinsley** to cyberspace. Sullivan has also come under increasing criticism that the magazine has been adrift and has lost its influence, but it should be noted, too, that *TNR* has gained in both circulation and advertising during his tenure, and a few weeks ago, *Adweek* named Sullivan magazine editor of the year. Peretz stood by his young editor and was shocked by Sullivan's announcement. "I haven't really thought about it," Peretz said when asked about a successor, but several names are already in circulation, including contributing editor **Mickey Kaus** and executive editor **Margaret Talbot**.

In recent months, Sullivan has seemed detached from day-to-day operations; "his heart hasn't really been in this," says

TIME INC. MAGIC: NO MORE NEWSWEEK

When the editors of *Entertainment Weekly's* News & Notes section unearthed a photo of **Barbra Streisand** gazing dourly into a mirror on the set of her trouble-plagued film *The Mirror Has Two Faces*, they thought they had a perfect lead photo for last week's column. Unfortunately, resting in the hands of an anonymous minion next to Streisand was a conspicuous copy of *Newsweek*, chief competitor of *Time*, the flagship publication of EW parent Time Inc. With deadline quickly approaching, the show-business weekly's photo people crafted a quick-fix solution. They simply airbrushed a big red stripe over the *Newsweek* cover, rendering the offending publication unidentifiable. News & Notes editor **Maggie Murphy** claims the cover-up was purely aesthetic. "If it was a soda can or a cereal box, we would have done the same thing," she insists. "We just wanted the focus to be on Barbra." But, she adds, "we think *Newsweek* looks better that way, anyhow."

one close friend. Last August, he published his first book, *Virtually Normal*, a well-received overview of the politics of homosexuality. "Andrew made a deliberate decision not to talk about his status because he thought it would detract from his argument," says a source. "He wanted people to view the subject on its merits, not out of misguided sympathy." Sullivan is leaving to write a second book, on friendship, a subject increasingly on his mind since the AIDS-related death of a close friend last year.

"I've been planning this in my head for a while. I can't avoid writing anymore," he told *New York* just after his announcement. "My HIV status is just a small part of why I'm leaving. The fact is, I've been here longer than my two predecessors. I learned at Oxford you should leave before they start looking at their watch." Next week, Sullivan is publishing his 250th issue of the magazine. The cover story will be on gay marriage. "Always leave them laughing," Sullivan says.

NO NUDE IS GOOD NEWS; AL DENTE

ONLINE LAP DANCE: The ongoing crusade against smut in cyberspace seems to have got to the folks over at Ameri-

ca Online. A month after New York-based journalist **Lynn Snowden** debuted her forum on relationships, *Live Nude Girl*, on the service, panicky higher-ups at AOL demanded that the show drop *nude* from its title, citing sensitivity to issues of child pornography. Snowden is mystified. "It's not like, 'Let me do an online lap dance for you, baby,'" she sighs; "it's called *irony*."

RENTAL HIGH: Plan to

summer in the Hamptons? Does **Georgette Mosbacher** have a deal for you! The former cosmetics queen is renting Waterview, her Southampton mansion on Meadow Lane, for just \$135,000 for the month of August. Included in the deal: Georgette's low-fat chef, her boat, and her '85 Ferrari.

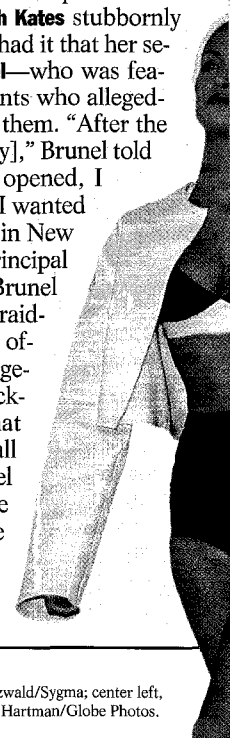
AL ON THE SAUCE: You wouldn't expect **Al D'Amato** to start taking his cues from **David Letterman**, but that seems to be what he's up to. Just as *Home Cookin' With Dave's Mom* hits the bookstores, Al and his mom, **Antoinette**, are shopping around a book proposal of their own: *It's All in the Sauce: An Italian Mamma and Her Son Share Their Favorite Family Recipes*. Expect about 120 recipes or so; Al's mom is in Italy right now, gathering more. D'Amato's agent, **Kay McCauley** of Pimlico, says they've had "a good response."

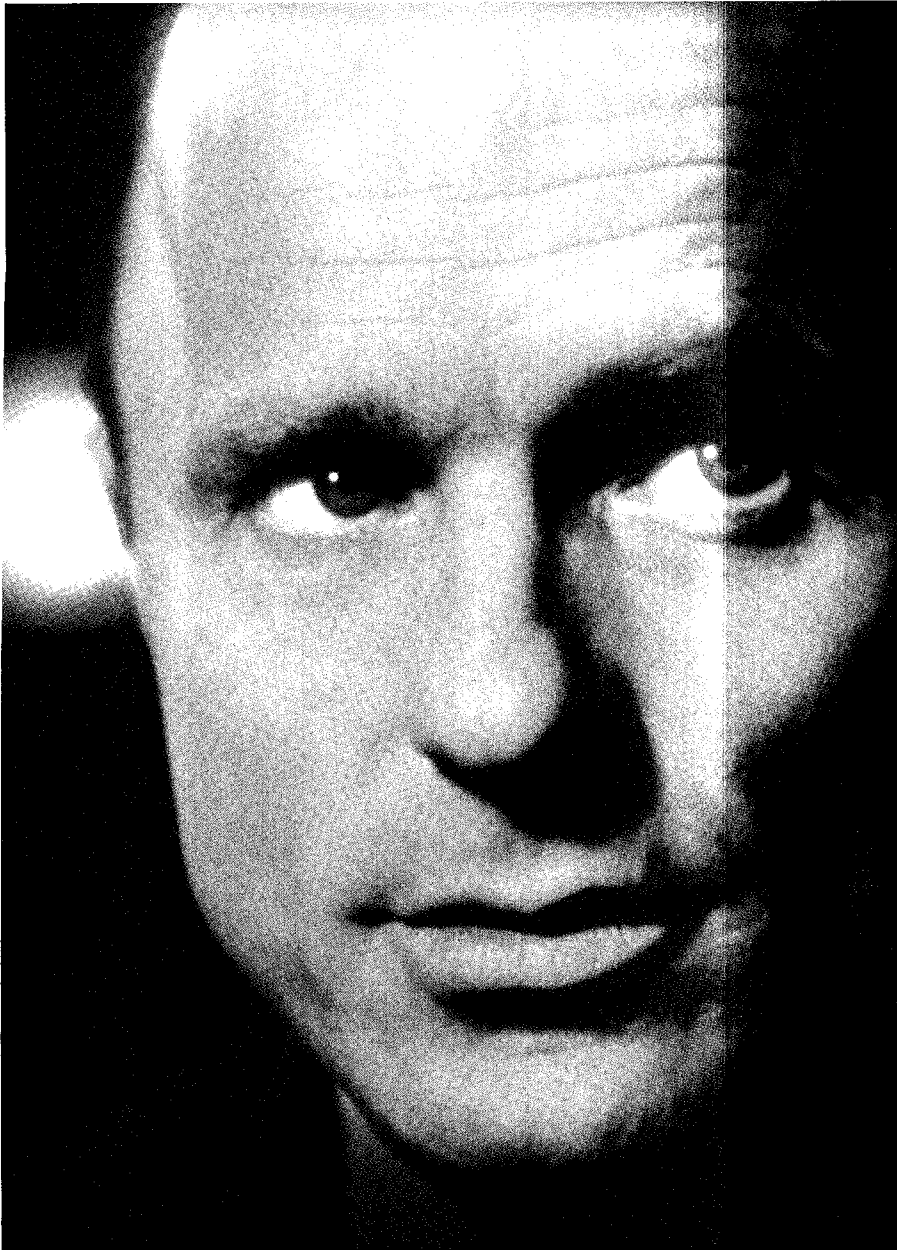
Additional reporting by Matt Pincus, Daniel Radosh, and Maria Ricapito.

NOW THEY REALLY AREN'T PARTNERS

When the high-powered Next modeling agency—home of ex-**Sylvester Stallone** fiancée **Angie Everhart** and supermodel **Yasmeen Ghauri**—opened in 1989, owner **Faith Kates** stubbornly refused to divulge her backers. But rumor had it that her secret partner was the seamy **Jean-Luc Brunel**—who was featured in a 1988 *60 Minutes* report on agents who allegedly drugged their models and had sex with them. "After the *60 Minutes* thing, Faith opened [her agency]," Brunel told *Model* author **Michael Gross**. "When she opened, I took an option to buy. I didn't know what I wanted to do." Now, in a lawsuit filed last month in New York, the truth comes out: Brunel was a principal in Next from the beginning. Kates sued Brunel and his brother, **Arnaud**, charging that they raided models and agents from Next's Miami office to open another agency, Model Management Group. Though the lawsuit was quickly settled, it included one allegation that proves Kates knows her former partner all too well. She claimed that the wily Brunel brothers "entered into a scheme to put the offices of [their new company] under the names of others, not presently known, in order to conceal their ownership."

Yasmeen:
"Next!"



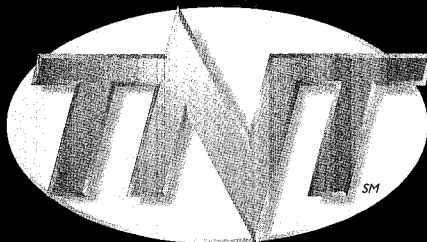


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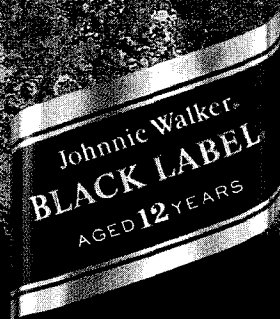
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GOTHAM

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THE FRONT PAGE The Beast

Is manhood the root of all evil?

Let us assume, just for the moment, that Mike Tyson did not bite that woman on the face. For the sake of argument, let's believe the woman's very good friend, the unfortunately named Tammie Batty, who held a press conference

last Wednesday to call her pal a liar. If that's the case, if the woman *did* make it all up, then, well, she certainly knows her men.

Not men as in male hominids, but *men*, as in Soldiers of the Beast. *He bit me on the face.* This seems an unlikely charge to fabricate, but if this woman is the clever gold-digging succubus Tyson's managers would like us to believe she is (just like that last one!), then she knew that while only the most vicious dogs bite people on the face, it certainly sounds like something a guy would do.

"Mike is in a situation where anybody can make an accusation against you," said his co-manager John Horne, repeating the 1991, pre-imprisonment company line. Mike's situation is stickier than most, in that he's already raped at least one woman, but in many ways he's like all men today—assumed to be capable of the very worst.

And weeks like this past one make that a difficult proposition to argue against: A 42-year-old male postal worker from Long Island admitted that he killed perhaps ten prostitutes by bludgeoning them with barbells before cutting them up with hacksaws; a 37-year-old male convicted rapist from Long Island, released in 1992 when DNA evidence appeared to exculpate him, was arrested for a 1995 rape when semen found on the victim's clothing matched his DNA; a 40-year-old male computer technician from New Jersey was caught on the banks of the Passaic River with a plastic bag containing the lips and nose of his alleged lover's husband; and a 32-year-old male child molester from

Texas, who said he would kill his next victim if released, was released.

Oh, and a 48-year-old male celebrity from Los Angeles was reported to have failed a lie-detector test two days after he evidently slit his wife's throat down to the bone.

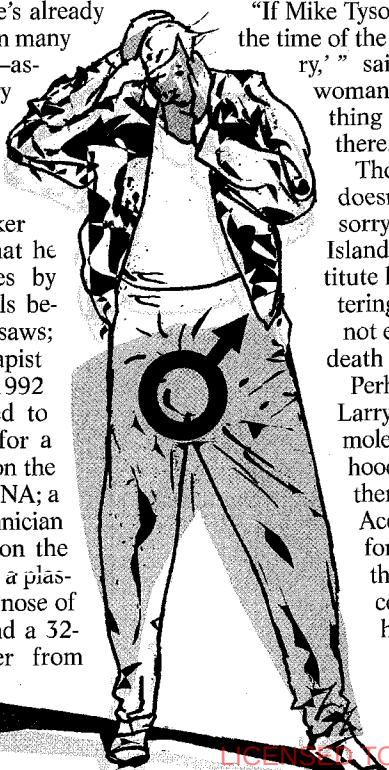
To those who would say *all men are beasts* or *all men are rapists*, it hardly seems adequate to argue that these men are the exception, that the *vast majority* of men want to use their manhood for good (or at least not evil), that one bad man don't spoil the whole bunch. But faced with nearly daily evidence of what men, acting specifically in their capacity as males, can do, any decent man is at a loss for what to say except: *Sorry*.

"If Mike Tyson had apologized to her at the time of the incident and said 'I'm sorry,'" said another of the bitten woman's friends, "this whole thing might have ended right there."

Though sometimes *sorry* just doesn't cut it. "I'm sorry, I'm sorry," Robert Shulman, Long Island's most recent serial prostitute killer, has been heard muttering in his jail cell, probably not enough times to escape the death penalty.

Perhaps more sincerely sorry is Larry Don McQuay, the serial molester who is taking his manhood *mea culpa* one step further, begging to be castrated. According to a spokeswoman for the victims'-rights group that has agreed to pick up the costs, "He's very anxious to have this done."

If only it were that simple.



411 "Best thing that could possibly have happened to us. Last issue we did 20,000 copies, and now we're going to increase it to 30,000. I really don't care about the cops; I basically have nothing to say to them, but I would say thanks for all the publicity, totally."—Alan Ket, editor-in-chief of *Stress*, an urban-culture quarterly that the NYPD accused of "glorify[ing] graffiti" and "profiting from crime."



OFFICIAL NON-STAR CAFÉ When a recent drug bust at the Bowery Bar netted six people and *not one of them was famous*, the management of the diminishingly trendy restaurant tried hard to look on the bright side. "Maybe it's less hot than it used to be," conceded spokeswoman Nadine Johnson, "but the nice thing . . . is that it has opened up for the really downtown people that were kind of put aback by the fact that there were too many Hollywood people. I love it. You know, we're not complaining at all that we're dropping people like the Mike Tyson or, you know, the Michael Jordan."

DAMN STATISTICS According to the survey of 18- to 34-year-olds on the cover of the April *Swing*, only 29 percent have "ever used any illegal drugs"—surprisingly few, considering that 40 percent say they've "tried" marijuana. Editor-in-chief David Lauren explains the contradiction thus: "The poll was conducted by a major polling company, so none of the numbers were played with. . . . It's a scientifically conducted and accurate poll. So I think that number comes out just right."





Rabbi Hardoon at a Thursday night Kabbalah meeting at Showroom Seven.

rabbi.") Bernhard converted her friend, Ford model Patricia Velasquez, who in turn organized an "introductory Kabbalah meeting" at her West Village apartment, which attracted the likes of Isaac Mizrahi, Bette Midler, Katie Ford, and Dr. Pat Wexler, best known as Donna Karan's dermatologist. Velasquez says that Kabbalah has transported her to a higher spiritual plane: "Before Kabbalah came into my life, I would walk down a runway and think, *You are going to look at me because I'm beautiful*. But now when I'm working I think to myself, *I hope if you buy this dress it may help you have more spirituality and happiness in your life.*"

Velasquez's hectic travel schedule forced the group to migrate to Dr. Wexler's office, but the doctor's waiting room was

soon overflowing with would-be Kabbalists, so Bernhard approached Karen Erickson, owner of the designers' collective Showroom Seven, to host the Thursday-night classes. These meetings have grown increasingly popular, attracting 30 followers each week. Celebrities in California have also come onboard. Roseanne, Jeff Goldblum, Diane Ladd, and Laura Dern are all Kabbalah students. Asked whether she thought fashion people and movie stars would trivialize Kabbalah (a philosophy historically studied only by married Jewish men over 40 years of age), Bernhard thought not. But isn't there the danger that Roseanne might include a Kabbalah episode in her American remake of the British fashion sitcom *Absolutely Fabulous*? "First of all, I don't think she's going to get *Ab Fab* off the ground unless a Kabbalist does some sort of magic incantation," Bernhard says. "Besides, I think Roseanne is actually touched by Kabbalah and needs it."

Although many are Jews alienated by a conventional religious upbringing, aspiring Kabbalists tend to insist that they are merely enriching their existing faith. "I had 23 people over last night for Seder and my daughter is being bat mitzvah'd in three months," says Dr. Wexler. "For me, Kabbalah is more or less a substitute for psychotherapy." Bernhard concurs: "I've always been connected to the Jewish faith. But I sensed there was something missing. I was still very dependent on external forces for my happiness: waiting for the right project to come along, superficial satisfaction, public adulation. Kabbalah has allowed me to

Religion

AB KAB

IN A SHOWROOM 24 FLOORS ABOVE Seventh Avenue, a bearded man in a sober black suit and yarmulke stands before a considerably more fashionably dressed audience, flanked by racks of clothing from the collections of Kitty Boots and Betsey Johnson. The man's psychedelic polyester tie, perhaps a concession to his audience, hangs from his neck cartoonishly. The crowd, normally well attuned to such fashion catastrophes, seems oblivious. They sit rapt as he reads from the Zohar, a sacred Judaic manuscript said to be 2,000 years old, the parable of the king who tests his son's mettle by sending a prostitute to seduce him. Heads nod solemnly as the text is translated into English.

Rabbi Abraham Hardoon sets the Zohar aside and asks a familiar question: "How has Kabbalah changed your life since our last meeting?"

An attractive 26-year-old woman who calls herself Ally b. raises her hand, causing her miniskirt to recede several inches. All eyes focus on her. "I was having the worst time trying to find decent models for the Ghost show," she says earnestly. "And all of a sudden I booked all these really fierce girls."

John Lujan, a fashion illustrator from Venezuela, is equally enthused: "I had the urge to buy a pair of Rollerblades!"

Not since models strutted down the catwalk wearing Jean Paul Gaultier quilted rabbi robes and skullcaps with bullhorns in 1993 has Judaism been so embraced on Seventh Avenue. Whether through genuine spirituality or simply

the passing of the feng shui and high-colonic fancies, the fashion community seems to have converted en masse to Kabbalah, the mystical interpretation of the Torah that incorporates such New Age elements as astrology, numerology, reincarnation, and astral travel. "It's becoming more cool to be Jewish," says Susan Heckler, the program manager at the New York Open Center, a New Age learning and cultural school in SoHo that offers no fewer than six Kabbalah classes. "Being Jewish today is not about growing up in the burbs, having a bar mitzvah, and going to synagogue on High Holy Days. It's about Jewish renewal—things like Kabbalah that address deep cosmological views and allow us to be connected spiritually."

Linda Loewenthal, the director of One Spirit Book Club, a recent spin-off of the Book-of-the-Month Club that specializes in New Age titles, reports that the club's Kabbalah titles outsell conventional Judaic titles five to one. "Books by Kushner, Telushkin, and Lerner are being blown out of the water by Kabbalah," she says. Dan Levine, the owner of J. Levine Books & Judaica, agrees: "And it's not just Jewish people who are interested. We get black people, Chinese, Europeans. It really transcends all demographics."

The movement took root in the fashion community several months ago when the actress Sandra Bernhard was introduced to Kabbalah by her Brazilian personal trainer. (Kabbalah has been popular in Brazil for several years, thanks largely to the books of Nilton Bonder, a charismatic Brazilian rabbi billed in the press as "the surfing

gotham

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be less concerned with these things."

Still, there are those who say that the Showroom Seven meetings constitute little more than a fashionable cult. "The fashion world is so lost they don't know what the hell they're doing," says Lauren Ezersky, a fashion columnist for *Paper* magazine. "Fashion is boring, so they're turning to this. Who knows? Five minutes from now a new designer will come along and they'll start worshipping him." Marina Fahs Bender, a stylist who regularly attends the meetings, objects. "We are all searching for spirituality," she says. "Cult? I'm in the biggest cult of all—the fashion industry." (Kabbalah is in little danger of supplanting that cult. The regular Thursday-night meeting had to be rescheduled earlier this month when it collided with 7th on Sixth festivities. "Forget about Passover," Showroom Seven owner Erickson explained. "We have our own holiday—Fashion Week. It starts with Versace and ends with Donna.")

It may be only a matter of time before supermodels are spotted at Indochine sporting ASK ME ABOUT KABBALAH buttons. The Kabbalah Learning Centre, the organization behind Rabbi Hardoon's Showroom Seven classes, already has nine branches around the world, located in cities ranging from Los Angeles to Paris to Buenos Aires. The

fee for a series of twelve classes is only \$144, but additional materials such as books (25 titles, priced between \$10.95 and \$14.95), cassette tapes (\$10 to \$12), T-shirts (\$18), and a 24-volume edition of the Zohar (\$345) can pad one's Kabbalah bill considerably. Velasquez scoffs at the idea of Kabbalah's being packaged by the Learning Centre for sheer profit. "They don't ask you for money," she says defensively. "People give donations." Has she given donations? "Yes. The more you give, the more you will receive. That's how Kabbalah people think."

The Jewish community at large does not necessarily embrace this version of Kabbalah. One rabbi suggests it's "Dianetics for Jews." Rabbi Jonathan Omer-Man, a Kabbalah scholar and head of Metivta, a Los Angeles-based center for Jewish studies, declined to comment on the Learning Centre. "I can't say anything good about it," Omer-Man says with disgust. "Therefore, I'll say nothing about it."

At a recent meeting, Rabbi Hardoon is asked how he feels about the "New Age Judaism" label. "I would call it old-age Judaism," he says without skipping a beat. "Kabbalah can be traced back to antiquity." And what does he make of fashion people's latching onto Kabbalah like a front-row seat at Bryant Park?

"These are universal concepts. They are for Jews and non-Jews, for fashion people and non-fashion people. This is the age of Aquarius. Information is being revealed at an unprecedented rate. Receive the light." RENE CHUN

C i t y

LIFE INTIMIDATES ART

JEAN-CLAUDE LAMARRE WAS SITTING IN A Cadillac Eldorado on Eighth Avenue and 13th Street, studying his lines, when a cop approached. LaMarre, a slight, diminutive black man, plays a hustler who lures young girls into pornography on an episode of *Swift Justice*, a low-budget UPN crime series. He was waiting for the crew across the street to set up a master shot. The cop asked LaMarre whether he was with the production; LaMarre said yes. Then the cop asked LaMarre whether he had a gun in the vehicle.

"It just hit me," recalls LaMarre, "that I did." It was a prop, of course, a 9-mm. that had been tossed on the dashboard as casually as a used coffee cup. LaMarre—a veteran of N.Y.C.-based cop shows who drops lingo like *collar* and *perp* quite casually—the mistake of reaching for the gun. "I didn't realize what I was doing, and all of a sudden I hear, 'Don't touch the gun! Don't touch the fuckin' gun!'" Five cars pinned the Eldorado; the cops sprung out and drew their guns, yelling, "That's it!" The stunned LaMarre, certain he would be shot, froze. "I saw a [production assistant] get on her walkie," says LaMarre. "She walked over and said, 'Excuse me, he's with the production,' and the cops yelled, 'Stand the fuck back!'" A uniformed NYPD officer, employed by *Swift Justice*, ran over and, according to LaMarre, also identified the actor. "And they're like, 'You! Step back!'"—to the officer, he says incredulously. "That's when I knew I was in trouble."

LaMarre was ordered out of the vehicle and placed his hands on the hood—"I took it upon myself to put my hands in clear view," he says wryly. The location cop again identified LaMarre as an actor. "And then," LaMarre continues, "the cops are like, 'Who the fuck is running this production? This actor could've been killed.'"

After the chaos died down and the cops took LaMarre's name and Social Security number, he was able to piece together what he thinks is the likeliest scenario. "Someone sees a black man in a black fedora and a black leather jacket sitting in an Eldorado..." He laughs ruefully. "They tell a cop who's on foot, and the cop gets on his radio, gets there and questions me, and doesn't have time

P U L S E

The Four Horseman Race

When NBC executive Don Ohlmeyer called new Disney-ABC president Michael Ovitz "the Antichrist" in *Time* last week, he was engaging in what has become an increasingly popular *fin de siècle* parlor game. Below is a list of who (or what) has been nominated for architect of the Armageddon so far in 1996, aided by a search of newspapers and magazines on Nexis, the Antichrist of Original Reporting.

The pope	4 Nominations
Quentin Tarantino	2
Pat Buchanan	2
Ronald Reagan	1
Boutros Boutros-Ghali	1
Colin Powell	1
Hillary Clinton	1
Alanis Morissette	1
Kathie Lee Gifford	1
Michael Jackson	1
Cleveland Browns owner Art Modell	1
Boston Bruins defenseman Raymond Bourque	1
Dennis Rodman	1
Bill Murray (at Pebble Beach)	1
Jimmy Connors* ("Look right here on the back of my head, and you'll see '666'")	1
The ADL	1
Humanism	1



ALANIS THE ANTICHRIST

Gay rights	1
Peter Duesberg ("the Antichrist of AIDS research")	1
Episcopalians, Presbyterians, and Methodists (nominated by Pat Robertson)	1

Death-penalty opponents	1
Opponents of teaching creationism in schools	1
The tanning business ("for many dermatologists")	1
Master keys ("the Antichrist of the apartment industry")	1
Olestra	1
Comedy Central president Doug Herzog* (for canceling <i>Mystery Science Theater 3000</i>)	1
Lesbian comedian Reno*	1
The phone company (a.k.a. "the Antichrist System")	1
The Parking Authority of Allentown, Pennsylvania	1
Forces of Satan	1
*Self-proclaimed	



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Blood Brothers

At the Century Club for a party thrown by 'Time' and Simon & Schuster for James B. Stewart's 'Blood Sport.'

By Ariel Kaminer

Photographed by Patrick McMullan

THE CENTURY CLUB, FOR 149 YEARS A PRIVATE haven for some of the nation's most earnest men (and, since 1988, women), is not a place much given to wanton frivolity. Its Stanford White architecture and understated décor strongly convey a deep sense of gravitas, of pretty darn serious people engaged in pretty darn serious pursuits. And when the club throws a party, as it did last Tuesday for James Stewart's book about Whitewater, it is a dignified affair. Drag queens do not dance on tables. Bikini girls do not come popping out of cakes. Rather, a room fills up nicely with the reigning members of America's media elite, who stand about having a drink and a chat. "How can you tell them apart?" asked one young woman aloud. She was being funny, but she was just a visitor. Those who belonged could very easily tell one another apart: The silver-haired man in the conservative suit runs the New York

Top, James B. Stewart and Garry Trudeau at the Century Club, celebrating the publication of Stewart's *Blood Sport*. Above, John Shea and artist Stephen Hannock at the opening of Hannock's show, at the James Graham & Sons gallery.

Times editorial page. The shorter, scrappy man in the conservative suit runs *Time* magazine. The biggish one with the bright-green tie runs Court TV. All it takes is a little practice.

Despite the air of quiet probity, it was hard not to detect a celebratory note about the place. After all, the book is a No. 1 best-seller; its revelations are headline news, its author is a star.

To Stewart, it was all a perfectly delightful development. "People are talking about it," he said, appending "before they've read it" and then adding, sportingly, "but it's a start."

Above, publicist Peggy Siegal, author A. E. Hotchner, and Claudia Cohen at the Lana Marks benefit for the Society of Memorial Sloan-Kettering Cancer Center. At the Tunnel for Champagne Krug's Venus Awards: model Dan Baker and Elisabeth Ann Kieselstein-Cord (below); designer Cynthia Rowley with her fiancée, architect Bill Keenan (below left), and Georgianna Robertson (far left).

to conclude anything before Rambo & Co. show up, and they see me reaching for the gun." LaMarre pauses. "I feel like it's quite possible those officers believed they had probable cause [to draw their weapons]," he continues. "But I do think the situation would've been handled more delicately if I were white."

Shortly after the cops left, LaMarre finished his scene and headed straight home. "The entire day, I'm in this fake world, this controlled environment, so even though 'the police' are chasing me, I feel invincible," he says softly. "It wasn't till I got home that it hit me—I came this close to dying." *Swift Justice*, for its part, refuses to comment, and the real cops don't have much to add, either. "If this is a person whose feelings got hurt," says a police spokeswoman, "they should put the shoe on the other foot. This kind of thing is an everyday occurrence."

Apparently so: Newton Hinds, a 21-year-old film student, was shooting a staged holdup at a Brooklyn barbershop about eight weeks ago—with the consent of the local precinct—when two undercover cops jumped out of a parked van and stormed the place. "It was so obvious [we were filming] that a 2-year-old would have known," says Hinds, who adds that the cops never identified themselves. "They threw one of the actors to the ground and put a gun to his head," he says. "I thought I was dead." Hinds, who captured the entire incident on film, faces charges for using a fake BB gun. MAUREEN CALLAHAN

Culture ROOK TAKES QUEEN

THE STORY GOING AROUND NEW YORK'S Serbian community on Easter Sunday was that Vlada Radoje, a tall freelance photographer, had beaten Anatoly Karpov, the short former world chess champion, in an impromptu match at the Tara restaurant in the East Village. "Vlada was calling up people, saying 'You're talking to a new world chess champion,'" says Slobodan Pesic, a Serbian filmmaker. "He said Karpov got a little bit drunk and botched the game."

In the former Yugoslavia, which had more than 30 grand masters before the war, chess players are big celebrities. (By comparison, the U.S., with twenty times the population, has 43.) Maybe that's why Radoje got it in his head that if this story got around, then an attractive American woman on whom he had a crush would hear about it through friends and feel she had to give him a call. "It was not planned, like chess," Radoje explains unapologetically. "Love is like jazz. Everything is done by improvisation."

That Monday at Tara—an unassuming



Italian restaurant on First Avenue that doubles as a chess club—Radoje's stunt elicits table-slapping laughter from the ten grand masters and chess writers assembled for the awarding of the Chess Oscars. "Hey," says Ron Henley, a dapper American grand master. "Did I tell you about the time I beat Michael Jordan one-on-one in basketball?"

"I knocked Tyson out," wheezes William Lombardy, another American grand master. "But I had to get him drunk first."

Karpov himself, in a green paisley tie and a plaid jacket, is stiff but smiling as he listens to the story.

"I never get drunk," he says.

As president of the International Association of Chess Journalists, Karpov is the official presenter of the organization's 1995 awards for Best Chess Writer, Player (male and female, for best performance), and Radio or Television Event. Three-foot-high gold-plated trophies and a decorative chess clock adorn the end of the banquet table, which is laden with wine and Coke and plates of prosciutto, roasted peppers, mushrooms, and tomatoes. Hushed Serbs watch from the sidelines. Some have come offering to serve as waiters just to get a glimpse of their heroes.

Karpov remains seated and speaks in Russian. The Yugoslavian ambassador to the U.N., Vladislav Jovanovic, accepts an award on behalf of Radio Television Serbia for televising the Karpov-Kamsky match on Belgrade's Channel 3. "I'm not a master," Jovanovic says before rushing off to state duties. "I'm a very strong player. I am very modest."

Dimitrije Bjelica, a Yugoslavian master, also in plaid, takes the prize for writing. He has 56 books to his credit, and he and Karpov have written 99 together. "A Guinness world record!" Bjelica says, clutching his trophy. "I am too happy."

The winning players, Hungarian grand master Susan Polgar and Ukrainian grand master Vasili Ivanchuk, are no-shows, a major disappointment.

The salmon is served, and someone mentions current world champion Gary Kasparov, who defeated Karpov quite publicly in 1985. Karpov seems not to hear, disappearing behind a Serbian political magazine. Eventually, he is coaxed out with a question that seems relevant to his work promoting chess education for children.

"What makes a great player?" someone asks.

"Genes," Karpov replies.

The Serbs remain huddled around the bar, watching the chess masters do nothing in particular. Radoje, who has been taking pictures, comes over with

news. "Lisa called!" he announces, smiling broadly. "I'm taking her to see *Il Postino*."

NANCY JO SALES

Weather 11 MORE WEEKS OF WINTER

AS NEW YORKERS WELL KNOW—AND WERE reminded again last week—this past winter set a record. On March 8, the 1995–96 winter snowfall officially edged ahead of 1947–48's previous high of 63.2 inches.

But what about the recent snows of March 28 and April 9—do they count toward the winter's record total even though they occurred in spring? And what about autumn snowfall, not uncommon in November and early December—does that count toward the winter total? Meteorologically speaking, just what is winter anyway?

"That's a good question," says the National Weather Service's Matthew Tauber. "We use a climatological winter that includes the months of December, January, and February, but any snowfall that occurs during the cold-weather months—as long as it's snowing, basically—will count toward the total snowfall for that season."

As long as it's snowing, basically. The interesting thing about this explanation is the way it conveniently ignores such niceties as equinoxes and solstices—any month with snowfall could become a "cold-weather month." So let's say some really crazy weather results in a bit of snow in, oh, June or July—which winter would it be credited to? Or what if the end truly is nigh and it continues to snow endlessly, every month of the year?

"The cold-weather season technically ends at the end of June," said Tauber. "So July 1 is the beginning of the warm-weather season. If that did happen, any snowfall that occurred in July would probably count toward the next season's total." Or, in other words, there's still a few months left to pad the record.

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Who Fired Liz Colón?

Officially, the Brooklyn Navy Yard head was axed for an office-furniture scandal. The truth may have to do with Giuliani and politics—as usual.

TO NEW YORKERS WHO HAVEN'T HEARD OF IT, THE VERY idea of the Brooklyn Navy Yard sounds anachronistic, and to a great extent it is. The 264-acre plot last hummed with industrial energy during World War II, when thousands of workers built the ships and matériel that beat back Fascism. After the war, activity slowed to a crawl, and by 1966, the city fathers, desperate to control the exodus of manufacturing—and ever on the scout for more patronage installations—formed a corporation to take it over.

Today, the Brooklyn Navy Yard Development Corporation leases space to small businesses whose schemes are decidedly pacific—furniture-makers, stage-set creators, and the like. Its fortunes have ebbed and flowed under its various directors. When Rudy Giuliani took office, he named Elizabeth Colón as president, and in her tenure, the Navy Yard has seen record

Early last year, the *Daily News* reported that the city's Department of Investigation was looking into the purchase of furniture for the Navy Yard's executive offices. The purchase, according to reports, was arranged by a man named Jack Waldman, whom Giuliani had appointed to the board. Waldman had left the board, and Colón, who says she needed an employee with relationships in the nearby Williamsburg Hasidic community, hired him as a consultant. When Colón began discussing the purchase of new furniture, Waldman allegedly said he could arrange it (he didn't return my calls), and the Navy Yard bought, according to Colón, "about 50 pieces" for around \$30,000.

The words *office furniture* always set off alarm bells in city reporters' heads (visions of taxpayers' thousands being squandered on Art Deco lamps and Louis XIV desks). In some accounts, Colón was compared to Laura Blackburne, the Dinkins official who lavished \$340,000 on refurbishing Housing Authority offices, including the infamous \$3,000 pink leather sofa. Colón was buying simple office stuff: desks, chairs, modular dividers, credenzas, book and storage shelves. "The only piece that went into my office," she says, "was a new conference table."

The supplier is alleged to have been a company of which Waldman was a part owner. Whether Colón knew that is obviously a germane question, and one that sparked the Department of Investigation's interest. When the stories broke, City Hall ordered Colón to sell the furniture, which she did, making back what was spent.

One might think that would be the end of it. But meanwhile, Colón had run into political problems. In late 1994, she'd been called on the carpet by mayoral chief of staff Randy Mastro over the furniture issue. Shortly thereafter, Mastro told her that Rudy Washington, then the administration's director of business services and now a deputy mayor, would be the new head of the 37-member Navy Yard board.

Colón read Washington's elevation as an effort by City Hall to keep its eyes on her at all times. There was also the matter, reported at the time by *The Village Voice*, of the money Washington owed the Navy Yard: As a private businessman, he had leased space from the yard and fallen into arrears. It wasn't much—about \$3,000—but it sparked a separate probe of him. (DOI, which has closed the case, wouldn't discuss it.

Washington's office said he was on vacation, and Mastro said only that the Navy Yard board "has made its decision.")

In the meantime, an energy company had approached the city during the Dinkins administration with a plan to build a cogeneration plant—so named because it generates both electricity and steam—to provide heat for three Housing Authority projects near the Navy Yard. This firm, the SEF Cogen Corporation, was considering the Navy Yard as a possible site.

A major complication was another cogeneration plant already breaking ground at the Navy Yard, this first plant being developed by companies operating under the name Brooklyn



Colón with Giuliani and Housing Authority chairman Rubén Franco.

profits, earning \$1.6 million last year alone. But two weeks ago, Colón was fired by the Navy Yard's board of directors.

In an administration with its share of mediocrities among its high appointments, how did it come to pass that someone doing a good, entrepreneurial, pro-business job got the ax? The official reason is that Colón is under investigation by the Manhattan district attorney's office for alleged improprieties involving the purchase of office furniture. But other officials have faced similar scrutiny, and the mayor has defended them zealously. Why not Colón? "This looks like a stacked deck," says Edward Carter, one of the founding members of the board of directors. There may be more to the story than a few pieces of office furniture.

Navy Yard Cogeneration Partners. So SEF Cogen, which was on the verge of getting the Housing Authority contract without competitive bidding, now found that it had a competitor.

The contract was put out to bid in the spring of 1994, and SEF won it. SEF principal Jerry Montrose insists that his firm's bid was better for taxpayers. On the other hand, the *Daily News* reported at the time that SEF lacked "basic contract requirements" and that the other project had already gotten the necessary permits.

SEF may have been helped by the fact that its lobbyist was the law firm Fischbein, Badillo, Wagner, and Harding. The firm's partners Herman Badillo and Liberal Party pooh-bah Ray Harding have extremely close ties to City Hall.

Colón says she and members of her legal staff had many questions about the SEF project that were never answered to her satisfaction. And, she says, she felt Badillo pressured her, calling her "three or four times" to push the SEF project. "Herman called me and said he wanted me to help Jerry Montrose," she says. "I could not make any commitments, not without a consultation. . . . What am I supposed to say to my board, that Herman wants his plant built here?"

There's no proof that Badillo wanted Colón out, though Colón says that when she appealed to him to talk to the mayor as they were rolling out the guillotine—they've had a decent political relationship in the past—he didn't do it. Is there a connection between this and Colón's questioning of the contract for the new cogeneration plant? Badillo, through a spokesman—the first time in years he hasn't gotten on the phone with me—says: "The comments attributed to Elizabeth Colón are absurd. I was not involved in her dismissal. From what I understand from newspaper reports, her dismissal was entirely the result of a DOI investigation, the results of which were turned over to the D.A."

Maybe. Robert Morgenthau's office is examining Colón's testimony for inconsistency and looking at a possible perjury charge and should announce its decision within a month (perjury is no small matter, but some wonder whether it's worth it when there seems to be no underlying crime). If she's indicted, the chips will have to fall where they may.

But many insiders suspect there's more at work here, especially when the mayor has been known to rush to the defense of other members of his administration charged with more serious wrongdoing. "The mayor wanted to get rid of her, and he didn't want to leave his fingerprints on it," says a knowledgeable source. "And it's too bad. She was doing a good job." ■

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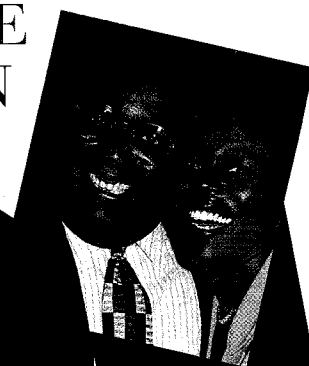
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MANY, MANY FAST-TRACK PEOPLE ARE SUDDENLY ON A COLLISION COURSE—WITH THEIR SPOUSES TWO-CAREER COUPLES MUST INVENT A WHOLE NEW ETHICS AND ETIQUETTE AS THEY GO ALONG. A REPORT FROM THE LATEST FRONT IN THE WAR BETWEEN THE SEXES. BY DAVID HANDELMAN



POW



ROSEMARY CARROLL AND DANNY GOLDBERG HAD A DILEMMA. Carroll, a music-industry attorney, was winding up negotiations to sign one of her clients with Atlantic Records when her husband, Goldberg, a rock manager, was



named president of Atlantic. They had worked together in the past—in their respective roles representing Nirvana and Hole—and that had worked out. Still, Goldberg wanted to be extra-careful. “I always try to frame my contracts through the prism of a healthy amount of paranoia,” he says. He had language written into the contract stating that all parties were aware that he and Carroll were married, with the understanding that he would never deal directly with her.

Apparently that didn’t suffice. Shortly thereafter, Carroll got a call from a lawyer at Atlantic’s parent company, Time Warner, who demanded



WHAT GOD HAS PUT TOGETHER, LET NO CAREER CONFLICT TEAR ASUNDER: FROM LEFT: MUSIC LOVERS MOTTOLA AND CAREY; TV LOVERS ROKER AND DEBORAH ROBERTS; LITERATURE LOVERS BROWN AND EVANS; THE MAYOR AND HIS PERSONAL NEWSCASTER; THE FIRST POWER COUPLE.

AFTER THE BAND CHOSE A DIFFERENT LABEL, GOLDBERG WAS HOSTILE, SAYS CARROLL: "IT WAS, 'PASS THE SUGAR.' 'OH? WHAT DO YOU WANT IT FOR?'"

that she get her clients to sign conflict waivers absolving the label from any legal responsibility for the husband-wife situation. Carroll got off the phone fuming. "It was outrageous and insulting," she says. "More than a sexist insult, it was a professional one—to

think I would not represent my clients' interests." But what did her clients think? And did she want to risk alienating her husband's new employer?

Sherrie and Ed Rollins also had a dilemma. Sherrie had been working as an assistant to President Bush for a year when, in June 1992, she got some unsettling news from her husband, the political consultant. He'd just been asked by Ross Perot to run Perot's insurgent campaign. "If it weren't for you," Ed told her, "I'd risk everything to go do this."

Sherrie, who was no fan of Perot's, says, "For 24 hours, I was thrilled thinking I had saved Ed from himself. But then I realized that if the shoe were

on the other foot, he'd still encourage me, even if he thought I was making a mistake."

She told Ed he should take the job. "Okay," he replied, "as long as you promise you won't resign. You have every right to be there." President Bush echoed this, assuring her, "Women should be judged on their own, not who they're married to."

So Sherrie stayed, but soon she was squirming. "I was sitting in meetings where they're talking about 'How can we get Perot?'" she says today. "How could I put people in the position of trying to have that conversation with the wife of the person who's running Perot?" Soon enough, she says, Bush staffers began plotting "how to discredit Ed, how to make an example of him so other people wouldn't join Perot. I couldn't help but be somewhat torn."

And Tina Brown and Harry Evans had a dilemma. Brown was in her *New Yorker* office when star writer Henry Louis Gates, Jr. came by to report the distressing information that *Newsweek* was going to run a cover story about Colin Powell's much-anticipated memoirs. This meant *Newsweek* was defying the publisher's carefully negotiated press embargo that had guaranteed first dibs to *Time*, which had paid a six-figure sum to excerpt the book. Brown, who had a Powell piece by Gates all ready to go, felt her competitive juices flowing. "My instinct," she says today, "was 'To hell with it, all bets are off, we're going to run it early, too.'"

Then she reconsidered. Powell's book was being published by Random House, run by Brown's husband, Harry Evans. Breaking her agreement "would be a hostile thing to do under any circumstances," she says. "But if it was done by the wife of the president of Random House, it would create a horrible, messy, gossipy bad thing," of which Brown and Evans had already had more than their share. Yet was it worse than being scooped?

ONCE UPON A TIME, THE BIGGEST CONFLICT CAUSED BY THE intersection of work and home was when the wife burned the roast right before the boss came over for dinner. On a classic episode of *The Dick Van Dyke Show*, Laura nearly cost Rob his job when

she appeared on a game show and inadvertently revealed that Rob's boss Alan Brady wore a toupee.

That premise now seems prehistoric. These days, it's not just Harry and Tina whose connubial relationship has created bumper-car careers capable of causing "horrible, messy, gossipy bad things." Husbands and wives are now frequently competitors, or co-workers, or dovetailing in ways they probably never predicted when they got together. When they aren't stepping on each other's toes, they're tripping over themselves trying to stay out of each other's way. And gossip columns, once filled with who was cheating on a spouse, are now obsessed with who's doing a deal with one. Or who's writing about his wife's field, like the *New York Times*'s Hollywood reporter Bernard Weinraub, who's engaged to Turner Pictures president Amy Pascal.

Perhaps because America has historically such a vested interest in propagating the illusion of being a classless, anyone-can-be-president society, it has a particular bugaboo about anyone's getting an apparently unfair advantage, as evidenced by the violent reaction to Hillary Clinton's attempt to become a policy-maker. So even when nothing untoward is occurring, couples may have to bend over backward for appearance's sake, because "appearance of conflict" is all it takes to start the drums beating.

What's a couple to do? Well, in the scenarios described above, Sherrie Rollins ended up resigning so Ed could take the job with Perot (she's now at ABC; Ed quit the Perot campaign after six weeks); Tina Brown—reflexively tweaked in the press whenever she runs an excerpt or review of a Random House book—decided after a group discussion to hold her Powell piece until the agreed-upon date. Rosemary Carroll refused to agree to the waivers, and Time Warner relented (Goldberg is now head of PolyGram's Mercury records, which has made no such demands).

But nothing is ever that simple: When another one of Carroll's clients, after a fierce bidding war, chose a different label over

Goldberg's, "Danny was pretty hostile for a couple of days," Carroll recalls. "It was 'Pass the sugar.' 'Oh? What do you want the sugar for?'" And not long after the Powell question, agent Kathy Robbins lobbied *The New Yorker* to excerpt Random House's upcoming novel *Primary Colors*; Brown allowed her fiction department to decide; they turned it down. "Harry," Brown says, "was very disappointed." And when the book turned into a hugely discussed No. 1 best-seller, one imagines, so was Tina.

ONSCREEN, THE MODERN ICONOGRAPHY OF spouses with professional conflicts was best

represented by Spencer Tracy and Katharine Hepburn in the 1949 comedy *Adam's Rib*, about married attorneys pitted against each other in the courtroom. At the time, the professionally accomplished woman was more of a cute novelty; today she's everywhere, and her situations aren't as solvable with breezy repartee.

The turning point may have been the ugly 1987 divorce of Simon & Schuster then-chairman Richard Snyder and rising editor Joni Evans. Evans sought a piece of Snyder's earnings, plausibly claiming she had been crucial to his success; he countered by demanding part of her future earnings, plausibly claiming he was responsible for her success. Both were denied, but not before creating corporate embarrassment and raising some uncomfortable prenuptial questions. At the time, they made headlines. Yet in just



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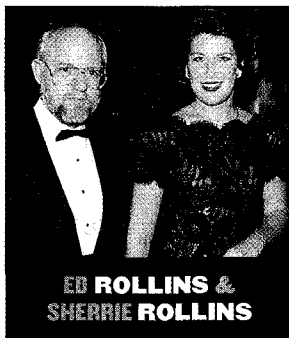
a decade, problematic power-couple situations have become as common as a weekend traffic jam in the Hamptons.

Of course, there are many pluses to being in such a pairing: the shared experience, the informed empathy, the ability to be each other's sounding board. But the trade-off involves maintaining a vigilance about the appearance—not to mention the reality—of being Mr. and Mrs. Conflict of Interest. To keep professional reputations intact, many couples are having to recuse themselves either at work or at the breakfast table, be exceedingly tough with each other to prove they're not playing favorites, or completely avoid each other professionally, even if doing so is to the detriment of their businesses. Though some companies have policies about husbands and wives not working together or supervising each other (which seem on the wane; no one's eager to drive good employees into the arms of competitors), little control can be exerted over a spouse working for another company. So couples are having to make up the rules as they go along.

The sorts of conflict that arise are as varied as the professions in which couples find themselves. Since Rudolph Giuliani became mayor, his wife, Donna Hanover, has had to downgrade her career from anchorwoman to soft-news-magazine host. Manhattan architect Peter Eisenman's wife, Cynthia Davidson, runs *ANY*, an architecture magazine; even though he's incontrovertibly a major figure in his profession, she says, "I go out of my way to not publish him." And he says he doesn't read the magazine till it comes out. Yet, she says, people still call him to congratulate him on an issue of "his" magazine. Publicist Dan Klores married his associate Abbe Goldman; when meeting prospective clients, he says, "I don't go out of my way to inform anyone that she's my wife. I don't hide it, but I don't bring it up. You never know what someone else will think." Goldman adds that she would have taken Klores's name "if I worked anywhere but here."

Lawyers Bruce Birenboim and Ellen Moskowitz met working in the litigation department of Paul, Weiss, Rifkind, Wharton & Garrison, and married in 1992. Birenboim was a partner and Moskowitz an associate; whenever the partners met to discuss salary and performance, Birenboim had to excuse himself from the room before his wife's review. Finally, Moskowitz decided it

would be more comfortable for them if she left the firm; she went to Kirkland & Ellis in 1994. So now they're competitors, but they already had been keeping secrets because of attorney-client privilege. "Sure it's frustrating," says Birenboim. "That's why Marcia Clark and Chris Darden got together—they couldn't talk to anyone else."



ED ROLLINS &
SHERRIE ROLLINS

WHEN FILMING *Fargo*, Frances McDormand and Joel Coen had to revert to their premarital relationship of actress and director (they got together after making *Blood Simple* a decade ago). "It took

about a week to figure out who was talking," says McDormand. "There's an unspoken language between spouses that is similar to, but different from, an actor and a director." One day on the set, Coen got halfway through giving her instructions, and she cut him off. "Yeah, yeah, I know what you mean," she said.

"How do you know what I'm gonna say?" Coen challenged.

"Because I know you!" she told him, and went on to prove herself correct.

"Well, you were right this time," Coen said, "but you might not be right every time. You should let me finish what I'm going to say."

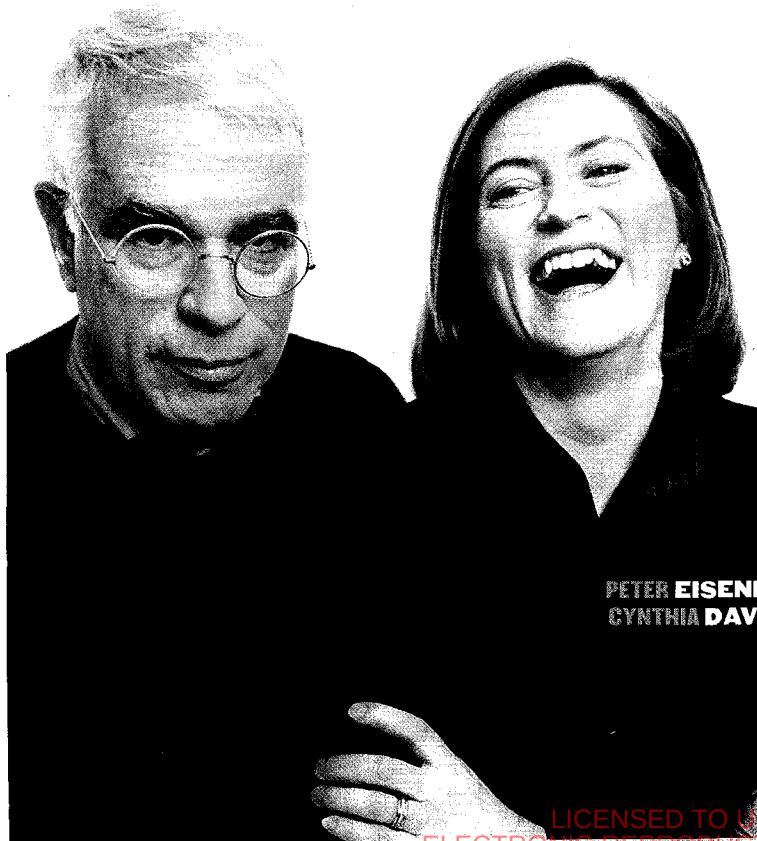
Lawyer Laura Handman, whose firm vets the articles of many major publications for libel, is married to Clinton aide Harold Ickes, and her firm sometimes has to recuse itself from working on unflattering Clinton pieces. "Most of my colleagues know what I do and what my husband does," she says, "and usually the conflicts are avoided ahead of time." Still, when they moved to Washington, and she needed office space, "I picked a firm that did no business with the government. And it's not easy to find firms like that in Washington!"

Sharon Osbourne is married to rock singer Ozzy Osbourne; she's also been his manager for fifteen years, having learned the business from her father. "There are many occasions," she says, "when Ozzy asks, 'Who's talking to me, the manager or the wife?'" A few months ago, for instance, Ozzy was onstage in Seattle and threw his back out; the next night he was supposed to play in Portland. "He's in agony," she says, "but the management side of me is going, 'Get the fuck to Portland, get up on that stage, and do it.' And he's looking at me crying in pain, and of course the wife side of me says, 'Put your arms around him, turn the phone off, and take care of him.'" (In that case, the wife won.)

LATELY THE NEWS HAS BEEN FULL OF HIGH-PROFILE DUAL-career collisions. The phenomenon has penetrated the highest echelons in politics—not just the Clintons but also the Gingriches (Newt's wife, Marianne, was hired by a company trying to establish a free-trade zone in Israel, after Newt said he supported such a zone) and the Doles (Elizabeth's ties to an imprisoned financial adviser).

Intersecting spouses have played key roles in many recent controversies, including the O. J. Simpson trial (Judge Ito's wife, Margaret York, head of LAPD Internal Affairs, almost had to testify about Mark Fuhrman, which could have led to Ito removing himself from the case); the *New Yorker*-Jeffrey Masson libel trial (Janet Malcolm was edited and "compressed" by her editor-husband, Gardner Botsford); and the *Barbarians at the Gate* fiasco (Amex chief Jim Robinson's wife, Linda, shouldered much of the blame for mishandling his P.R.).

His-and-her difficulties have also infiltrated the arts, as in the *Times*'s theater coverage (the one-and-a-half-year



PETER EISENMAN &
CYNTHIA DAVIDSON

ATTORNEY-CLIENT PRIVILEGE IS A PROBLEM, SAYS BIRENBOIM: "THAT'S WHY MARCIA CLARK AND CHRIS DARDEN GOT TOGETHER. THEY COULDN'T TALK TO ANYONE ELSE."

tandeming of reviewer Frank Rich and columnist Alex Witchel, widely derided as "an embarrassment of Riches") or Hollywood's moviemaking, where couples can seem damned if they work together—as when Paramount head Sherry Lansing hired her less-than-hot husband, William Friedkin, to direct *Jade*, which bombed, and when director Renny Harlin's *Cutthroat Island* nearly crushed wife Geena Davis's career—or when they don't: Columbia Pictures head Mark Canton's wife, Wendy Finerman, produced *Forrest Gump* for Paramount, and everyone wondered how he could have let it get away. In the music industry, the gossip conventional wisdom held that Mariah Carey's phenomenal success was solely a result of being married to Tommy Mottola, the head of Sony's Columbia, her record label; these days, with Columbia otherwise floundering, it's whispered that Mottola has been able to keep his job at Sony because his wife sells so many records.

The press may be fascinated with the phenomenon partly because it experiences so much of it behind the scenes on a daily basis. Dozens of couples work at the *Times* and the *Wall Street Journal*, for instance. And many intra-network couples exist, like *Dateline NBC* executive producer Neal Shapiro and ABC correspondent Juju Chang, and *Dateline's* on-air correspondent John Hockenberry and Alison Craiglow Hockenberry, a producer for ABC News. Sam Donaldson is married to correspondent Jan Smith Donaldson and Al Roker is married to ABC's Deborah Roberts.

Career collision has also topped the best-seller list, thanks to political consultants James Carville and Mary Matalin, whose pro-

fessional irreconcilability, which once loomed so ominously as to make them stay apart for a year, has since turned into a cute vaudeville act and been marketed into a thriving cottage industry (Matalin has just signed on with the Dole campaign). And now an Oregon couple, Thomas and Melinda Wilde, are taking Carville-Matalinism to its logical conclusion, running against each other for the same State Senate seat. "My biggest concern," Melinda admitted to the *Times*, is that "he would take away my credibility, that people would think this is a joke." As for the marriage? Thomas says, "Life has certainly gotten more intense."

AT LEAST THE WILDES OWN UP TO THEIR WEIRDNESS. Investigating these situations is like digging up nightcrawlers; they turn out to be everywhere, but many wriggle back under the surface. Karen House, head of the international editions of the *Wall Street Journal*, is married to Dow Jones CEO Peter Kann; in Francis Dealy's book *The Power and the Money*, she was depicted as using Kann's influence to further her career. Today House pooh-poohs this—but helpfully lists three other couples at the *Journal* who have to deal with issues like editing each other.

Most of the couples interviewed also claimed that any familial prejudices will always be canceled out by driving ambition (this is New York, after all). "It's in our best interests for both of us to do well," says Tony Guernsey, a private banker whose wife works for a competitor. Tina Brown says she did hold back for a while from hiring away her husband's head of P.R., Jonathan Marder, but "we're too competitive with our different jobs to let anything like that make a difference. We obviously try to do it nicely." Furthermore, she says, "I've never taken a book piece or reviewed a book or done anything as a favor to Harry, because if I don't think it's going to work for the magazine, I'm not going to do it."

Sitting in his corner office at Random House, Harry Evans puts it more emphatically: "I would no more direct something to *The New Yorker* than slit my own throat if I didn't think it was absolutely right." He pulls out a computer printout listing 100 recent Random House book excerpts sold; marking them off with a pen, he shows that only a half-dozen had gone to *The New Yorker*: "If somebody in my company says, 'Hey, this is great for *The New Yorker*,' and I don't think so, I'll say, 'No, that's far too upmarket for this. Let's go for somewhere like *Vanity Fair*.'"

"We're all grown-ups," insists the *Times's* Weinraub. His colleague Geraldine Fabrikant came under fire for covering the Paramount-Viacom merger for the *Times* in 1993, when her husband, Tim Metz, was doing P.R. for hostile bidder QVC. She says that such criticism "presupposes a lack of character in doing your job that I don't think is necessarily the case."

This sort of disclaimer reached a churlish apothecosis in a recent George Will column. Will seemed quite peeved that even though he had often admitted to being, "so to speak, in bed with Dole's communications director" (his wife, Mari Maseng Will), a



DANNY GOLDBERG &
ROSEMARY CARROLL

writer from *Time* had had the effrontery to raise the issue of conflict with the syndicator of his weekly column. "I suggested that the Writers Group tell the woman that there were three possible solutions," Will crabbled: "Mari could quit her career; I could quit mine; or we could get divorced. All three seemed disproportionate, but perhaps *Time* should choose."

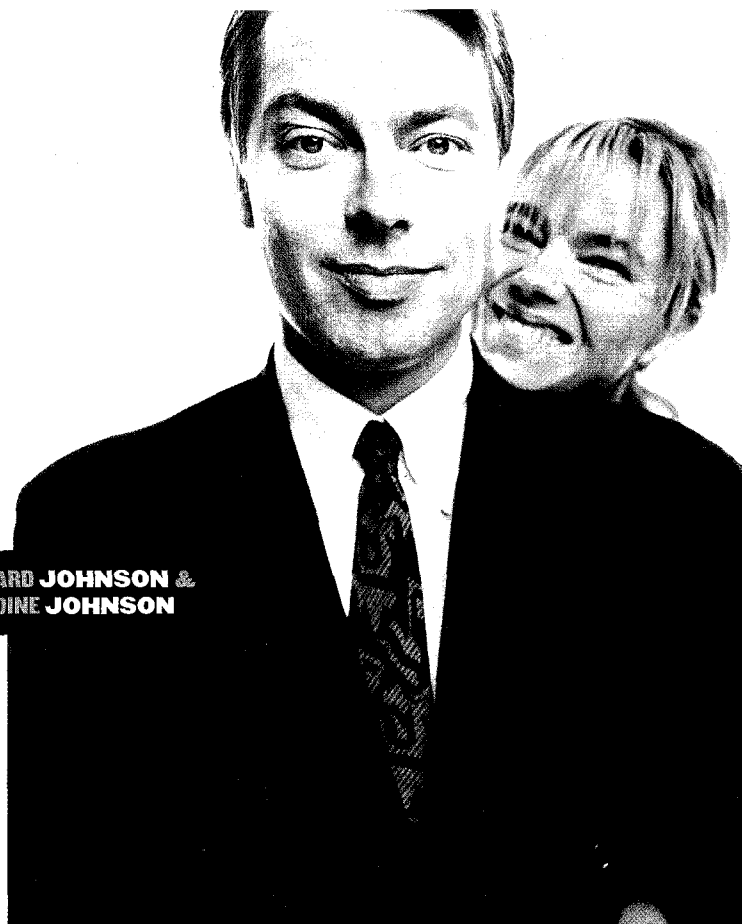
Yet what had prompted Will's column was the fact that Mari had, indeed, resigned her job to return to the private sector—although, George admitted, "she will continue to consult with her friend the candidate." What he didn't mention was that her private-sector work has previously included lobbying for the Japan Automobile Manufacturers Association, and that Will has attacked proposed tariffs on Japanese luxury cars.

While George Will seems willfully obtuse about genuine issues, occasionally the opposite occurs: Couples get needlessly agitated over trifles. Just after starting at Farrar, Straus & Giroux, publicist Jeff Seroy wanted to pitch the publisher's upcoming Carlos Fuentes novel to *Vanity Fair*. The appropriate editor at the magazine was his boyfriend of two decades, Doug Stumpf. "I sent Doug a formal letter," recalls Seroy. "And he called me up and said, 'I hate this! This is ridiculous!' I guess I was trying to figure out the best way to pitch it. I have to make sure that I deal with him like anybody in the press. I don't come home and say, 'If you don't do a story on x, y, or z, I'm not going to do the laundry this weekend.'"

But when spouses are competitors, sometimes they themselves feel obliged to alert colleagues to looming conflicts, whether to recuse themselves or to try to steer their company away. After a recent features meeting at *The New Yorker*, reports Brown, executive editor Dorothy Wickenden approached her and said, "I hate to bring this up, but the idea you mentioned about CBS and the tobacco industry is a story my husband, Ben Weiser, is working on for the *Washington Post* that he's very far along with. I'm not going to tell him that you're about to assign it, but I don't want to be involved with this story." (Brown says she ended up not assigning the story "for other reasons.")

And when talent agent David Kalodner was at the APA agency, representing stage actors like Hal Holbrook, Ron Leibman, and Charles Dutton, he found out that colleagues at APA's Los Angeles headquarters were interested in wooing a certain actress on a TV series. He was torn; the actress was a longtime client of his wife, Linda Jacobs Kalodner, an agent at rival company Peter Strain. David decided to speak up in a meeting. "You can't go after Linda's client," he said. "That's awkward to me." And APA called off the hunt. Both Kalodners recently switched jobs; she's now at Writers and Artists, he's at William Morris, and coincidentally, both recently represented stars of the national tour of *Angels in America* and ended up bargaining as a team—"as any two agents would," Linda says. But the producers got annoyed and made them sign a confidentiality clause: "It said something like 'From this day forward, you can't talk about it,'" says Linda. "It was a moot point—the deal was done—so we went along with it. It became a joke in our house, because David would say, 'How's so-and-so?' and I'd say, 'I don't know what you're talking about.'"

Is it harder to be competitors, or colleagues? Bill Shinker and Susan Moldow have tried both. In 1991, Shinker was publisher of HarperCollins and hired a headhunter to find an editor-in-chief. One name that kept coming up was Doubleday's Moldow—his wife. Well, thought Shinker, they had met when working together and had since become competitors—maybe this would work. "What we were concerned about," he says today, "was (a) what could it potentially do to our relationship, and, just as important, (b) would the staff be made uneasy?" (Duh.) They decided, he says, that "she knew a lot of these people independently



**RICHARD JOHNSON &
NADINE JOHNSON**

anyway, and had her own professional reputation." So after some more soul-searching and special arrangements (Shinker would review Moldow's salary jointly with the company's CEO), they decided to try it.

As soon as the announcement was made, there was a nasty item on the *Post*'s "Page Six." Moldow is philosophical: "It all comes down to human nature," she says. "You can codify and dictate all you want, but a certain amount of unwholesome speculation by other people is bound to go on, and that unfortunately doesn't change with the times."

But then Moldow discovered that tag-teaming "wasn't my favorite working situation. With other bosses, I had to make time in the office to deal with my agenda, but with my husband, it was always, 'We can always deal with it later [at home].' I'm big on boundaries, and it blurred too many boundaries." For his part, Shinker says he didn't find it problematic—"but I was the boss!"

Today they're competitors again, so they may be bidding against each other. "People have always wondered, 'How can this work,'" says Shinker. "It's never been that difficult. If you just decide that you can't talk about it, then you don't. And frankly, it's sort of a relief—you have to talk about something else."



**JOE MANTELLO &
JON ROBIN BAITZ**

SPOUSES ARE SUPPOSED TO BE ABLE TO TELL EACH other everything, but Shinker and Moldow's domestic line in the sand is not uncommon. Evans and Brown maintain an "iron curtain" about work, he says, "which has become a flesh curtain: The time even for exchanging 'Hello, how are you' greatly diminishes when you've got children. Any time we have, we want to spend with the kids. We don't want to say, 'Hey, what are you doing at work?'"

Sometimes the possible conflict looms so large as to render mundane actions perilous, and couples contort themselves mightily. The executive producer of *Good Morning America*, Marc

HOW AGGRAVATING IT MUST BE FOR PEOPLE TO FEEL THAT IN ONE FAMILY THERE'S A LOT OF CULTURAL PATRONAGE TO BE DISPENSED," SAYS TINA BROWN.

Burstein, is married to Lori Beecher, a booker on arch-rival *Today*. Though they declined to be interviewed, co-workers say the two keep separate answering machines at home and, when out of town for work, don't reveal to each other where they're calling from.

And when banker Tony Guernsey is at home, he says, "I would not open my wife's mail, or go into her briefcase looking for the keys to the car." Because Tony is managing director of Union Bank of Switzerland's private bank, and his wife, Eve, is head of mutual funds for J. P. Morgan's private bank, he fears running across Morgan's strategic plans. "If you do see something on a piece of paper," he says, "your eyes just move on. You just don't look at it."

Secrecy is also important in the gossip-mad world of journalism. *New Yorker* writer Ken Auletta says, "If I'm working on a story that I think is breaking some news, I generally don't talk about it," even with his wife, ICM literary agent Amanda "Binky" Urban: "You don't want to have conversations with your wife and precede

them by saying, 'By the way, this is off the record, honey.' " Sometimes, Urban says, he tells her a great tidbit, but when she asks, "Who said all this?" he'll say, "I can't tell you." "It drives me crazy," she says.

Urban claims they maintain "a church-and-state law at home." It extends to vacation too: One year during their annual vacation on St. Barts they were under the mosquito netting in bed, and Urban was leafing through a hot manuscript.

"Hey, can I see that?" Auletta asked.

"No—no way!" cried Urban. "She was literally ripping up the pages," recalls Auletta. "It drives me crazy [there's that phrase again]—she's like a lawyer." (Recently, Tina Brown reports, Harry Evans similarly refused to let her see the manuscript of Jeffrey Toobin's O. J. Simpson book, even though much of Toobin's work had originally appeared in her magazine. "The irony is, the notion that Harry and I are together affecting things could not be further from the truth," she says. "We're much more likely to be competing for things.")

What if Urban had been the agent for Anonymous and known who it was? "I would be shocked if she told me," says Auletta. "I know I would go to great lengths to get it out of her, and it would be very hard for her to keep that secret. It would be a real contest between us, but I wouldn't get it out of her—I'd get it out by guessing. I'd have to torture her. It's not just a matter of pride but of principle." When asked the same question, Urban had a somewhat different take: "I'd have no problem keeping it a secret. And Ken wouldn't ask."

CAREER COLLISION IS NOW SO COMMON THAT IT HAS forced institutions to rethink policies. As recently as 1985, when the *Times* sent Philip Taubman to Moscow, it forced his wife, Felicity Barringer, to quit her job at the *Washington Post* rather than in essence fund a Moscow correspondent for their competitor. These days, the *Times* is more likely to hire couples to jointly cover a foreign beat, like Nicholas Kristof and Sheryl Wu-Dunn in Tokyo and

Alessandra Stanley and Michael Specter in Moscow.

But the issue still looms large. *Times Magazine* media columnist and former executive editor Max Frankel, who had to administer over the Frank Rich–Alex Witchel situation, says, "Both of them working in the same area was a problem. More of perception than reality—but it's unlikely that the significant other of a colleague is going to take strong counter-positions in print." The only possible corporate policy, he says, is "one case at a time."

He thinks that Weinraub's impending marriage is "a problem, plain and simple. Whether it's manageable, well, that's why you have to take one situation at a time." At least, he reasons, the marriage will be public. "There are a lot of relationships people don't know about because they're not advertised that are a lot more serious." Frankel had a unique perspective in adjudicating couple conflicts: In 1988, executive editor Frankel married urban-affairs correspondent Joyce Purnick. And what happened reveals how, for every likely benefit a spouse might get, there are also sacrifices whose long-term career effects are harder to calculate.

Purnick thought she might be able to stay at the paper, but "people were nervous around me." Colleagues grew hushed when she walked by; editors were no longer telling her when her stories were subpar. "I got the feeling they would be thrilled if I just went away," she says. So Purnick was moved to writing editorials, the one province of the paper not under Frankel's new domain. "It was nothing that interested me," she admits today, and had she not been Frankel's wife, "I don't know if I would've been chosen. It's kind of a rarefied atmosphere, and I'm hardly a Ph.D." There were still awkwardnesses; she rarely made comments to co-workers, fearing her words would be taken as Frankel's, and she found it impossible to discuss her former reporting and editing colleagues with her husband. Another reporter in her position might have become a national political correspondent; instead, Purnick



FRANK RICH &
ALEX WITCHEL



BILL SHINKER &
SUSAN MOLDOW

remained on the editorial page for five years, until Frankel retired, and now writes a city column. How would her career have been different? As she says, "It's impossible to know."

IN PART, "THE APPEARANCE OF CONFLICT" HAS BECOME SUCH a notable phenomenon because gossip columns—"Page Six," the various *Observer* columns, *Esquire's* "Reality Check," and, yes, the "Intelligencer"—choose to note it so frequently. In recent months, the *Times's* Sarah Lyall has been "outed" for writing a glowing piece about an author published by her husband; so has CBS News's Rita Braver, for being White House correspondent while married to ex-Clinton lawyer Robert Barnett, who's testified about Whitewater; it's also been observed that Random House editor Daniel Menaker's wife, Katherine Bouton, is second-in-command at the *Times Book Review*—where her boss is Menaker's old friend and former *New Yorker* colleague Chip McGrath. And woe to the journalist who marries a flack: In March 1994, *O'Dwyer's P.R. Services Report* listed at least fifteen such couples, like Nadine Johnson, publicist for the Chateau Marmont and Bowery Bar, whose husband, Richard, runs "Page Six."

It's not just the press that holds both halves accountable. After Bernard Weinraub wrote a *Times* article about big studio movies that were flopping, he says, "the head of a studio called Amy to complain. And she said, 'We don't talk about what he writes.' Which is true." (In the same vein, *New York* regularly covers Viacom, not always flatteringly; this magazine's editor-in-chief is married to an executive vice-president at Viacom's Nickelodeon; and my wife, Susan Morrison, is features director at *Vogue*, where I'm a contributing editor.)

To some snipes, fingerpointing is just a new sort of combo envy: "When you become part of a couple," says theater director Joe Mantello, who has become reluctant to do publicity with his playwright boyfriend (and sometime collaborator), Jon Robin Baitz, "if people want to go after you, it just gives them one more reason to." Architect Peter Eisenman says, "People start to see us as some sort of phalanx, like a Chinese menu: one from column A and one from column B. We may not even ever cross over, but we cover two columns."

"It's just the trivia-cop parlance of our time," says Tina Brown. "I completely understand how aggravating it must be for people to feel that in one family there's a lot of cultural patronage to be dispensed. There's a lot of people who would like both our jobs."

Right after arriving at *The New Yorker*, Brown ran a "Talk of the Town" item that denigrated a hagiography of Rupert Murdoch, who had once fired Harry Evans. The story made national headlines. "People thought I did it at Harry's instigation," Brown says. "That was so incredibly unfair and untrue. Harry didn't even know; he was at the Frankfurt book fair at the time. If he'd been home, he would've said, 'Oh, for God's sake, don't do that.'"

What the episode taught them, Evans says, is "You have to be Caesar's wife. Caesar's wife has to be above suspicion. You have to think about paranoid nuts in the world. . . . America has always loved conspiracy theories."

SINCE THE GOSSIPS HAVE HAD SUCH A FIELD DAY WITH couple conflict, it seems only fair to turn the spotlight on them: After all, two of the city's most-read pages involve career overlap. After meeting at "Page Six," George Rush and Joanna Molloy ended up marrying and co-writing a column ("Rush & Molloy") for the *Daily News*. They sit at adjoining workstations without a wall, but often keep secrets from each other, especially about sources. "The relationship between reporter and source," Rush explains dryly, during a con-

ference-call interview with his wife, "is more intimate than that between husband and —"

"No it's not!" interjects Molloy.

This sort of Lucy-and-Ricky bickering reaches a crescendo every day at exactly 4:25, five minutes before deadline, when they have a huge fight. "It used to worry us," says Rush. "But now we understand that it's like Linda Blair with her head spinning around: It's not really us talking, it's adrenaline, it's the collective tension of an office full of people, and we didn't really mean it."

Still, they've had to forge their own bylaws, Molloy reports: "When we're trying to fall asleep at night, George keeps trying to talk about this story or that story," she says. "So the rule is when we're in bed, we're not allowed to talk about work. And if you want to talk about it, you have to get out of bed and stand up. That would be prohibitive, because we're so tired."

For all the difficulties of working with your wife 24-seven, says Rush, it has its benefits. "Sometimes it's an easy out to say, 'I'm sorry, she wrote it, you know how it is to have a wife . . . ' That's pathetic, clichéd sexism, but—"

Molloy interrupts: "It's not true, either."

So: Do they think the gossip columns make too much of proliferating and inevitable marital work connections? "It is a valid concern," says Rush. "It's the ultimate nepotism if someone's directing jobs or money to their wives."

"I don't think we show mercy," says Molloy. "I think conflict of interest is pretty important. Couples have to police themselves."

Across town at "Page Six," Richard Johnson has a different sort of problem—keeping his wife Nadine's clients out of his column. "I'm very cognizant of the fact that people are going to point fingers and make accusations," says Richard. "So I've been pretty good about not playing favorites and maybe even going overboard in the other direction. There's plenty of Bowery Bar items and sightings which I don't do because I figure, enough already. So I just wait for the irresistible ones, like John Wayne Bobbitt."

For her part, Nadine says, "I can't have built my business based on 'Page Six.' But some items have 'Page Six' written on them. We try as much as possible not to worry about the appearances." She also has to watch what she tells her husband, since it may wind up in print. "I wouldn't be alive if I weren't keeping secrets from him," she says.

Richard is quick to point out, "I've written things about Nadine's clients that they don't like, and then they scream at her. I had a story about all the boats down in St. Barts over Christmas, and there was one Larry Gagosian was sharing with Keith Barish and Bob Krasnow; based on what I was told, I referred to it as 'the tackiest boat in the harbor.' And Gagosian, who's one of my wife's clients, took umbrage. He expressed displeasure to her, and went to the trouble of sending me a brochure about the boat so I could see for myself that it wasn't tacky."

The Johnsons actually crossed swords with the Rush-Molloys a few months ago when Molloy, trying to track down a story about a young woman who was murdered after drinking in the Bowery Bar, called Nadine for confirmation. Nadine panicked and called Richard to see if the *Post* was working on a story; this turned into a tip that helped the *Post* scoop Molloy.

So even though the issue strikes close to home, does Richard ever feel qualms about trumpeting who someone's spouse is just for sport? No. "It's just sort of worth pointing out," he says, then adds, "it's not like you're accusing somebody of murder." ■



FRANCES MCDORMAND
& JOEL COEN



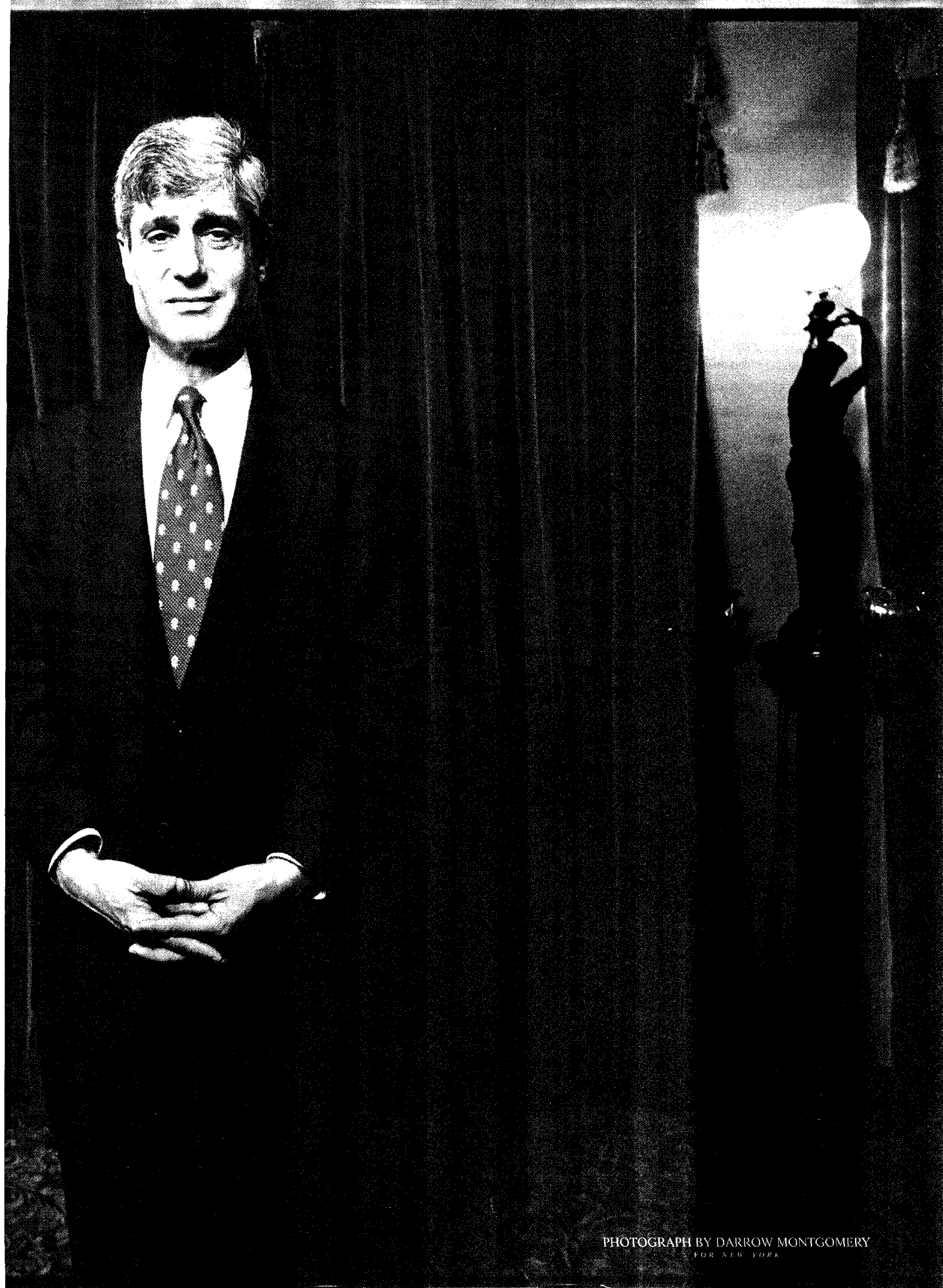
JOANNA MOLLOY &
GEORGE RUSH

CLINTON'S BEST CASE

IF THE PRESIDENT WINS
A SECOND TERM THIS
NOVEMBER, IT WILL BE
DUE PARTLY TO
TREASURY SECRETARY

ROBERT RUBIN

AND HIS DEFT
HANDLING OF THE
ECONOMY. ON A
RECENT WHIRLWIND
TOUR OF THE FAR EAST
AND SOUTHEAST ASIA,
THE FORMER
GOLDMAN, SACHS
CHIEF SPOKE
EXCLUSIVELY WITH
NEW YORK ABOUT
CORPORATION-
BASHING, FREE
MARKETS, AND A
NOVEL IDEA IN THESE
CONSERVATIVE
TIMES—TRICKLE-UP
ECONOMICS.
BY JACOB WEISBERG



PHOTOGRAPH BY DARROW MONTGOMERY
FOR NEW YORK

THE COOLEST HEAD IN THE ADMINISTRATION, WHOM CLOSE FRIENDS

JUST BEFORE EASTER AT THE Most Holy Redeemer Multipurpose Cooperative in a poor section of Quezon City, a suburb of Manila, Robert Rubin examines a "tricycle," a motorbike with a sidecar that serves as a kind of para-taxi. The vehicle—painted in brilliant red and yellow advertising FEONA'S CRISPY PATA FRIED ITIK AND CRISPY KNUCKLES—belongs to Virginia Ador Dioncio, who is telling the Treasury secretary about her work. Dioncio has taken advantage of the church-sponsored micro-enterprise lending project underwritten by the Asian Development Bank to help her husband expand his business, and Rubin is here to learn how it works.

Undaunted by the equatorial heat, the whirlwind pace of a weeklong swing through Asia, or the risk of being asked to sample some deep-fried pig's knuckles, Rubin presses for details. How many hours a day is her vehicle in use? How long is the loan period? How does she keep her books? Dioncio answers in Tagalog through a translator. But after responding to the questions, she takes him by surprise. Her 80-year-old father died this morning, she says, dabbing her eyes with a handkerchief, but she wanted to take time out from grieving to tell him how the church cooperative was helping her.

Rubin and his wife, Judith, offer their condolences and wish her luck. Then, finding a bit of shade under a tree, the Treasury secretary signals for reporters to gather around. "I wish that every member of the American Congress could see a project like this, particularly those who most believe in the capitalist system," Rubin says. "Because what is this? This is really dealing with the problems of poverty through capitalism, through enabling the poor to become part of the economy, enabling them to become part of the private sector." He believes that microlending—the idea of helping less-than-creditworthy cottage enterprises borrow at market rates—is applicable in American inner cities, where the lack of access to capital prevents small businesses from getting off the ground. "We have to find some way of explaining to Congress what is really being done with this money," he implores.

At one level, the scene abounds in anomalies and ironies. A New York bank-

er is wandering around a dusty Philippine churchyard in a stockbroker's suit and a shell necklace; the coolest head in the Clinton administration, whom close friends say they have never seen angry, is sounding almost emotional; the richest member of the Cabinet is arguing, as he is wont to do, that taxpayers must do more to help the poor. Conducted by someone else, such a visit might seem the epitome of limousine liberalism, an exercise in guilt, sentimentalism, or hypocrisy. But the 57-year-old Rubin wears his incongruities lightly. He is, after all, a rather unlikely success story himself these days: an unabashed liberal flourishing in a conservative job, a man who leads a charmed life at the epicenter of a seemingly hexed administration, and, most of all, a non-politician winning the game of politics with seeming effortlessness.



RUBIN ASCENDANT: HUDDLING WITH CLINTON IN JANUARY.

The Treasury secretary is an absolutely unpretentious man, with no weakness for the pomp of office, little use for hierarchy, and a disarming manner that holds up even under extreme conditions. Emerging from a long meeting near the end of the trip with Philippine president Fidel Ramos, Rubin looks greenish with exhaustion. In the sweltering press room of Malacanang Palace, he describes his meeting with Ramos as "fruitful." "In what sense was it fruitful?" asks a Philippine journalist. "In the sense that it was full of fruit," says Rubin in a deadpan tone before arresting his punchiness to praise Ramos's economic and tax reforms. Rubin has a sense of humor, but given the grave consequences that can attach to the slightest misstatement by the American Treasury secretary, he rarely risks being funny in public.

Nonetheless, there is something slight-

ly subversive about his presence among the gray eminences at the Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation meeting in Kyoto, the ostensible cause of his trip last month. The reason may be that Rubin is not a professional politician but a gifted amateur in the best sense of the word. Though he is a key actor in global economic policy, his posture seems always to be that of a learner. On the way to Kyoto, he comes back to chat with reporters on the plane about Wataru Kubo, the new Japanese finance minister, who is hosting the event. All he knows is what he's read in his briefing book, Rubin says, sharing a few details about a man widely regarded as a doddering placeholder. Rubin dreads the Japanese penchant for sitting in bilateral meetings and reading from prepared scripts. Later, he reports back that he was pleasantly surprised. Kubo was engaged and open to the kind of freewheeling discussion Rubin prefers.

After meeting with officials in Hong Kong about the Taiwanese crisis and the issues surrounding the renewal of most-favored-nation status, he reports that though he doesn't know much about the power structure of Deng Xiaoping's government, he was struck by how hard it was for even experts to explain its inner workings. On the plane, he works his way through Robert Kaplan's *The Ends of the Earth*, a doomsaying book on post-Cold War foreign policy he has been discussing with Anthony Lake, the national-security adviser. He is curious, not at all jaded,

and sometimes acts as if he were lucky to have a ringside seat, when he is in fact at the center of the ring himself, running the show.

At the same time, Rubin understands his role as itinerant Clintonite. At the Kyoto meeting, the joint ministerial communiqué includes at his instigation a line unusual for such a document, affirming that sound economic policies "should go hand in hand with the effective responses to social needs in our economies." In his Hong Kong hotel room, reflecting back on the Kyoto meeting, Rubin told me, "You look around that table and there are seventeen other countries. Not counting Canada, every one of those countries was impoverished 40 years ago. Today, virtually every one of those countries is growing rapidly and many of them are really quite prosperous. You look at the things they've done: They've focused on education,

they've focused on their savings rate, they've had a high level of fiscal discipline. That's a vision very similar to the kinds of things the president has been talking about."

Rubin is always quick to credit the president. But if Bill Clinton is re-elected in November, he will owe a lot to his Treasury secretary. Where Rubin's rather conservative advice has been heeded—on deficit reduction, on NAFTA, and on GATT—the administration has proved largely successful. When he has been ignored, the administration has tended to fail—health-care reform, where Rubin wanted a more open process and a more modest plan, being the chief example.

But more important in an election year, Rubin's confidence-inspiring presence has gone a long way toward dispelling the notion that Democrats are less capable than Republicans when it comes to handling the economy. Its basic health can be gleaned from the statistics Rubin reels off to an audience in San Francisco on his way to Asia: "Thirty-year bond rates at 6.45 percent, with 5.5 percent unemployment, solid growth, and 8.4 million new jobs in the last three years." Interest rates are up amid a sudden panic in the bond market about inflation, but the essential point remains: Whatever Clinton's stumbles on foreign and social policy, whatever his flaws in character and communication, the administration has done a remarkably sound, consistent, adult job managing the economy, thanks in no small measure to Rubin. "Bob has managed the economy brilliantly," says Senator Daniel Patrick Moynihan. "As much as you could do, he has taken the Treasury out of politics."

Though Rubin's grandfather was secretary of a Democratic club in Brooklyn and his early years were spent on the Upper West Side, Rubin remembers little of the New York of his childhood. When he was 9, his father, a real-estate lawyer, moved the family to Miami Beach. Rubin describes his intellectual development as limited until he arrived at Harvard in 1956, "where all of a sudden I was amongst all these people who were accustomed to thinking about things." It was at Harvard, he says, that he learned the habit of not accepting ideas at face value. Though drawn to philosophy, Rubin took introductory economics and be-

lieved that "it was sort of a whole new window on the world." After a year at the London School of Economics, he went to Yale Law School.

On graduation, Rubin joined the New York firm of Cleary, Gottlieb, Steen & Hamilton. "If you'd done reasonably well, most people tended to head toward the big law firms," he says. "It was an experience I wanted to have." He was working on a case for an investment bank when it occurred to him that "what the people on the other side of the transaction were doing was more interesting—at least for me." In 1966, Rubin sent out his résumé, got offers from Lazard Frères and Goldman, Sachs—the leading Jewish firms—and chose Goldman.

Rubin was immediately successful in Goldman's risk-arbitrage department. What he says he took to was not the high-

\$150 million. Despite his wealth, however, Rubin remains an exemplar of the firm's understated style, and even something of an ascetic. He wears the same pinstripe suit, white button-down shirt, and patterned necktie every day. Rail-thin, he nibbles carrot sticks and drinks Perrier. But the money gives him a certain freedom. In Washington, he lives in a suite at the Jefferson Hotel, a few blocks from the Treasury Department, that costs more than his \$130,000 salary (of which he accepts only \$99,500). He thinks little of chartering a private plane to bring him home to New York after the last shuttle has gone. (His wife, who was commissioner of protocol for Mayor David Dinkins, has not moved to Washington.) In January, when his deputy Lawrence Summers was occupied at a G-7 finance meeting in Paris and Rubin wanted him back in Washington for a meeting on the debt ceiling, he paid the Concorde fare out of his own pocket.

Goldman, Sachs is Democratic by tradition, and after ascending to partner, Rubin became interested in politics. Through Henry Fowler, a Treasury secretary under Lyndon Johnson who later joined the firm, Rubin met Democratic fixer Bob Strauss, a gladiator who seems his psychic opposite but who nevertheless became a good friend. Rubin helped Strauss raise money for Democratic House and Senate candidates in 1972 and went on to play a fundraising role in every subsequent presidential campaign. "I was probably driven at that point much more by an interest in process and how our world works, and I very much wanted to have a view of that," he says. "But I think as time has gone on, I've come to care a great deal more about the issues." Rubin's basic thrust was to argue for fiscal responsibility, a point that has become obvious to Democrats only since the 1994 Republican landslide. "I identified with a lot of what a lot of people wanted to do," he says of the Democrats in the seventies and eighties. "What I did not identify with was their aversion to talking about how they were going to pay for it."

In 1990, when Rubin became co-chairman of Goldman, Strauss threw a dinner for him in Washington. "Not because of me but because of him, it was quite an assemblage," Rubin remembers. Rubin



IN KYOTO WITH JAPAN'S KUBO AND THE AUSTRALIAN TREASURY MINISTER.

stakes gambling aspect of the work but rather the need to make rational decisions under pressure with incomplete information. "I was always very analytic," he says. "I tried to function like a mental yellow pad. It seemed to me that what you needed to do was take your emotional reactions, whatever they might be—and at times of great stress, they could be rather substantial—and put those to the side. It turned out I had a temperament that was well suited to doing that." In 1971, he became a partner. He subsequently took over the foreign-currency-trading operation, which he turned around, and then the fixed-income division. In 1987, Rubin became the co-chief operating officer, and in 1990 the co-chairman of the firm.

Along the way, he became extremely rich. In 1992, for instance, he was reportedly paid \$26.5 million, and his personal fortune has been estimated at as much as

HE HAS LITTLE INTEREST IN REICH'S POPULISM. "THESE PROGRAM

gave a speech. "The gist of it was," he says, "that on the one hand, we were the world's largest economy, but on the other, we had a set of problems—public education, crime, drugs, the inner cities—and social costs that flow from those problems: the deficit, the savings rate, the comparison between our somewhat failing infrastructure and the more modern infrastructures of Europe. You look at all those together, and it was not a prescription for a healthy future—quite the contrary. It seemed to me, unless we dealt with those problems, we would have a mediocre economy as far in the future as you can see. And I said I was not optimistic personally that we would deal with these problems, because it didn't seem to me our political process wanted to do the things that were necessary."

During the 1992 presidential campaign, Rubin was twinned in the press with Roger Altman, Clinton's other Wall Street squillionaire. The two were longtime friends who worked together as freelance economic advisers to push the candidate in the direction of deficit reduction and free trade. Temperamentally, however, the two were very different. Altman, a media-wise inside player, was known as "Carville in cuff links." Rubin was reserved and politically inexperienced. (Not only does he not wear cuff links—he doesn't even wear a watch.) But after the election, Clinton bypassed Altman and interviewed Rubin and Lloyd Bentsen for the position of Treasury secretary. Rubin said that Bentsen would be better, and Clinton took his advice.

Rubin himself was persuaded to take the job of running the newly formed National Economic Council. In theory, the group was to coordinate economic policy as the National Security Council does foreign policy, but its authority was ill-defined. Immediately, Rubin was thrust into the role of organizing the production of Clinton's economic plan, which took shape around an endless series of meetings in the Roosevelt Room of the White House. Rubin had to walk a fine line, acting as an "honest broker" while promoting his own views. By all accounts, including those of intellectual antagonists, Rubin managed the complications brilliantly. Though everyone agreed deficit reduction had to be an object of the Clinton plan, there was a deep split between the economic advisers, who wanted it to be the principal goal, and the political advisers, who wanted to downplay deficit-reduction in favor of new "investments" in training, infrastructure, and education. Thanks in large measure to Rubin's adroit han-

dling, as depicted in Bob Woodward's *The Agenda*, the deficit hawks won.

Today Rubin makes this out as the president's view rather than the product of an internal contest and his own efforts at persuasion. "I think Clinton was right in 1993," he says, "that however important all of these other things were, if you didn't deal with your fiscal problem, your other things wouldn't work. You'd have more and more a situation where every time you'd begin to have a recovery, markets would worry about whether you'd inflate your way out of your deficit problem, and therefore the high interest rates would cut off your recovery."

Rubin's track record at the NEC meant that when Lloyd Bentsen retired as Treasury secretary after the 1994 election, Rubin stood as the obvious successor. In comparison with Bentsen, however, Rubin seemed a curious kind of Treasury secretary. His limited political experience was evident when the Mexican crisis hit shortly after he was sworn in. Rubin had little savvy in dealing with Congress, a small factor in Clinton's decision to propose loan guarantees that did not require legislative approval. Rubin's first instinct is to respond to political considerations by pointedly not responding to them. His approach, says Deputy Secretary Summers, is to "figure out the right thing to do; lay it out in a calm, clear way. Keep the emotions out, keep the analysis in, and keep the communications clear." For instance, Rubin has answered paranoiac right-wing critics of the Mexican bailout, and of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco, and Firearms, which is under Treasury's jurisdiction, by refusing to dignify their complaints. Of Pat Buchanan, who with clear anti-Semitic undertones decries Rubin, Alan Greenspan, and Goldman, Sachs as often as possible, Rubin says, "I couldn't care less. I honestly couldn't."

In a position where his every word is plumed for its implications for financial markets, Rubin's approach is a simple one: Say nothing unless it's absolutely necessary. In March, when the Dow dropped 170 points, Rubin kept his lips sealed, and the stock market bounced back over the next two days. Nor did he respond to last week's slide. Brokers contrast this behavior with that of previous Treasury officials who would try to calm roiling markets and end up producing the opposite effect. "I don't think it is fruitful, and I think it can actually be counterproductive, to try to give balm to markets through rhetoric," Rubin says. But his very presence is vastly assuring to Wall Street.

In the supersensitive area of exchange rates, Rubin is doubly cautious. On his

Asia trip, he was awaited at every stop by a Bloomberg reporter asking for his view of the dollar-yen rate. His reply, always the same, was that currencies reflect fundamentals, and that the fundamentals of the American economy are strong. He dropped no hints that might move the market. When the dollar fell toward 80 yen last year, however, Rubin made clear that the administration believed the dollar too weak, and the markets responded accordingly. In the words of *New York's* business columnist, James J. Cramer, a hedge-fund manager who used to work at Goldman, "You don't want to be betting against Bob Rubin."

RUBIN'S STEADY HAND AND good nerves were useful last fall when they diverted what might have become a devastating financial crisis and turned it into a complete rout of the Republican radicals. Over the summer, Newt Gingrich said that if it was necessary, he would use the upcoming expiration of the national-debt ceiling to force the president to accept a budget balanced on Republican terms. By attaching riders to the debt-limit extension, the GOP would force Clinton to choose between surrender and a default on the national debt.

From the moment the issue was raised, Rubin made clear that allowing a default would be "unthinkable." To disarm the doomsday weapon, Rubin solicited letters from six previous Treasury secretaries, including two Republicans, saying that the issue should be independent of budget negotiation. At the same time, he explored the possibility of borrowing from different government accounts to stave off default. As Deputy Secretary Summers describes the approach, "We were going to level with people. We were going to describe the risks involved, the options open to us, and give people notice before we took any action. It was extraordinarily important to us not to go to the precipice of default, that this not be a club that could be used to drive the policy process."

Rubin played the brinkman's game perfectly, taking the threat seriously while reassuring financial markets that default would never happen. "Bob," says Moynihan, "handled the situation deftly, professionally, and honorably." In November, Rubin announced that he would borrow funds from two government retirement accounts. Republicans were furious at him, for contradictory reasons. In December, Ways and Means chairman Bill

Archer accused him of provoking a "constitutional and legal crisis" by using the retirement funds, and a few of the excitable House freshmen even threatened impeachment hearings. But then, as the crisis turned against them, the Republicans began to argue that Rubin was playing politics by *failing* to draw on the Social Security trust fund to fend off default.

Rubin says there were no political considerations; he had no authority to tap Social Security. "For me there was only one purpose in all of this, which was to make sure there wasn't a single moment in time when we weren't meeting our obligations," he says. Ultimately, he forced an unconditional surrender from the Republicans. At the end of his Asia trip, late last month, Rubin got word that Republicans had agreed to pass a debt-limit extension without objectionable conditions before the end-of-March deadline. In victory, Rubin waxed almost tutorial. "One of the positives that has come of all this is a much deeper and broader understanding of the substantive importance of not doing things that in any way create question marks around our creditworthiness or our intent to meet our obligations," he told me, as if the Republicans had just been through a valuable educational experience instead of a political meltdown. "I think there's been a broadening of the understanding that that's not only bad substance but bad politics."

The success has boosted Rubin's standing within the administration. Along with chief of staff Leon Panetta, with whom he meets every morning, he is serving as Clinton's chief negotiator with Congress on the still-unresolved 1996 budget talks. Lately, he has been trying to mend fences with congressional Republicans, traveling to the Hill to meet with them quietly—"under the radar screen," as he puts it. Though the differences on the 1996 budget have narrowed, Rubin makes clear that there remain two fundamentally different visions. "We agree on balancing the budget," he says. "But after that, the president is saying we've got to have education, we've got to have training, we have to help the inner cities and preserve the social compact on Social Security and Medicare." The Congressional majority is insisting on tax cuts that "in my view, at least, have economic benefits nowhere near commensurate with the costs." Bob Rubin is the antithesis of Steve Forbes: He wants no tax cuts for Bob Rubin.

At a time when the chief political buzz-

word is *middle-class*, Rubin is explicit about wanting government to help the actually poor. The big issue, as he sees it, is "how do you bring the residents of the inner cities into the economic mainstream?" He believes the answer lies in "marrying access to capital with business mentoring." Capital is addressed by a variety of programs, including the Community Reinvestment Act. As for business advice, Rubin's notion is to develop what he calls "some sort of systematic, pro bono business-mentoring program" in cooperation with large corporations.

At the same time, Rubin is a skeptic when it comes to newly bruited ideas about ending income stagnation and stopping corporate layoffs. He thinks the most important thing government can do to help workers is maximize the economy's

created." Rubin argues that it is more efficient for government to spend its money directly, "assuming that you can design a program that will work."

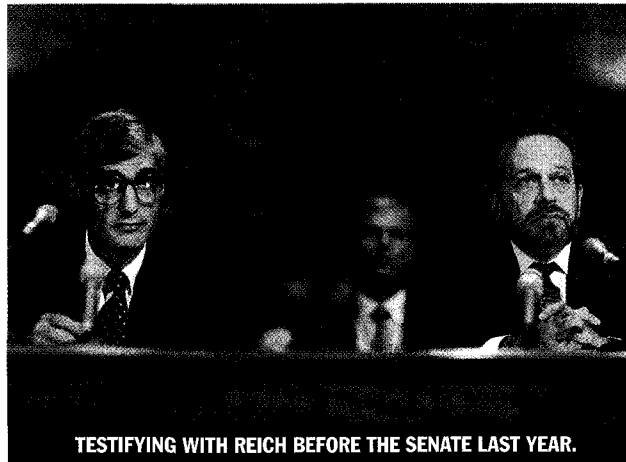
"Bob and I agree on probably 98 percent of the issues," says Reich. "Some people have made a big deal about the 2 percent."

In fact, the dispute is part of a larger schism within the administration. Reich and many of the president's political advisers subscribe to a populism that suggests excoriating the rich and intervening in the marketplace on behalf of workers. "I think class warfare is a mistake," Rubin says. He emphasizes that an environment that produces large numbers of millionaires is a healthy one, and that demonizing them serves no good purpose. He favors help for American losers in the new global economy but doesn't think government can stem the collateral damage by trying to force business decisions. "I don't think there's anybody who believes we should vilify or demonize companies or the rich," responds Reich. "The discussion of corporate responsibility is fundamentally a question of what is good business over the long term." Clinton essentially subscribes to Rubin's vision of a free market whose dislocations are buttressed by government assistance, but the president continues to be interested in Reich's more dirigiste ideas. In

an election year, the populist temptation may prove overwhelming.

Should Clinton be re-elected, no one seems to know for certain what Rubin will do. He used to be described as looking young for his age, but it would be hard to say that now. His eyes are sunken and surrounded with black, his brow deeply wrinkled, and when he spends too much time on airplanes he walks with a slight limp. Some in the administration assume he will return to an easier life of good works and civilized semi-retirement in New York after the election. At the same time, friends say, Rubin profoundly enjoys what he is doing. His former National Economic Council deputy Bo Cutter, who is also a close friend, says he wouldn't bet on Rubin's leaving after the election.

If Clinton loses, however, Rubin will be replaced by a Dole appointee, possibly Alfonso D'Amato. At that suggestion, Rubin looks out at the spectacular view from his Hong Kong hotel suite and purses his lips. "God knows," he says with shrug, "what *that* vision would be."



TESTIFYING WITH REICH BEFORE THE SENATE LAST YEAR.

rate of growth while avoiding inflation. He strongly supports education and training programs—"lifelong learning," in the Clinton jargon—but he objects to tinkering with the tax code to encourage such activities, or to judging formally how well companies behave as "corporate citizens." Rubin recently became embroiled in a spat with Labor Secretary Robert Reich about Reich's advocacy, in a New York Times Op-Ed piece, of a tax incentive to companies that avoid layoffs and offer training. While he has indicated that his disagreement was over process—ideas are supposed to be cleared through the National Economic Council—Rubin makes clear to me without mentioning Reich by name that he dislikes Reich's approach. "All of these kinds of programs have enormous numbers of unintended consequences," he says. "It's difficult to distinguish between rewarding people for what they're doing anyway and creating additional activity. You may wind up having spent an enormous amount of money for each additional bit of activity that you've

Gucci

Far and away the most spectacular collection of the season, Tom Ford likes to joke that his fifteen minutes of fame are on the brink of sputtering to a halt, but these clothes prove he's probably the most enduring new talent around.

The best of the fall 1996

collections from Milan,

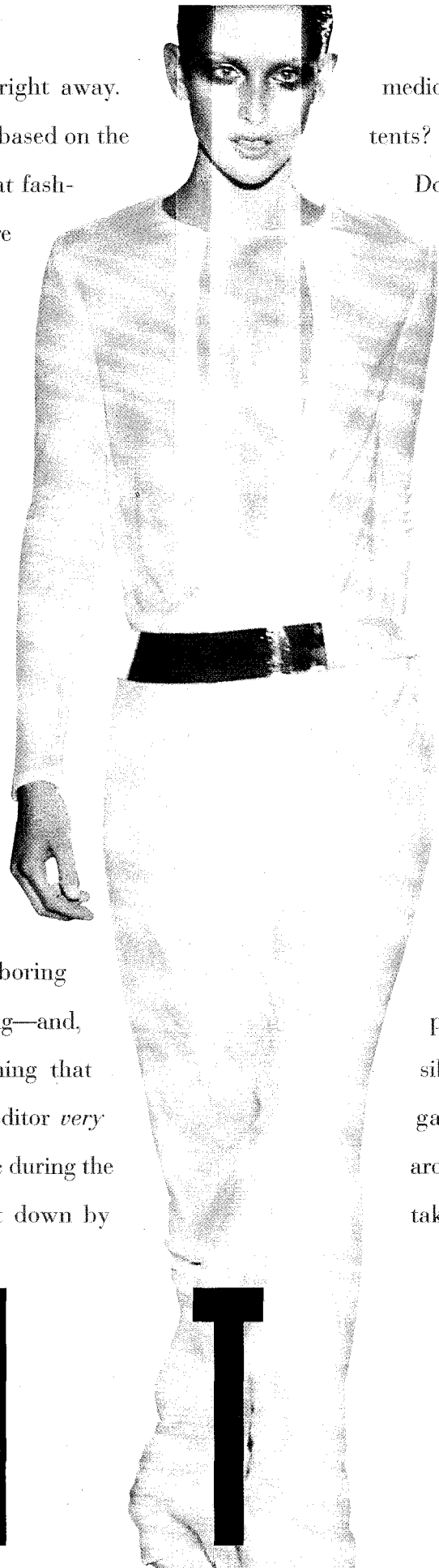
Paris, and New York

By Jade Hobson Charnin

PERFECT

Let's clear one thing up right away. Those skeptics who insist, based on the most recent collections, that fashion is not headed anywhere particularly good or interesting just haven't been looking hard enough. The problem isn't that the best designers didn't come through in top form, because, as anyone can see on the following pages, they overwhelmingly did. It's just that in Europe and in New York, there were too many shows (91 in Paris, 100 in Milan, and 112 last month in New York), too much boring dreck, too much copycatting—and, well, that's the sort of thing that makes a vigilant fashion editor *very* cranky. Was the atmosphere during the New York shows brought down by

mediocre knockoff lines showing in the tents? Absolutely. But that didn't stop Donna Karan, Marc Jacobs, Geoffrey Beene, and a whole slew of others from turning out some of their most beautiful collections ever. And while it's true that there's something disconcerting about business-pressured designers paying less attention to art and more attention to creating safe, commercial clothes, there *is* an upside for the consumer. Stuff you actually want to buy, stuff that will look nothing short of breathtaking on the average babe. Fall '96 is all about luxury—which, as it turns out, women are willing to pay and pay for—a long and lean silhouette, and the sleek and swellegant ghost of Halston floating around in everyone's head. But don't take *our* word for it. Turn the page.

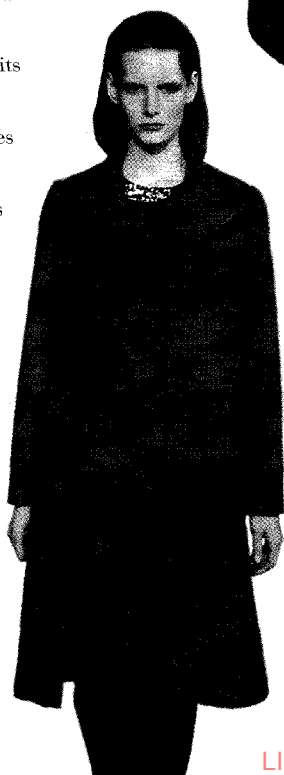


P I T C H



Geoffrey Beene ▲

Beene is the master of American-style chic, and this season his offerings were particularly stellar. This double-face satin ice-blue skirt was the most beautiful item of its kind in his (or anyone else's) collection. Substance always comes before style for Beene, and astoundingly, the style quotient is always through the roof: Anyone can make a glammy party dress, but his are always weightless and unrestricting, and travel amazingly well. And—as evidenced by the resurgence of jumpsuits, which he's been doing so well since the sixties—he's consistently ahead of the curve.



Jil Sander ►

An item of Sander's spare, carefully tailored clothing is like a work of really great, clean modern architecture: It looks terrific, and you're not sure why. The more man-tailored look she hinted at in her spring collection predominated this time around, and in a season that offered up a million beautiful coats, Sander had one of the best: a double-face reversible wool-and-cashmere version.

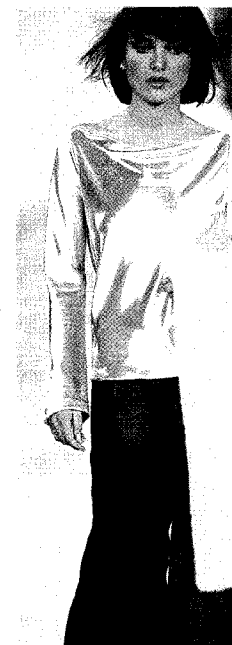


Helmut Lang ◀

Lang is one of the few designers who possesses such a finely honed aesthetic that he doesn't have to constantly reinvent himself to keep fans interested. And since fall's long, lean, spare silhouette is what he always does best, the show looked particularly modern. Though he might find his inspiration in the same places as other designers, he never takes the interpretation too literally (note the refreshing absence of epaulettes and brass buttons on this military-style coat).

Marc Jacobs ▼

On the rebound, perhaps from a previous collection that was way trendy, Jacobs went back and studied the masters—Poiret, Yves Saint Laurent, Halston—while designing this collection and his refresher course the classics was clearly reinvigorating. He showed glamorous, sexy clothes that were (flawlessly) cut on the bias so jackets and tops could achieve a sleek trim line without fitting like straitjackets.



Victor Alfaro ►

Alfaro has cultivated a following among the younger uptown crowd—the well-married Miller heiresses were all front-and-center at his show—and he provides them understated, very proper and thoroughly luxurious looks like this cashmere sweater jacket with a mink (!) scarf.

Photographs by Dan & Corina Lee



Donna Karan ▼

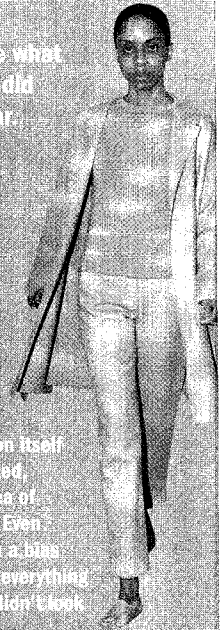
Karan's clothes are not quiet by anyone's estimation, but they've never been so refined as they were this season. What helped make this her best collection ever is that it's clear she did some rigorous editing. This time around, her color palette was flawless, and while several designers did interesting things with jumpsuits, Karan's sexy, clean version was easily the best.

Calvin Klein

The notion of megadeckers—oversized, baggy designers—has faded, or so it seems. Some designers are following their own noses instead of attempting to ape what Calvin and Prada did far better last year.

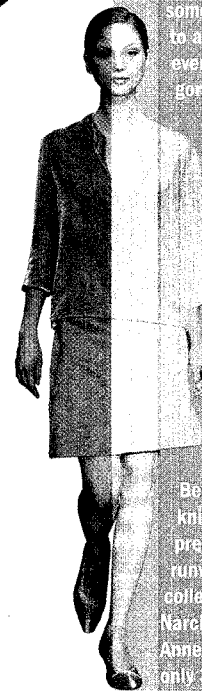
Rebecca Moses ▶

This is the first line Moses has created under her own name since she started designing for Italian sportswear outfit Genny in 1993. She has purposefully kept her profile low, and the collection itself is similarly understated, based around the idea of building a wardrobe. Even sweaters were cut on a bias for a perfect fit, and everything stretched, even if it didn't look like it did.



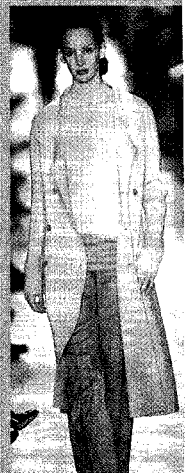
Shawn Ray Fons ▼

This 30-year-old Michigan native has been plugging away with his own label for five years, and this was his first-ever show. So enchanted were the fashion editors in attendance that they stampeded backstage afterward—something that almost never happens to a first-timer. The line is mostly eveningwear—wonderfully tailored, in gorgeous cashmeres and silk velvets—rendered very cleanly. He has an unfailing sense of color (not everyone can make pink and orange look this good together) and pays scrupulous attention to details. One could say there's a Balenciaga influence, but that wouldn't be quite right, since Fons has created a look that is also very much his own.



TSE

Best known for its knitwear, TSE presented its first-ever runway show of a real collection. Designers Narciso Rodriguez and Annette Ishida showed only 36 looks, all beautifully tailored and with great fabrics. The clothes are hip, but also wearable enough to be commercial.



anel ▲

is was arguably the st ready-to-wear lection Karl Lagerfeld s ever presented for anel—youthful, daringly orful, innovative, and mensely wearable. The / was separates: Though anel is traditionally all out suits and other efully coordinated looks, dels were sent down the eway in an array of hly adaptable skirts, its, and pants. ccessories were rywhere, more piled-on n they've been in years, d it all looked great. The t pictured—centered by luster of jewels—is our vice for the accessory of : season.



THE ARTISTES

Their clothes aren't the last word in wearability, but the following designers stand the best chance of having their work displayed in a museum.



Comme des Garçons

Rei Kawakubo has never been one to shy away from risk-taking, which makes every Comme des Garçons show surprising in some delightful new way. This time, only 250 guests were invited and there was no music, so the focus was entirely on the floral-print clothes, which were gorgeous enough to be collector's items. Skirts curved and spiraled,

and there wasn't a button or zipper (or straight line) in sight.

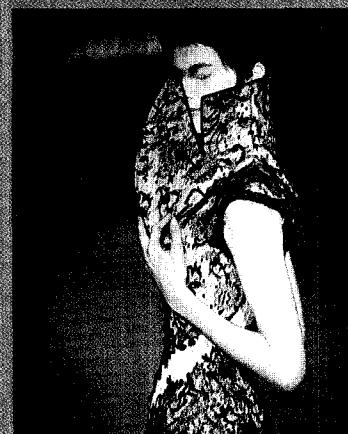
John Galliano

His first fall collection for the house of Givenchy was perfectly nice, but the real excitement continues to be generated over at his own collection. Galliano was inspired by the American West, and there are few designers around who could take such well-trod territory and make it so inventive and jaw-droppingly beautiful.



Alexander McQueen

This year's self-styled enfant terrible of fashion certainly doesn't put a woman's comfort at a premium: He contorted models into eighteen-inch corseted waists. But McQueen does have talent and ideas to burn, and time will tell if he'll be able to work through his attempts to shock and create the beautifully cut real clothes he so obviously has the skills for.



Calvin Klein ▼

It's ironic that in a season that was all about separates, the biggest news from one of our great American sportswear designers was dresses. They were absolutely gorgeous, though, sexily cut in matte jersey. The rest of the collection was severe in the best possible way, with muted colors applied sparingly.

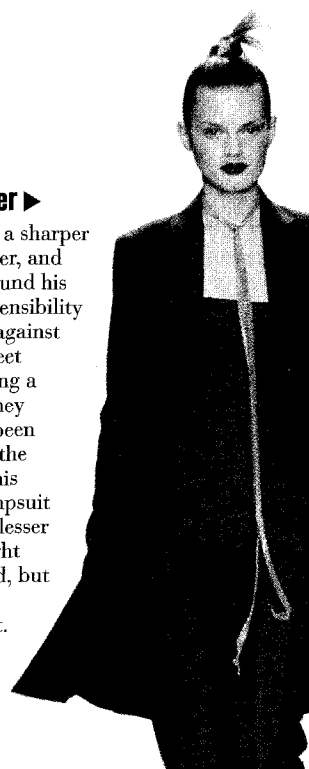


Yohji Yamamoto ▲

Other big designers flock to this show, and for good reason: One can always rely on Yamamoto to completely break from the pack. At the same time, his pieces are more closely tethered to reality than those of his avant-garde peers. And his always masterful hand at coat design was in top form.

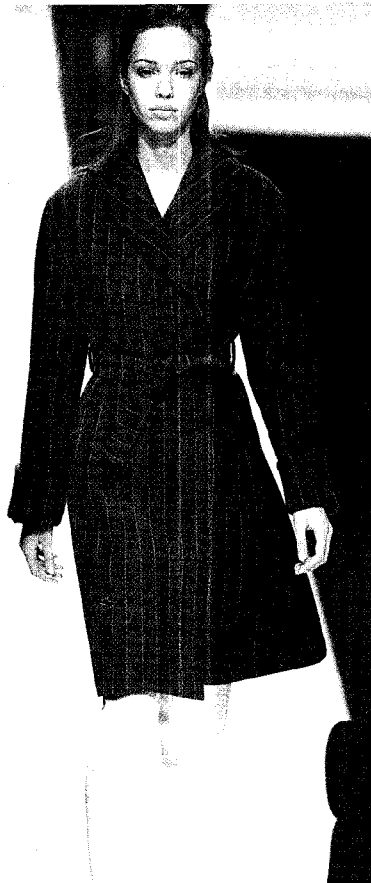
Richard Tyler ►

Nobody cuts a sharper suit than Tyler, and this time around his Savile Row sensibility bumped up against Carnaby Street funk—evoking a nineties as they might have been imagined in the seventies. This strapless jumpsuit was a risk a lesser designer might have botched, but here it was transcendent.



Giorgio Armani ►

Armani went back to its roots with a collection of classic, comfortable menswear-inspired sportswear with plenty of sexy top notes. As usual, he presented a vast selection of perfect daywear, including at least five beautiful coats. And he didn't shy away from man-made materials: His clothes had more stretch this time round.



Gianni Versace ►

Nobody can serve up the flash like Versace: This rhinestone miniskirt with a black lace hem was the kind of sexy number he pulls off better than anyone. But he also designs for those of us who are not Naomi or Claudia: He turned out a number of highly wearable, very tailored suits, and took risks with new colors—not his usual brights either, but muted, complicated tones.



Valentino ◀

Here's a designer who knows his customer—the small-boned lady who lunches—and delivers just what she wants: delicate, well-tailored clothes, always with a bit of frill. But Valentino's got an eye on his customer's debutante daughter too, so he aims for a youthfulness that always stops way short of prissy. And his blouses were the prettiest in any collection.

Michael Kors ►

Because he designs no less expensive lines, Kors's collection has become increasingly about luxury, price point be damned. His four-ply turtleneck sweater was among the most sexy items of the season, and when paired with metallic-leather jeans, provided a casual alternative to orthodox evening dressing. Kors is good taste personified, but it would be nice to see him take a few more risks.



Ralph Lauren ◀

His sportswear was impeccable and handsome as ever—if you want a trench coat or the perfect cashmere sweater or pants, you go to Ralph—and his deeply, inventively glamorous eveningwear, which featured heathered matte jersey and an intriguing mix of textures, shined just as brightly.

Text:

Kim France

Associate fashion editor:

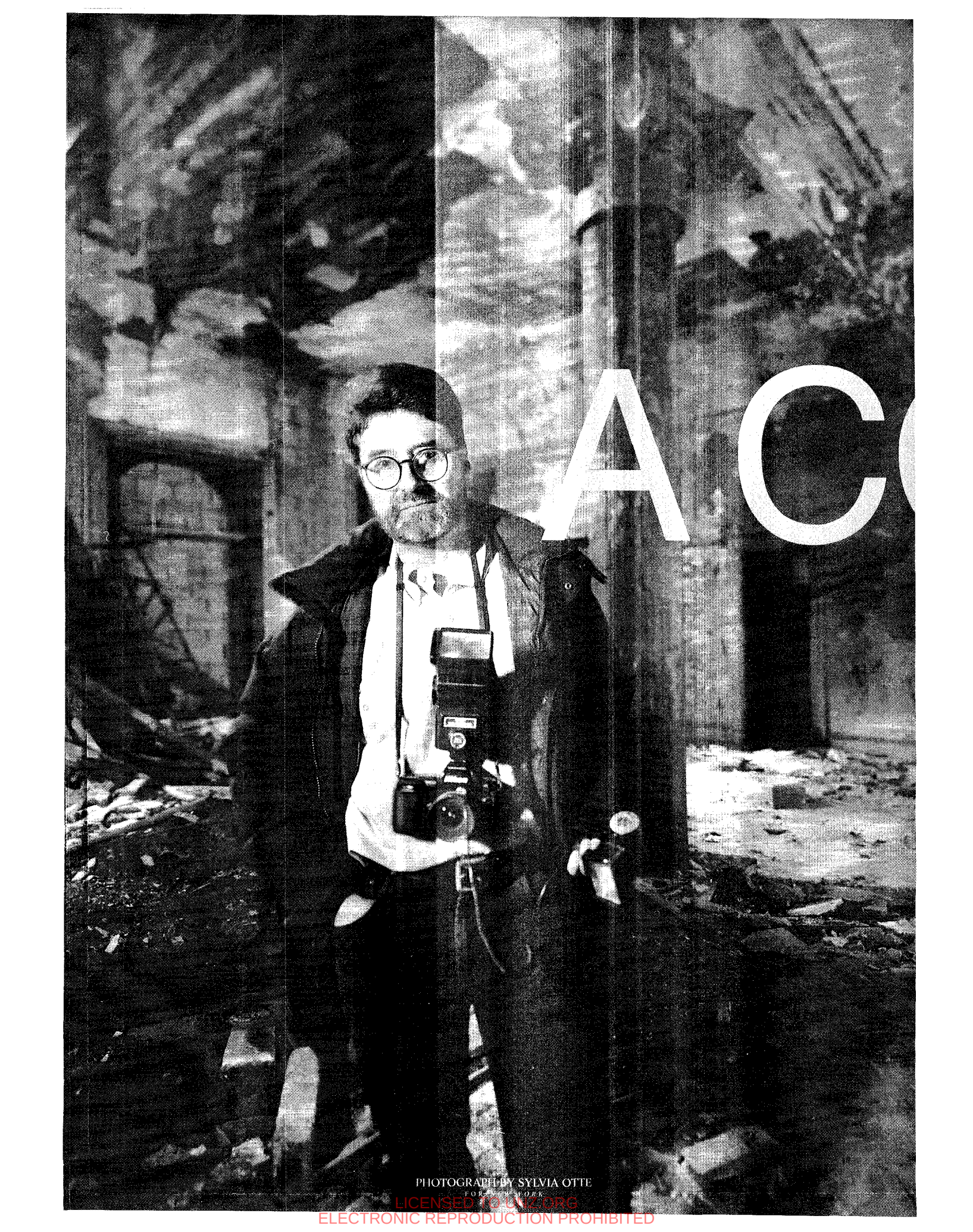
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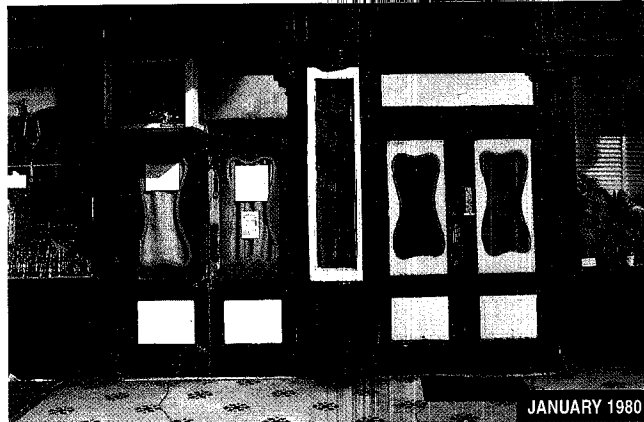
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PHOTOGRAPH BY SYLVIA OTTE

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OLD EYE

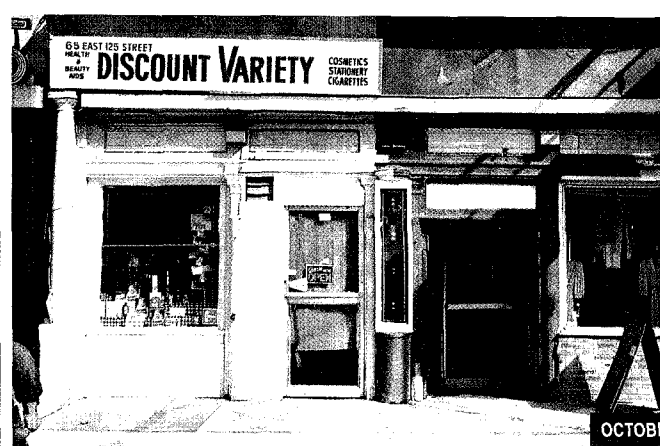
Camilo José Vergara's unsentimental portraits of urban decay document over time precisely how poverty lays waste to **New York City neighborhoods**

IT'S A LONG WAY ON THE IRT LINE FROM 110TH STREET AND BROADWAY TO THE JUNIUS STREET station on the border of Brownsville and East New York in Brooklyn. Camilo José Vergara knows the ride well, knows when seats will start to open up, when the last Orthodox Jew will exit, and when certain large housing projects will come into view. The 51-year-old Vergara's black-framed glasses, neatly trimmed beard, and mild demeanor give him the aspect of a college professor on his day off, but the trash-strewn streets around Junius are as familiar to him as those around his apartment near Columbia University. Since 1979, he has taken more than 1,100 photographs in this neighborhood. He is, he admits, a man obsessed. If he could show places like this to the rest of America, he would.

The New American Ghetto, a collection of Vergara's photography and writing released by Rutgers University Press late last year, should bring him a little closer to that goal. The book is remarkable not so much for its subject as for Vergara's approach. Instead of the heartrending portraits of the poor that became a photojournalistic cliché in the sixties and seventies, he takes clear-eyed, almost clinical shots of a deteriorating archaeology: in Detroit, a grand old movie theater converted to a parking garage, and a Domino's outlet in a building that once housed a bank; in Newark, a long-abandoned factory converted to a homeless shelter; in the South Bronx, post offices and homes protected by razor wire; and not far from the Junius Street stop in northeast Brooklyn, a community building for children and the elderly whose ar-

Facing page: Vergara in an abandoned building at 125th Street and Park Avenue. Above and on following pages: Images of the same storefront—65 East 125th Street—taken by Vergara over nearly twenty years.

By Rob Walker



chitecture resembles that of a fortress. Vergara's peculiar focus has brought him back to the same street corners in these neighborhoods (and in Chicago and other cities) over many years to make "time lapses," like his series of shots of the entrance to the former Aidlin Automation, Inc., also not far from Junius Street. It has been closed, gutted, and gradually fortified against intruders. The result is *The New American Ghetto*, a relentless work containing some 400 images—less than 5 percent of Vergara's vast Kodachrome archive. In all, it's an unlikely coffee-table book.

On a recent afternoon, we exit the Junius stop and walk a few blocks to the Carter Woodson projects, where we take an elevator to the twenty-fifth floor and climb a short set of stairs to the roof. "This is a place where you could spend hours," Vergara says, smiling just slightly as he gazes east over rooftops, vacant lots, and desolate streets. "A great place. You could just loaf here." The camera is out now, and between photographs, he points out the neighborhood landmarks: a school, a vacant lot where someone has built a makeshift home, the spot where he was once nearly mugged. "A police officer happened to come by. The cop was tiny," Vergara says, shrugging, "but he had a gun." (He's been careful enough over the years to have suffered only two physical attacks, another confrontation in which a gun was pointed at him, and a high-speed car chase.) The sound of sirens drifts up

from the streets, and Vergara looks back through his camera. "You go up here," he says softly, "and everything almost looks pretty."

Vergara's childhood, as he describes it, is a kind of riches-to-rags story: The wealth built up by a grandfather's successful Chilean farm was frittered away by his alcoholic father. With the help of

first useless picture," he says. "In other words, a picture that—unless someone needed it for insurance purposes or simply to demonstrate the fact that a particular building exists—nobody would have any use for whatsoever." He took pictures in Harlem, just blocks from the apartment he shares with his wife and two children, and he began riding the subway to the South Bronx and to Brooklyn. He would see how far he could get into troubled urban neighborhoods on his lunch hour while working in Newark for the state of New Jersey.

The idea was to dodge the trap of the quest for single, defining images of poverty and attempt to capture something more lasting, and, ultimately, more chilling. "Someone shooting up drugs now is the same as someone shooting up drugs

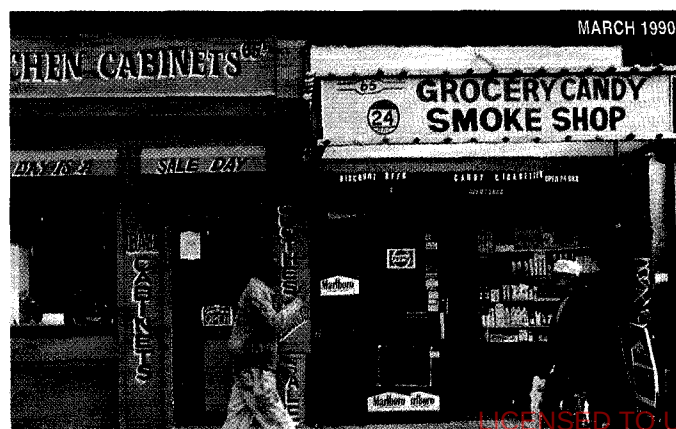
"Someone shooting up drugs now is the same as someone shooting up drugs twenty years ago. People aren't expressing the change that's going on in the cities. Buildings are."

relatives, Vergara was able to leave his native Chile at 21 to attend the University of Notre Dame. He studied sociology and, traveling around the region, became fascinated by the "power and wealth" of Chicago, contrasted with the "smoke and stench" of Gary, Indiana. He began to take pictures.

Finishing his degree in 1968, he moved to New York, where he continued to pursue traditional street photography. But, he writes in the book, "I saw myself at a dead end, retracing the steps of many others." He started on his master's in sociology at Columbia, and somewhere around 1977 his work changed. "I try to date it to the

twenty years ago," Vergara says. "People are not the ones who are expressing the change that's going on in the cities. Buildings are. My hope for this book is that it will show people this, to revolutionize the way you portray urban reality. Instead of going for the ultimate picture, use sequences that show what's happening."

Walking north from the Carter Woodson projects, Vergara points out a methadone clinic he has photographed on many occasions. The building might look abandoned to the untrained eye, and appears to have closed for the day. But Vergara has been on hand to see the lines of junkies waiting outside and has been in-





side. He points out the building's key details like a scholar, some windows boarded, others barred but otherwise normal. "A building like this says, 'We are there but we are not there,'" he observes, moving up the street.

IT IS VERGARA'S UNCHANGING, UNSENTIMENTAL approach that has gradually drawn attention to his work. In recent years, he has fielded an increasing number of interview requests from television journalists working on whither-the-ghetto stories. He began to write for publication, particularly in *The Nation*. In 1992, New York's New Museum of Contemporary Art made his work a centerpiece of a show on the transitory nature of modern life. A British Broadcasting Corporation news magazine did a ten-minute segment on his work in 1993. Finally, after a few false starts, the book came to fruition (photographs from the book will be shown beginning in July at the Municipal Art Society). The images are supplemented by Vergara's observations and theories, including his provocative (and very earnest) proposal to convert a particularly bleak section of Detroit into an immense ruins park, "an American acropolis."

With the release of his book, Vergara might be excused the temptation to move on to cheerier topics, but the photographer seems content to continue archiving. He wants to add more neighborhoods to his collection—he'd like to go to North Philadelphia, the South, and perhaps out West—but mostly he wants to keep returning to the same places, documenting

what has happened, or not happened. "You don't," he says, "want to lose the continuum."

As we turn now onto Alabama Avenue, walking north toward its intersection with Atlantic Avenue, the neighborhood no longer looks beautiful. Vergara does not, in the manner of so many of his poverty-documenting predecessors, romanticize the squalor. "This is just awful," he mutters, stepping over tires and other debris. He is headed toward the heavily fortified community building for children and the elderly that appears in the book. He recalls seeing it for the first time, his shock at the disjunction between the building's form and function. When he entered, he found that as in other grim-looking ghetto buildings, the atmosphere inside was far more welcoming than the exterior let on.

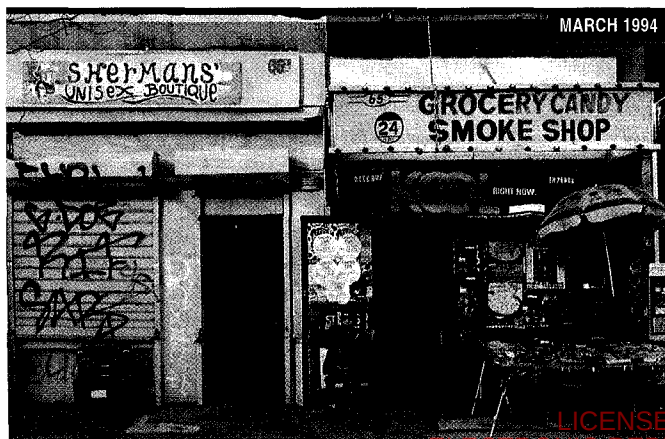
As we approach the two-story building, it becomes clear that something has changed. On the top floor, the windows are all missing. On the ground floor, the glass behind the metal bars is smashed. There is a black metal grill on the door. The building has been abandoned.

Vergara is stunned. The door isn't locked. Vergara once had a knife pulled on him when he accidentally woke a homeless man sleeping on a project roof, and this darkened building seems like an obvious hangout for people one wouldn't want to disturb. But he pulls out a flashlight and walks in. Inside, the abandonment looks recent. Around a corner there is a wide room with stacked chairs, a small upright piano, cabinets still full of stationery and en-

velopes. But with water all over the floors, an inch deep in places, it's a mess. "I went to a birthday party here once," Vergara muses. He points at the ceiling. "There were balloons all up there." There's a broken photocopier, a small framed painting on a post. "You know," Vergara says eventually, as he wanders back outside, "I used to look at this building and I thought it couldn't be worse."

Later, he will attempt to piece together what happened from locals, asking a passing woman and her children for details, and approaching a group of men drinking beer in a battered VW van to engage them in a five-minute conversation in Spanish. Later still, on the long ride back to Manhattan, he will keep returning to this recently vacated building, so menacing on the outside but once friendly within. Vergara recalls a man who approached him when he was photographing some row houses in the South Bronx built on land where a tall building project once stood. The man was raised on one of the top floors of the project, and pointed to the appropriate spot in the air, marking his birthplace. "What if that's the place where you celebrated your birthday, and now it's gone?" Vergara says, drawing a connection with the children's center. "It's almost like that birthday didn't happen."

As we walk out of the ruined children's center, Vergara turns and looks back up at the building and says, "Let me take a picture." He crosses Alabama Avenue and climbs onto the base of a light pole, wraps his arms around it for balance, looks through the viewfinder, and pushes the shutter-release button.



BEST BETS

The best of all possible things to buy, see, and do in the best of all possible cities

BY CORKY POLLAN



Summer Time

Paul Smith has applied his singular color-savvy and quirky way with materials to watches that might as well scream **summer**. Though the cases are a sober brushed stainless steel, the faces come in such fashionable shades as purple, lime green, khaki, red orange, and aqua. The mostly mismatched rayon-canvas bands are sweatproof (\$295).

PAUL SMITH/108 Fifth Avenue, at 16th Street/627-9770



Late-Breaking Developments

Digital cameras, the photography field's hottest wrinkle, were, as recently as a year or two ago, the province of professionals. Casio's almost-affordable version, however, is for anyone in need of instant gratification. The seven-ounce, palm-size digital QV-10 has a built-in LCD panel: You can point, shoot, and instantly view color images (it stores 96 in its built-in memory). The camera can be hooked up to a TV (for immediate viewing). Connect it to a PC or Mac, and the snaps can be edited, printed out, or dispatched by modem anywhere in the world (\$499.95).

J&R MUSIC WORLD/31 Park Row/238-9000 ext. 3113

Portable Playmate

Anything that keeps kids happily occupied for at least ten minutes gets the parental vote. But Kidderoo (a Colorforms-ish toy) does that and more. The case looks like a briefcase, so kids actually beg to carry it; it's slim enough to slip easily into a suitcase. The heavy-duty plastic pieces fit—and stay—neatly inside (\$19.95).

A BEAR'S PLACE/789 Lexington

Avenue, near 62nd Street/826-6465



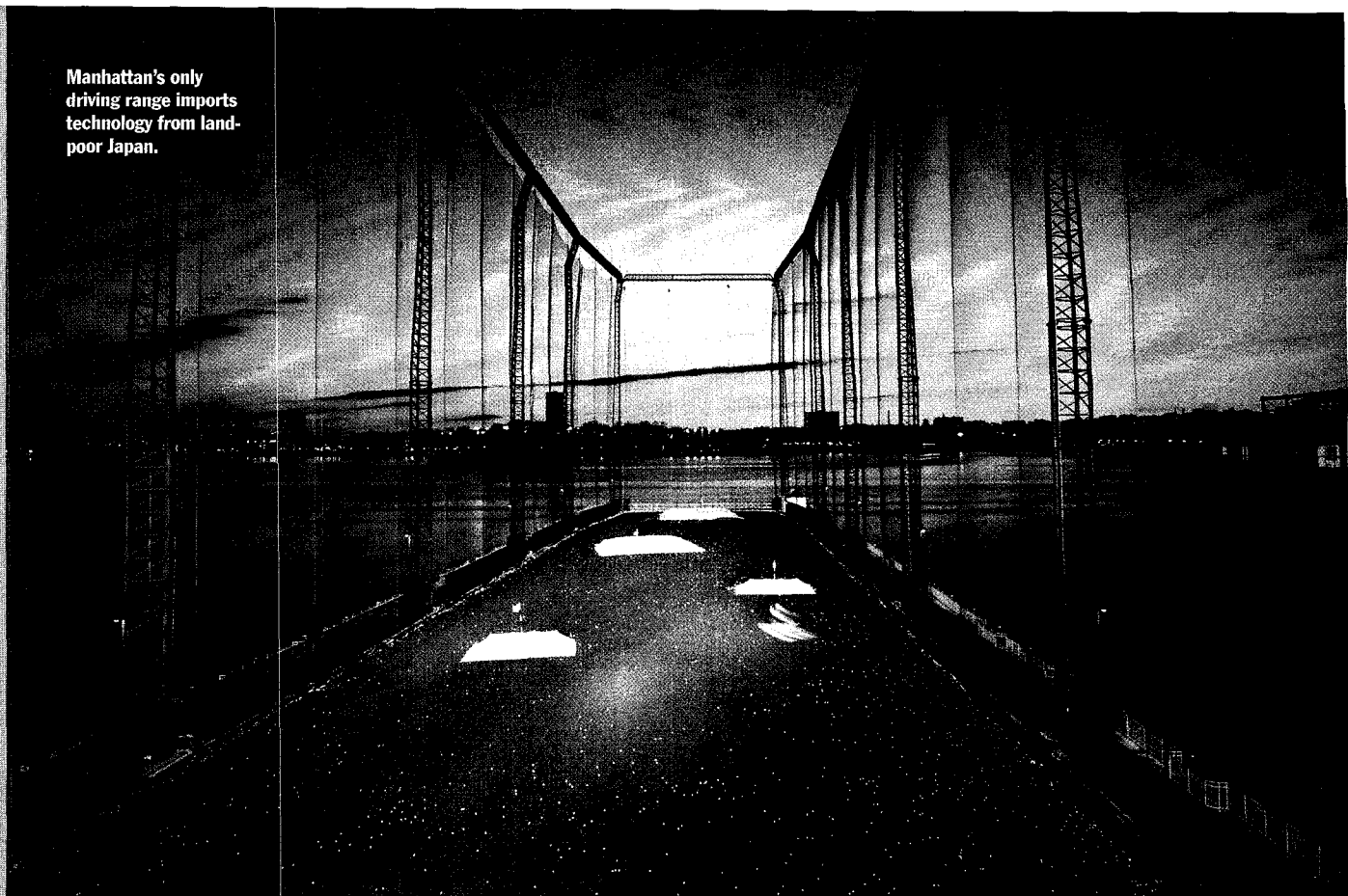
Shi's Gotta Have It

Laurie McLendon isn't into New Ageism; she named her new shop Shi (Chinese for "to be") because of its proximity to Chinatown. Stark and spare—rather Zen-like—it offers a nicely tempered mix of new and vintage finds: delicate sake cups and French bistroware, quirky hairpins and old bottles, hanging glass vases and fifties pewter serving spoons. And, in the belief that the last thing the city needed was another pricey housewares store, McLendon scouted around and found lots of nifty stuff for under \$10 (from \$3 for a sake cup to \$25 for a soap dish to \$275 for a handblown glass bowl to \$2,000 for a Marine-plywood dining table).

SHI/233 Elizabeth Street/334-4330

A catalogued archive of the past year of "Best Bets" is now available on *New York Magazine* Online on CompuServe, and readers may e-mail suggestions to 102404.2562@compuserve.com. To get online, call 800-535-1168 and ask for the *New York Magazine* representative. Current CompuServe users, go NYMAG.

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technology from land-
poor Japan.



THE GOODS ALEX WILLIAMS

Chelsea Piers

*Despite its theme-park aura, this giant sports complex on the Hudson is a distinctly **New York accomplishment**—and is exhaustingly fun.*

STROLLING TOWARD THE WHITE clapboard clubhouse of Chelsea Piers Golf Club, I'm sensing a coziness from childhood vacations lost, an almost atavistic familiarity with the scale of this place. It's not just the faux-Victorian gas lamps. There's a comforting lowness of the roofline, which I can almost reach up and touch, of the windows set close enough to the ground so even toddlers can peer in. I think of the building façades of Disneyland's Main Street, designed at three-quarter scale to make us all feel more secure about our standing in the world.

"Everything has been designed with the family in mind," says publicist Jack Batman, extolling the huge, and hugely ambitious, **Chelsea Piers Sports & Entertainment**

Complex, which began opening last August. This is not a typical New York statement, but Chelsea Piers, a reinvention of four crumbling shipping docks into a distinctly 1996 sports complex, is not a typical New York project. It's so user-friendly, so open and primary-color-happy, it radiates a Sun Belt-style optimism.

The \$100 million project consists of four 880-foot piers and a 90,000-square-foot building that runs perpendicular to the two northernmost piers called the Field House, which contains indoor basketball courts, soccer fields, batting cages, and a gymnastics center. Pier 62 features a pair of outdoor inline-skating rinks; Pier 61, two Sky Rink ice rinks; Pier 60, the vast Sports Center health club with such oddities as a beach-volleyball court (190 tons of sand), a 55-foot

climbing wall, and the Origins Feel-Good Spa, a New Agey haven of seaweed wraps and aromatherapy. From Pier 59 rises a four-story golf range, technology borrowed from Japan. In the next month, the Piers will open a seafood restaurant and even a brew pub, to lend the descending soccer and roller-hockey hordes the appropriate beer-league patina.

Chelsea Piers is the brainchild of Harlem schoolteacher turned plutocrat Roland W. Betts. Its attractions, built on state Department of Transportation property, are not free. The health club costs \$100 a month. Ice-skating is \$9. Nike, Reebok, and Polo Sport are sponsors, and their logos are ubiquitous.

Nevertheless, the purpose of the complex is urban respite as well as communal recreation, making the overall effect of

PHOTOGRAPHED BY BERND AUERS
FOR NEW YORK

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

*"...not a typical
New York project.
It's so user-friendly,
so open and primary-
color-happy,
it radiates..."*

this private venture that of a public place, a new sort of refuge from hassle and grit. Chelsea Piers, in a sense, is New York's newest park. (And there are literal—albeit concrete—park spaces on Pier 62, including picnic areas; the 1.2-mile esplanade snaking around the complex is meant for public strolling.)

Unlike the conventional city park, however, at this place nearly all the surfaces are not only hard but techno—polymer-coated and circus-painted. Down here, miles from Bethesda Fountain, there's a sweaty insistence on *doing* over simply *being* (and on purchasing—every visit would seem to demand some megaspending at Paragon). To the cantankerous New Yorker, this makes Chelsea Piers seem at first like a spiritual cousin of Union Square's Bradlees, another concession to the suburbanization of our city, to the metropolis as theme park, catering to the incurious suburban attention span.

As I slip past the golf clubhouse, the hyperreality settles in. Pausing in one of the 52 stalls of the heated, covered driving range (Tokyo-ishly, they're stacked on four levels), I look out on the billowing nets that hang from steel towers fifteen stories high, stretching 200 yards out into the Hudson. On the fourth level, an observation-deck vertigo sets in. The daze is intensified when I realize no human hand touches a golf ball, ever, not even mine. A small cart harvests the range balls on the fairway, then deposits them in a network of chutes and pipes that give off a rubbery rattle as I stand there on my Astro Turf mat, waiting for another ball to silently rise on its mechanized tee from beneath my feet. It's golf as imagined by Terry Gilliam. Purchase a \$15

debit card, program a nearby plastic pod, and 107 balls are mine, at 14 cents a swing. I don't even have to bend over. As in a planned community, all signs of effort have been hidden, if not removed. It's weird, but it's great.

It is inside the Field House that the concept of city recedes most entirely. The structure includes two indoor soccer fields, their plastic grass a rich unsoiled green, their stripes a crisp white. It's an utter departure from dirty city soccer as we know it. Similarly with the Field House's two public basketball courts (four additional hoops on each side), which have cloth nets that with every swish give off a neat *ffoop* that's unsettling to the playground-tuned ear.

The ice rinks are filled not with the dense packs of novices found at, say, Wollman Rink but with the more Westchesterish sight of too-serious girls circling under the gaze of their prodding parents (the gymnastics center has a mezzanine walkway built well above the mats to keep parents from sharing their coaching tips).

By the time I can buy a \$25 day pass and stroll into the 150,000-square-foot Sports Center, I'm tempted to repair to the nearest Eighth Avenue pub to restore my New York equilibrium.

The architecture of the Sports Center, after all, is a giant rebuke to our perversely cherished studio-apartment intimacy. Everything is outsize. The indoor track is a quarter-mile long (said to be the longest in the world), the fiberglass-and-pulverized-granite rock-climbing wall the largest in the Northeast. It's all done up in that spiffy postmodern industrial seen in the country's newer sports stadiums—both minimalist and happy (and if Steinbrenner does move his team into Manhattan, the new Yankee Stadium will be virtually next door). Even the elaborate 90-year-old ironwork overhead has been sanitized in burgundy paint. The view south out the gigantic windows at the grimy, paint-flecked shell of Pier 57 (still an MTA bus-repair shop) comes off as irony—the surrounding cityscape as abstract as wallpaper.

One way to restore a true New York sense of space is to crawl inside the Origins spa's

anti-seasonal-affective-disorder light-therapy pod (\$25 per half-hour) and wallow in 113-degree neon-blue light and stereo jazz-lite.

Perhaps the pod is curative. Or perhaps Chelsea Piers is. Regardless, after some eight hours hanging out there, I'm experiencing a significant change of heart. The Piers suddenly seem entirely relevant to the city, the whole complex entirely New York, in an exultant, horizontal-sky-scraper sort of way.

Surveying the vast acreage of Hammer Strength and Cybex machines, the pickup basketball games starring, the day I was there, Ethan Hawke, Frank Whaley, and Kevin Costner (no doubt attributable to the Silver Screen TV and movie studios in the same building as the Field House), I realize that they don't build things with this same ambition in Fairfield County.

In fact, in the end, the Piers seem less Orlando, 1996, than San Francisco, 1896, where another socially progressive developer with a keen business touch, Adolph Sutro, gave that city the spectacular cliffside Sutro Baths, which were for-profit, to be sure, but also a public shrine to shared pleasure.

Details

Chelsea Piers is located on Piers 59 through 62, along the Hudson River from 17th to 23rd Street. The entrance is at 23rd Street. General information: 336-6666.

Pier 62 Roller Rinks (336-6200). Open March to November, weekdays 10 A.M. to 6 P.M.; Saturday noon to 6 P.M. and then 8 to 11 P.M.; Sunday noon to 6 P.M. Adults \$4, children \$3, skate rental \$7.50 per day.

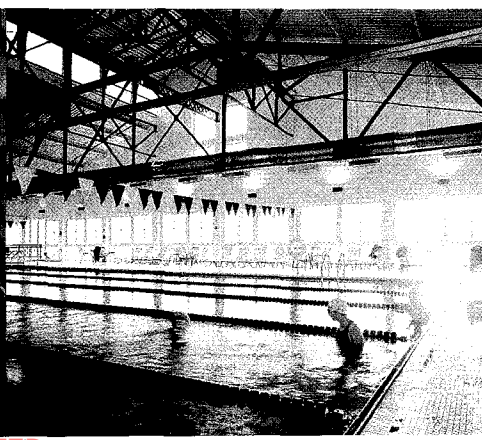
Pier 61 Sky Rink (336-6100). General skating Saturday, Monday, and Tuesday noon to 4:45 P.M.; Sunday 12:30 to 4:45 P.M.; Wednesday and Thursday noon to 9:20 P.M.; Friday noon to 7:30 P.M. Adults \$9, children \$6.50, skate rental \$3.50.

Pier 60 Sports Center (336-6000). Weekdays 6 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Saturday 7 A.M. to 10 P.M.; Sunday 8 A.M. to 8 P.M. Day pass \$25 (limit six visits a year), membership \$100 per month plus \$300 initiation fee.

Pier 59 Golf Club (336-6400). Monday through Sunday 7 A.M. to 11 P.M. 14 cents per ball (\$15 minimum). Club rental \$2 each or three for \$5.

Field House (336-6500). Weekdays 8:30 A.M. to 11 P.M.; Saturday to 9 P.M.; Sunday to 10 P.M. Batting cages \$1 per twelve pitches; gymnastics \$20 per class; rock climbing \$15 per class; \$5 per person per hour for basketball and soccer fields; call for league information. Toddler gym \$6 per session. Parking: First hour \$3, full day \$15.

The world's longest indoor track; New York's biggest climbing wall; Chelsea's swankest new pool.



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INCONSPICUOUS CONSUMPTION PAUL LUKAS

What's in a Name?

*Sometimes your supermarket can give your entire
family super powers. Or just make you into a Dork.*

Super Lucas Snack Seasoning

1.2-ounce container (A. Matre)

Dork Fruit Chews, Assorted Flavors

(Lukas Confections, Inc.)

LOTS OF PEOPLE, KNOWING MY OBSESSION with oddball products, send me strange little items and enclose a note saying, "I saw this and figured it had your name written all over it." That sentiment became more literal than usual when my friend Georgia stumbled across a Mexican spice powder called Super Lucas Snack Seasoning. Yes, they misspelled my surname, but so does everyone else; from where I sit, it's pretty cool to see either LUKAS or LUCAS (to say nothing of SUPER LUCAS) emblazoned on a product.

It soon occurred to me that if your family name happens to be Perdue or Colgate, then you're used to seeing it displayed throughout the consumer landscape. But for many of the rest of us, myself included, it's something of a kick to see a product carrying our moniker. The weird thing about this is the way our cultural obsession with fame and recognition can turn standard notions of identity and self-worth on their heads: A brand name is usually used to endorse or validate a product, but in this case it feels like the product is validating me, as if I'm somehow niftier because of the arbitrary coincidence of my name's appearance on this package.

I was discussing all of this with my Texas-based pal Abby, who surprised me by saying, "Oh, I know of another Lukas product—I'll send some to you." A week or so later, I was the proud owner of an assortment of Dork Fruit Chews, a taffylike candy marketed by a Pennsylvania firm called Lukas Confections. Here at least the spelling was

right, but there was another problem: Who wants to be associated with something called a Dork?

Curious to learn more, I got on the phone and spoke with Lukas Confections president Robert R. Lukas (no relation), who couldn't recall seeing any other products bearing our name. As for Dorks, he said he launched them in 1992 and came up with the product name himself, inspired in part by Nerds, the popular fruit-flavored candy pellets.

Dorks cost only a dime, taste no worse than your average junk-food concoction, and sell in the range of a million per year. Lukas said they've

become especially popular

among local politicians and

business leaders, who enjoy

giving a few Dorks to their

more annoying rivals and

nemeses. As Lukas tells it,

Dorks even flirted with the national political limelight

when he was included on

a conference call with

President Clinton,

who upon learning of the

candies quipped, "I'd

like to send a few to

those dorks up on Capitol Hill."

Lukas Confections makes

a variety of other candies—

caramels and toffees, mostly—but Dorks appear to be

Lukas's sentimental favorite. And while I'm still a bit uneasy about seeing LUKAS and DORK in such close proximity, Lukas himself seems untroubled by the coupling, even going so far as to describe his title as "Head Dork." Apparently, Clinton neglected to tell him that that title is already taken. (A. Matre, Privada Las Huertas 182, Santa Catarina, Nuevo León 66350, Mexico; Lukas Confections, Inc., trading as the Classic Caramel Company, 231 West College Avenue, York, Pennsylvania 17405.)

**I, product: This boy's
sugar and spice.**



SEND PRODUCTS, gadgets, promotional literature, and suggestions to Paul Lukas, New York Magazine, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998. E-mail address: krazykat@pipeline.com.

SALES & BARGAINS LEONORE FLEISCHER Tasteful Choices

*From a prix fixe lunch at Petrossian for just \$22 to
a benefit dinner with your favorite chef-auteurs.*

COMPARED WITH THE TEN BUCKS YOU could drop on a meal at the local diner, \$22 for a price-fixed lunch at the famous Petrossian is a real bargain. The lunch offers a glass of red or white wine or champagne; a "Petrossian Tasting" of pressed caviar with crème fraîche on blini, salmon tartare, and foie gras; and your choice of main course (including seared marinated salmon with organic greens and mustard sauce and foie gras club with portobello mushrooms, cucumber, watercress, baby greens, and vegetable chips). *Petrossian*, 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214); A.E., M.C., V. accepted; reservations recommended; Mon.-Fri. from 11:30 a.m.-3 p.m.

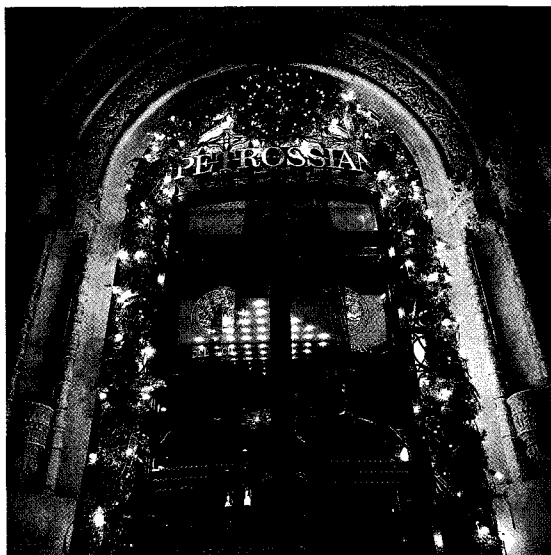
Yankee Chipper

BESS SCHUYLER'S DECORATIVE CERAMIC sculptures have been shown throughout New England and in the New York area. In her one-day studio sale, perfect pieces are 50 percent off retail; those with slight imperfections are much less. A series of nudes, retail \$200-\$250, here \$100-\$125; cats on chairs, chests of drawers, or beds, retail \$50-\$200, here \$25-\$100. *Bess Schuyler*, 246 W. 16th St. (255-4611); checks accepted; no credit cards; all sales final; Sun., 4/21, 10 a.m.-5 p.m.

Shade Deals

THIS SHOP'S ALWAYS-DISCOUNTED HOME accessories are now on sale. Custom balloon shades and Roman shades (all prices given for custom work do not include the cost of fabric), were \$18-\$19 per sq. ft., now \$16. Custom vertical and horizontal blinds by Levolor, custom Duette shades by Hunter Douglas, and all cellular shades are 60-70 percent off manufacturers' suggested list prices. *Windows, Walls and More I*, 1595 Second Ave., near 83rd St. (472-4800);

DO NOT PHONE: Send suggestions to Leonore Fleischer, *New York Magazine*, 755 Second Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10017-5998, six weeks before the sale. Only sales exclusive to "Sales & Bargains" and not previously advertised or published elsewhere will be considered.



Luxe décor and more: Petrossian's lunch special offers a tasting of its world-famous caviar served with crème fraîche on blini.

Mon.-Sat. 10:30 a.m.-6:30 p.m. *Windows, Walls and More II*, 275 Ave. U, Brooklyn (718-266-2400); Mon.-Wed. 11 a.m.-7 p.m., Thurs. till 8 p.m., Fri. and Sun. 11 a.m.-5 p.m., closed Sat.; A.E., Disc., M.C., V. accepted; checks accepted as deposits only; all sales final; through 5/31.

Bochanalia

VILLEROY & BOCH IS HAVING A WAREHOUSE sale on seconds, overstock, and discontinued patterns of porcelain dinnerware, crystal stemware, giftware, and decorative accessories. Dinnerware is available as open stock, plus five-piece settings: Siena, retail \$149 the setting, here \$64.07. Cocktail Club crystal 7½-in. candlesticks, retail \$60, here \$19. Platano 11½-in. crystal bowl, retail \$135, here \$47.25. *Villeroy & Boch Warehouse*, 10 New Maple Ave., Pine Brook, N.J. (201-882-3335). M.C., V., checks accepted; all sales final; call for directions; open daily 10 a.m.-7 p.m., except Sat., 4/27, 9 a.m.-9 p.m., and Sun., 4/21 and 4/28, 11 a.m.-6 p.m.; 4/20-4/28.

Nina Ricci

THE PERFUMER NINA RICCI'S SHOWROOM sale on its line of accessories from France

includes elegant costume jewelry with faux-gold and -silver finishes and faux gems, such as double-flower pavé earrings, retail \$110, here \$45; and handbags such as a black or beige microfiber camera case, retail \$230, here \$100. *Nina Ricci*, 4 W. 58th St., eleventh floor (310-9300); M.C., V. accepted; all sales final; Mon.-Fri. 10 a.m.-6 p.m.; through 4/26.

Chef Special

FOR JUST \$70, YOU CAN DINE with well-known cookbook author-chefs at One City Cafe (the charge benefits the restaurant's job-training program). On a Monday night each month from April to July, a maximum of 70 people at each meal will get a five-course dinner straight from the cookbooks' pages. On April 22, the "chef-auteurs" will be Michele and Charles Scicolone; May 13, Tom Valenti; June 17, Bob Sloan; and July 22, Sylvia Woods and Christopher Styler. For information and reservations, contact Kathrine Gregory at Food & Hunger Hotline (533-7600). *One City Cafe*, 240 W. 14th St., New York, N.Y. (807-1738); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; reservations are necessary.

The Btu-tiful People

THIS STORE ON THE UPPER WEST SIDE IS HAVING a sale on large and small home appliances, some floor samples, and/or last pieces. White-Westinghouse scratched and dented air conditioners, from 5,200 Btus to 21,700 Btus, here \$229-\$399; Panasonic portable air conditioner, 5,000 Btus, 5.4 amps, 8.2 EER, here \$239; GE 32-in. stereo TV, here \$579; Hitachi four-head VCR, here \$159; White-Westinghouse 12.6-cu.-ft. frost-free refrigerator, here \$389. *RCI/Radio Clinic, Inc.*, 2599 Broadway, at 98th St. (864-6000); A.E., M.C., V., checks accepted; Mon.-Fri. 9 a.m.-7 p.m., Sat. 9 a.m.-6 p.m., Sun. noon-5 p.m.; through 4/27.

THEATER JOHN SIMON King Size

*This 'King and I' is magical and mischievous—
worthy of Rodgers and Hammerstein's brilliance.*

He can sing, too:
Lou Diamond
Phillips as the
impetuous
monarch.

THE ORIGINAL 1951 PRODUCTION OF *The King and I* was a wonderful thing, but the current revival, based on an Australian production, is in many ways as good, in some ways less impressive, and in one way even better. In any case, it is a judicious blend of the original and some rethinking: part revival, part new birth. If you were reborn, wouldn't you want to emerge a bit different?

Gertrude Lawrence was elegant, charming, and beautifully poised as the widowed schoolteacher, Anna Leonowens. Donna Murphy is, on top of all that, deeply moving. Of course, the story itself is inherently touching, as it

follows the deepening relationship between Anna and the ornery but very human king to its heart-wrenchingly bittersweet conclusion. Miss Murphy, however, is poignant in her own right, with her memories of a happy marriage cut short by death, her problems with asserting female dignity in a fiercely patriarchal society, her need to be recognized as a gentlewoman and not just an underpaid servant.

Miss Murphy manages to be convincingly British, sings consummately, and never stops acting. By acting, I mean entering into a character's body and soul, becoming that individual inside and out, and reinventing her story by engaging it, incident by incident, entirely afresh. Hers is a performance, above all, of the sort of warmth sorely needed this snowy April.

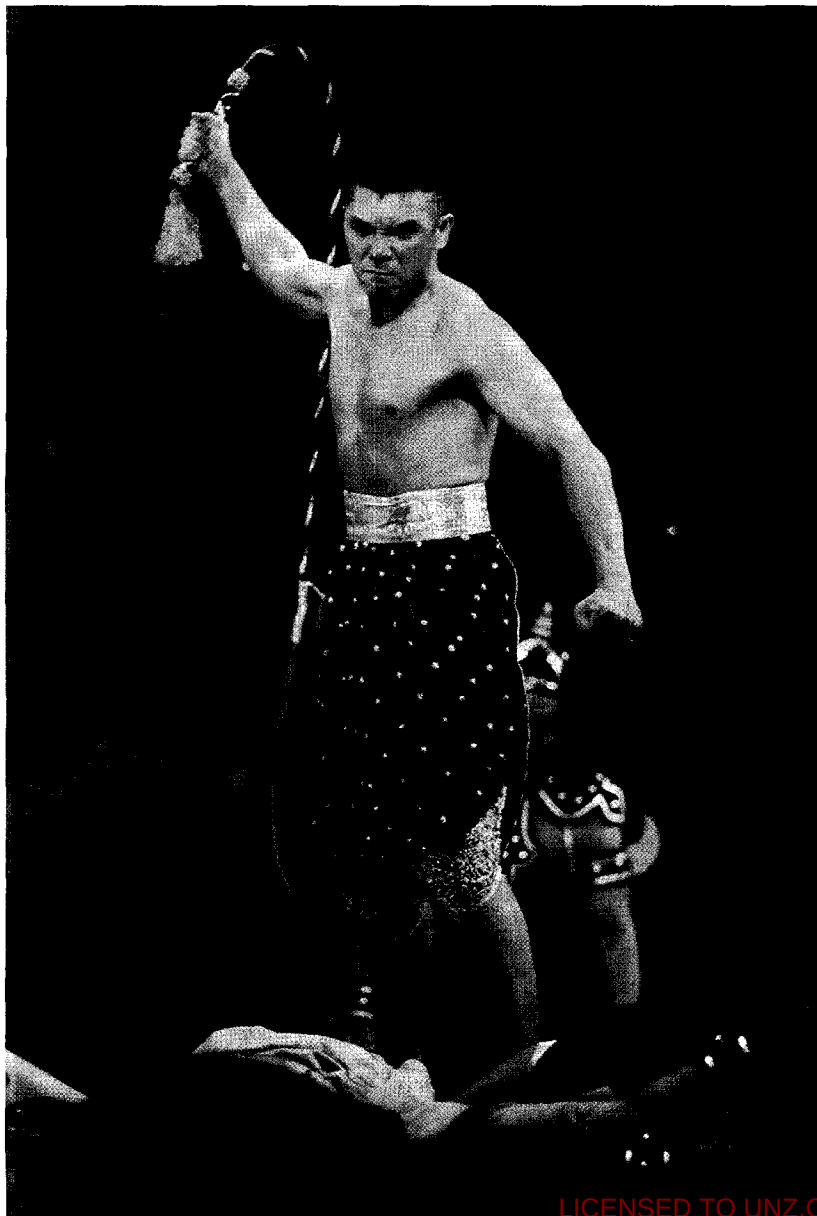
He that plays the king stands in the long shadow of Yul Brynner, but Lou Diamond Phillips succeeds in playing him otherwise—a noteworthy achievement. His is a more boyish king, more impetuous than deliberate, whose efforts to understand and improve himself are wrung from an even bumpier conflict. This is a winning performance, forcefully sung and bouncily affecting, properly mellow in the end.

Among the hearty supporting performances, note especially those of Randall Duk Kim, as the prime minister; Tae-won Kim, as the head wife; and Guy Paul, as the British envoy. Little Kelly Jordan Bit, as the fan-dancing princess, is enchanting. The somewhat weaker links in the cast are the doomed lovers, played by Jose Llana and Joohee Choi, but it must be said that the staging has not been of help to them.

Most of Jerome Robbins's stunning dances have been retained, with some not entirely felicitous changes, and there is evocative additional choreography by Lar Lubovitch. The direction, by Christopher Renshaw, is generally effective; I don't know whether it is he or Lubovitch who introduced some darling touches into the March of the Siamese Children, or who it was that somewhat diminished the "Getting to Know You" number. But what with splendid dancers in the Uncle Thomas ballet and elsewhere, and some irresistible kiddies of whom even the tiniest lustily sings, the show seldom flags.

Nothing but admiration is due the Australian design team. Brian Thomson's scenery is sumptuous without excess, and shifts with exemplary fluidity. The night sky alone, so often a star-studded cliché, is novel and magical here. Roger Kirk's costumes are at once airy and substantial, ornate yet never overdone. Nigel Levings's lighting is a living, swirling organism. And the additional orchestrations by Bruce Coughlin (late of the fine *Floyd Collins*) savvily supplement the original ones.

But let us pay final tribute to Rodgers and Hammerstein, whose memorable book and score have become even lovelier and more lucent with the passage of 45 years. I never thought I would say this about a musical, but in a production such as this, *The King and I* is the equal of all but the supreme operatic masterpieces. ■



Photograph by Joan Marcus.

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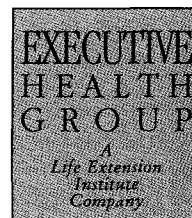
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ART MARK STEVENS

Mixed Blessings

From a clash of cultures in Spanish America to the immigrant experience in the West, artists have always found strange beauty in difference.

Under the influence of the conquistadors: A Cuzco Saint Joseph and the Christ Child.

IDEOLOGUES IN PURSUIT OF PURITY OFTEN FIGHT their battles on the fields of art. For the conservative right, art is a temple to be protected from cheap tricks and the p.c. barbarians; for the multicultural left, it can serve as a symbol of resistance to the predatory character of capitalism or, when made by ethnic groups ill-treated by Western society, a symbol of authenticity. In fact, art's mongrel nature is as interesting as any putative purity. History is rich in wild cross-fertilizations, outrageous thefts, brilliant impersonations, stimulating acts of slumming, and sublime misreadings. If the Renaissance had better understood the ancient world, we would be the poorer.

Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America, at the Brooklyn Museum, portrays a particularly "impure" period in the history of art—when European art and the indigenous culture of the Incas and Aztecs collided during the Spanish colonization of America. For many years, scholars either avoided or pussyfooted around this subject. Didn't the high tradition of Spanish art become provincial and slack in America? Didn't the "pure" Indian art of the pre-Columbian civilizations become, in turn, a naïve (or merely charming) copy of European models? When today's scholars confront colonial art, they do so primarily in terms of its social meaning as the reflection of a ruthless conquest.

Not surprisingly, the Brooklyn exhibit, which was organized by Diana Fane, Sarah Faunce, and Kevin Stayton, also concentrates on the social implications of colonial art—examining how both the Spanish and the Indians struggled to find an identity that honored their respective pasts while reflecting their new, mixed-up present. The show includes more than 300 works, ranging from paintings and sculpture to textiles and religious objects. Most of them were made in the Spanish viceroyalties of New Spain (1535–1821) and Peru (1542–1824), which roughly corresponded to the geographic boundaries of the Aztec and Inca empires.

As interesting as the social emphasis can be, the eccentric pleasure of such works is its own justification. Of the many exquisite impurities on display—Spanish and Indian—the Indian are usually the more remarkable, at least to my eye, perhaps because the Indian imagination faced a more powerful challenge than that of the Spanish. (The Spanish, after all, were not forced at the point of a sword to confront the Indian sensibility.) When the Spaniards came to the New World, they eradicated many native-art traditions and imposed Western art forms upon the local populations. They also brought paintings and pieces of fur-



niture with them and, typically, tried to reproduce European fashions.

To make art that could reconcile the imposed with the personal, Indian artists therefore had to travel great technical and metaphysical distances. This gives their work an internal pressure—and spiritual reach—that is never less than poignant and is sometimes truly powerful. And it is exactly what might at first seem the awkward or merely charming that provides the power. The Cuzco school of painting—to draw just one example from a large exhibition with many angles and points of interest—is named after the traditional capital of the Inca empire, a city sacred to the Indians. The Spaniards chose to locate their colonial capital elsewhere and destroyed many of the Inca palaces in Cuzco, but most new building rose upon Inca foundations. At the same time, the Cuzco painters created European-influenced pictures whose spiritual foundation remains partly Indian.

Who would want the painters of these works, of which *Saint Joseph and the Christ Child* is a good example, to be more technically sophisticated in the European sense? And who would wish that they were not stimulated by European models? This is an art of the ecstatic eye. Although secular tempers will enjoy the work as beguilingly naïve, there is also something innately—sublimely—childlike in spiritual rapture that too much sophistication can diminish. A European can make a great painting of a saint having a vision, but he does not usually get that unaffected simplicity into the paint.

Similarly, there is often an exaggerated quality in the decorative spirit of colonial art that is in questionable taste—and an excellent lapse it is, too. If one colorful bird in a Cuzco painting is good, then two birds are better; the female saints seem more dressed up than a Christmas tree; there is no miserly scrimping of gold. The catalogue notes that the Cuzco painter of *Saint Joseph* had trouble demarcating—owing to the gold stamping—the clothing of the boy from that of the man. But he also may have enjoyed exactly that loss of distinction, relishing the way the edges relax (as in spiritual bliss) into a fantastic red-and-gold vision. In both Mexico and Peru, the decorative excess often overwhelms the eye, as if paradise had a brilliance beyond our ken.

While a rococo chapel in Europe may be a magnificent aristocratic confection, its histrionic visual swoon does not have the religious intensity (a kind of visionary madness) of a rococo-inspired chapel in Mexico, where the other world seems literally at hand. At times, the exaggerations and roughness of colonial art can make the high European tradition seem wan, which provides a useful reminder that in art, know-how counts only so much. At the very least, seeing the European tradition displaced—made strange, newly vital, and eccentric—reanimates the familiar.

European iconography is often seduced away from its sources. The boy in *Saint Joseph and the Christ Child*, for example, is wearing Inca sandals. In another Cuzco picture—of a famous Spanish victory over the Inca—the artist shows only the Virgin Mary and Saint James, rather than Spanish troops, vanquishing the Indians. (To be defeated by a deity is better than being humbled by the flesh-and-blood Spanish and maintains the Indian faith in a universe dominated by spirits.) The exhibit employs the term *converging* to describe the relation of Spanish and Indian cultures, which is too tepid a word for such an agonizing and fruitful collision, but it does suggest how the haughty Spanish

culture bent toward the Indian over the years, as if to a gentle but insistent tugging on the sleeve.

The Brooklyn Museum owns most of these works, making this exhibition a good example of a museum, in an era of reduced funding, working intelligently with overlooked portions of its collection. The show also suits New York, not only because of its large Hispanic population but because this is a mongrel city whose strength springs from its competing smarts and energies and edges. That is the city's great hybrid vigor. However much one may love the purity of pre-Columbian art or respect the evolution of the Western tradition over the centuries, the world's traditions are today becoming more and more scrambled—and art is likely to find its voice, increasingly, in that jostling.

AT THE GALERIE LELONG, **Krzysztof Wodiczko**, an immigrant from Poland who is now Director of the Center for Advanced Visual Studies at M.I.T., has fashioned an exhibit (which can be seen through April 27) centered around the jostling experience of immigrants in modern society. Or, to put it differently, it concerns the stranger within and without. To Wodiczko, the way our culture treats its immigrants—together with the way immigrants themselves experience their difference—reveals the inner nature (and, finally, the existential worth) of the West.

There is a great deal of reading to be done in this show, for Wodiczko is a critic-artist with a compulsion to explain and explain again how his work reflects the situation of the immigrant—perhaps itself a commentary on the immigrant's desire to communicate and fear of being misunderstood. But his work speaks best for itself. In particular, he has created a poetic and haunting device called *Alien Staff*, which he has asked immigrants to carry in works of performance art throughout various cities.

Shaped like a biblical staff or walking stick, this object includes a small video monitor that tells the story of the immigrant who carries it about. Various artifacts such as a green card are placed in clear containers on the staff. During the performance, strangers approach the traveler, encountering someone they might otherwise avoid, to see what's on his little TV—and after a while notice that the face on the screen is that of the person they have just met. No less than its biblical precedent, this staff is meant to symbolize the importance of the prophetic voice; to reflect the restless wanderings of mankind; to provide something planted and weighty; and to speak to the importance of shepherding souls.

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CLASSICAL MUSIC PETER G. DAVIS

Poetic License

Pavarotti has his voice back, but as a fiery revolutionary, he seems strangely absent. In 'The Dreyfus Affair,' all the high drama took place offstage.

LUCIANO PAVAROTTI HAS ALWAYS LIKED TO GAMBLE with art and commerce, winning a few and losing a few. On the one hand, he can claim a million-dollar marketing success like the Three Tenors while proving that he is also a serious singer by excelling in a difficult Mozart role like Idomeneo. In the losers' column he would have to list his supremely silly Hollywood film, *Yes, Giorgio*, along with last fall's ill-considered return to the scene of a youthful artistic triumph at the Metropolitan, when he failed to hit all those high C's in Donizetti's *La Fille du Régiment*. Right now, he is risking it all for art once again by singing the title role in the Met's new production of Giordano's **Andrea Chénier**, a strenuous assignment few tenors would consider taking on live for the first time at age 60 (he recorded the role for London/Decca in 1982).

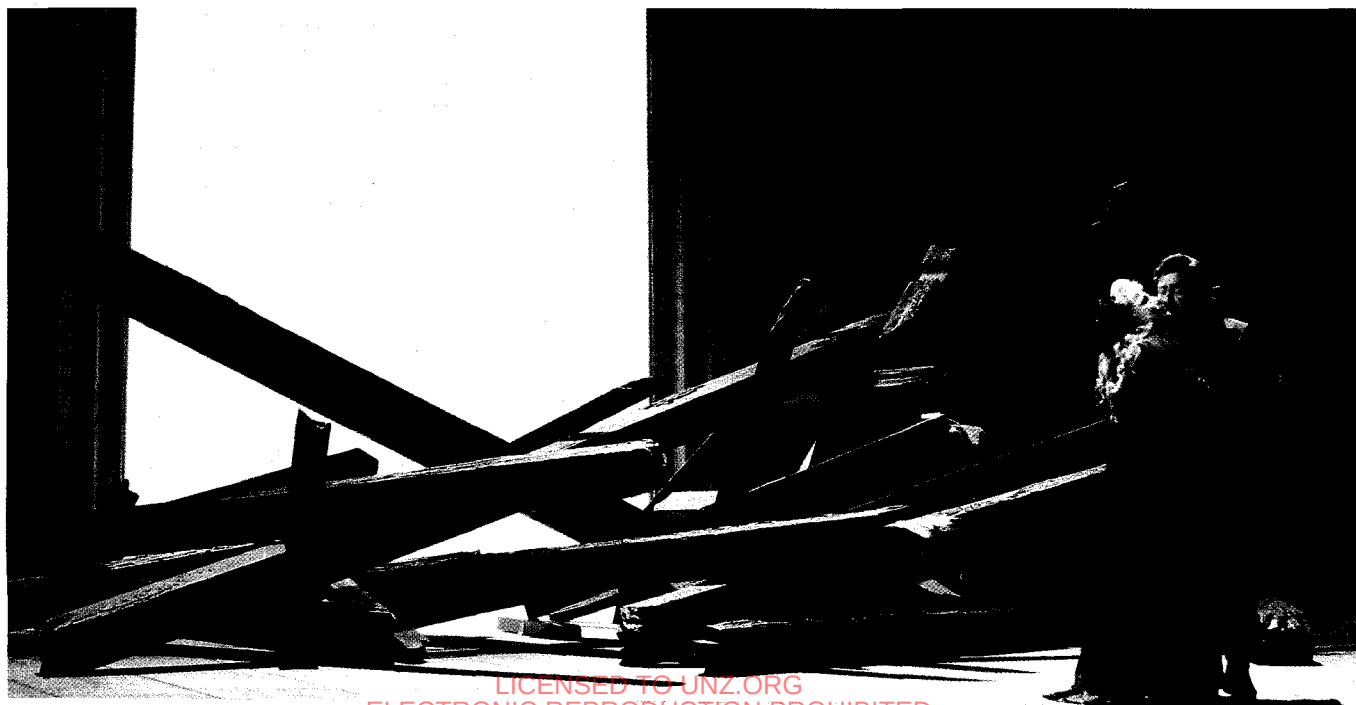
For those who worried that this much-valued voice might have reached the end after his Donizetti debacle, the news is good. Pavarotti not only sounded rested at the first performance, but all his familiar vocal assets—the tonal clarity and smooth register alignment, the still-youthful bloom at the top of the voice, the superb diction—were mostly back in place. Beniamino Gigli, the Met's first Chénier in 1921 and an Italian tenor of comparable seductive appeal and longevity, was also singing well at 60, but by 1950 his deluxe instrument had audibly aged. Continuing the comparisons with the century's great tenors is instructive. We can't know what Enrico Caruso and Jussi Björling sounded like as seniors since they both died in their forties. Giovanni Martinelli and Giacomo Lauri-Volpi, however, sang past 60, but

neither had a voice as beautifully textured as Pavarotti's. Richard Tucker was going strong right up to his death at 61, although without comparable lyrical ease or tonal freshness. No, Pavarotti remains a unique vocal phenomenon.

But artistic conscience is also important, and even stern critics who consider *Andrea Chénier* a piece of trash might prefer a protagonist who gives a performance rather than a personal appearance. This supposedly fiery poet of the French Revolution had scarcely arrived at the Countess de Coigny's *ancien régime* salon before he wandered back off into the wings for no apparent reason, never having witnessed the decadent scenes that supposedly inspire him to sing his first accusatory aria. When he finally got going, Pavarotti seldom paid attention to anyone onstage and directed the entire role to the floor, occasionally cupping a hand at the side of his mouth—presumably to control resonance and projection, artificial aids that singers sometimes use in the rehearsal studio, where they should remain. Three extra-long intermissions were scheduled, giving the aging *divo* ample time for rest and refreshment. Of course, there was much applause along the way, even for this absentminded effort, but it was neither spontaneous nor heartfelt. A Chénier who is no poet and has no fire in the belly will never truly arouse an audience, no matter how many lovely abstract sounds he makes.

As Maddalena, Aprile Millo behaves more like a diva impersonator than a soprano with ideas of her own. Although her performance is totally manufactured, she at least seems to have stitched her voice back together with reasonable success after a period of vocal distress.

Lazy Luciano: Pavarotti (seen here embracing Aprile Millo) practically sleepwalks through *Andrea Chénier*.



Juan Pons, who does little more than bel-
low as Gérard, is a disgrace. Among the
many cameo roles, all in good hands, are
Michel Sénéchal's revoltingly batrachian
spy, Larissa Diadkova's tragic Madelon,
and Rosalind Elias's ditsy Countess de
Coigny. No snob, James Levine obviously
has a soft spot for a rousing *verismo*
score, which he conducts with brio, an-
other plus in an evening sorely in need of
musical distinction.

The production, directed by Nicolas Joël
and designed by Hubert Monloup, sug-
gests the opera's historical milieu and then
coily plays with it. Grotesquely over-
dressed French aristocrats mince about an
elegant ballroom dominated by a huge
cracked mirror; bold revolutionary slogans
are carved into the stone walls of the Café
Hottot and a stark tribunal courtroom; a
gigantic guillotine materializes at the end
to beckon Chénier and Maddalena to their
deaths. It all seems rather arch for such a
blood-and-guts melodrama that only needs
three dramatically committed, musically
aware, prodigiously endowed voices to
blow the audience away. Perhaps one day
the Met will be able to oblige us.

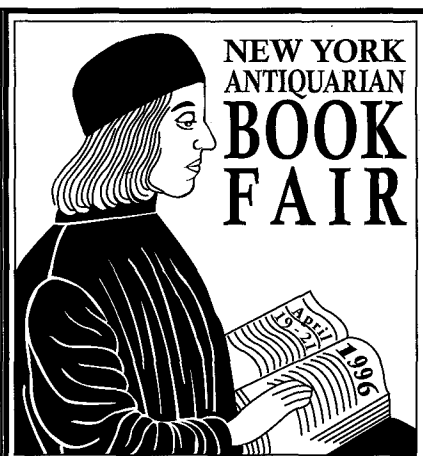
PLACE IT IN THE DISASTERS-WAITING-TO-HAP-
pen-and-did file. Now that music no longer
functions as the dominant creative force in
new opera composition in this country, it
was probably inevitable that the City Opera
would eventually stage a work entirely con-
ceived and developed by a librettist: **The
Dreyfus Affair**, correctly identified in the pro-
gram as an "Opera by George Whyte." Yes,
there is an unobtrusive score of sorts—
"Music by Jost Meier" reads the second
billing—but Whyte dreamed up the proj-
ect, wrote the text, commissioned Meier,
and owns the rights to both the music and
the production. And he obviously means to
hold on to them, keeping Meier in the back-
ground as long as anyone has an interest in
performing his opera. "It is clearly stipulat-
ed in our contract with Mr. Whyte," Paul
Kellogg, the City Opera's new general and
artistic director, told the *Times*, "that we
deal with him exclusively and not with the
composer."

I wonder what Mozart, Verdi, or Puccini
would have made of such a contract (it
was clever of Wagner to write his own li-
brettos). But times have changed, new
operas are in demand everywhere, and
the form is headed in directions those
composers would scarcely recognize. If
The Dreyfus Affair represents one more
step toward the complete marginalization
of music in opera, institutions like the
City Opera, structured and staffed to
serve a dramatic genre defined and
shaped by music, will soon become irrel-
evant. Certainly this sorry affair should be
a humbling one for all composers. Appar-
ently told that he would not be welcome
at the premiere, Meier traveled to New

York from his home in Biel, Switzerland,
and, according to the *New York Times*,
bought his own ticket for opening night.
(The City Opera denies this.) Properly
abashed by all the bad publicity, the City
Opera, presumably with Whyte's gracious
permission, did allow Meier onstage to
take a nervous bow, along with conductor
Robert Duerr, director Laura Alley, and
lighting designer Jeff Davis.

It was all for naught, however. Even as
a nonmusical theatrical event, *The Drey-
fus Affair* is without merit. An acknowl-
edged expert on the infamous incident
that unleashed such vicious anti-Semitic
forces in 1894 when a Jewish captain in
the French army was falsely accused of es-
pionage, Whyte has turned his fascination
with Dreyfus into a veritable cottage in-
dustry: a full-length book, articles and lec-
tures, television documentaries and films,
a cabaret show, and a dance drama, with
an oratorio and a musical still in the
works. Although clearly involved—some
might say obsessed—with the subject,
Whyte has failed to fashion the material
into an effective theater piece, let alone a
viable opera. None of the characters
emerge with dramatic force or clarity.
Dreyfus (John Daniecki) is a cipher, his
wife (Nina Warren) a one-dimensional
hysteric, the novelist Zola (Joseph
Corteggiano) a droning statue. The action
is confused, the symbolic touches are
ridiculously pretentious (the exiled Drey-
fus is "imprisoned" in a Star of David),
and the long chorus-line scene in the
Moulin Rouge, with prostitutes and their
clients yelling anti-Semitic epithets, is
positively embarrassing. It's hard to be-
lieve that this dreary libretto would ever
attract a real opera composer. Meier's
modest score, in a mildly dissonant post-
Expressionistic idiom, is so featureless
and unassertive that one suspects Whyte
of intentionally commissioning a nonenti-
ty in order not to be upstaged.

I'm sorry to say that *The Dreyfus Affair*
is a legacy from the City Opera's late gen-
eral director, Christopher Keene, who con-
ducted the world premiere in Berlin two
years ago and deemed the work worth
bringing to New York. But then, Keene's
musical tastes always tended to be omniv-
orous rather than discriminating (he once
told me that the only opera composer he
didn't really care for was Cimarosa). Oth-
ers apt to celebrate Whyte's wretched
opera are agenda-driven cultural politi-
cians for whom the production of any new
opera, no matter how musically impover-
ished or theatrically inept, is reason
enough to rejoice. To judge from the reac-
tion of the City Opera audience, virtually
paralyzed with boredom on opening night,
that attitude will have to be rethought un-
less the new-opera boom is to burn itself
out. Right now, the form desperately needs
an infusion of musical genius. ■



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POP MUSIC CHRIS NORRIS

Will to Blackness



Soul brothers (left to right): Paul Buchignani, Rick McCollum, Greg Dulli, and John Curley.

GREG DULLI STANDS BEFORE THE CONGREGATION. He throws his head back, flashes black nail polish, testifies to a cast of stylishly dissolute lowlifes: "Come a little closer, baby," he croons. "I only wanna try and be your friend." He's a glam-rock preacher boy, a grunge Jesus Christ Superstar. Pimps, junkies, and hookers gaze on appreciatively.

Such is the star turn that Dulli, alt-rock diva of Cincinnati's *Afghan Whigs*, performs in the video for "Honky's Ladder," the debut single from the band's typically ambitious, typically shameless new record, *Black Love* (Elektra). The video is rowdy and momentous—rather like an earlier one its director, Samuel Bayer, did for Nirvana. And like the offhandedly apocalyptic "Smells Like Teen Spirit," the song sounds some transcendent rock epiphany. Unlike Kurt Cobain, though, Dulli doesn't seem willing to settle for anything less.

Black Love follows the Whigs' unqualified classic *Gentlemen*, a masterful guitar symphony that, three years later, remains rock's last word on Gen-X sexual politics. Largely the confessions of a twentysomething womanizer, *Gentlemen* portrayed the various stages of romantic sickness with such precision that Dulli—heretofore the front man of a fairly generic grunge band—found himself in a distinctly

since Billy Squier). *Black Love* further explicates this relationship, making the musical miscegenation literary. It's about as dicey a proposition as it sounds.

Like its predecessor, *Black Love* is determinedly cinematic; its liner notes say it was "shot on location" at two recording studios. The album-as-*film noir* opens with church organ and squealing subway wheels as "Crime Scene Part One" begins a hushed invocation, someone's testament before a final act of revenge. This is the direction in which the Afghan Whigs most expertly take their R&B references, merging the stormy psychodrama of a song like Percy Sledge's "Dark End of the Street" with post-punk urgency, sketching narratives with swirling atmosphere as much as with dialogue. "Going to Town" hijacks the funky drumbeat from Prince's "Housequake" for a sociopath's version of "Born to Run": "Get your stroll on, baby / I'll get the car / You get the match and gasoline." Funky clavinet meshes seamlessly with Rick McCollum's brooding guitars, and the thunderous momentum makes Dulli's neo-Stagger Lee posture legitimately ominous. The song sounds both elegant and unique, and Dulli's grand experiment pays off.

Other times, it doesn't. Part of the problem is that Dulli is not always up to the traditions he's mining. The brashness he shows assuming (continued on page 88)

Alt-rock tragedians the Afghan Whigs offer grunge's first (mostly) convincing embrace of black music.

Culture

A Weekly Guide to Entertainment and the Arts in New York



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*Budding Spielbergs can splice, dub, mix,
and master their own celluloid creations at a
new—and now truly interactive—addition to the
American Museum of the Moving Image* (page 64)

PHOTOGRAPH BY ANDREW GARN
FOR NEW YORK

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movies

The Monster... World Cinema Festival

New Films

All Dogs Go to Heaven 2—A dead dog named Charlie (voice of Charlie Sheen) teams up with a fetching Irish setter (Sheena Easton) to retrieve an angel's lost horn. (1 hr. 21 mins.; G) *Village East; Chelsea; Embassy 2-4; Manhattan Twin; 86th Street; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

★**Angels & Insects**—In the early 1860s, a young naturalist, William Adamson (Mark Rylance), returns to England after years spent in the Amazon. He is dependent on the patronage of a wealthy family, the Alabasters, in whose great Gothic house he takes residence. The ugly gray pile seems haunted—by the withdrawal, perhaps, of divine beneficence from the natural order, or by some dirty secret. Oblivious, Adamson goes on with his work. He marries the eldest daughter, and makes a professional alliance with the tutor of the young Alabaster children, Matty Crompton (Kristin Scott Thompson), a severe and exciting young woman who burns with ethical and sexual passion. Director Philip Haas, working with his wife, Belinda, has adapted a marvelous 1992 A.S. Byatt novella, shrewdly preserving Byatt's volatile mix of science, sex, and Victorian class warfare. (Denby; 2/5/95) (1 hr. 57 mins.; NR) *Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Anne Frank Remembered—Jon Blair's documentary, which was made in collaboration with the Anne Frank House in Amsterdam, offers little in the way of revelation—but the testimony of the now elderly women who knew Anne Frank and who helped the Frank family, at considerable risk, both in Amsterdam and the Bergen-Belsen concentration camp, is extraordinarily moving. (Denby; 3/25/96) (2 hrs. 2 mins.; NR) *Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Antonia's Line—A multigenerational story about four women and their various struggles with men. Written and directed by Marleen Gorris. In Dutch with English subtitles. (1 hr. 44 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center; Cinema 3.*

August—Anthony Hopkins makes his directorial debut with this fresh interpretation of Chekov's *Uncle Vanya*. Also starring Kate Burton. (1 hr. 34 mins.; PG) *Quad Cinema; Eastside Playhouse.*

★**The Birdcage**—Director Mike Nichols and writer Elaine May have set this remake of *La Cage aux Folles* in Miami's South Beach. Above the Birdcage club live Armand (Robin Williams) and Albert (Nathan Lane), who have been together through so many versions and productions that they easily qualify as the world's most famous married couple. Armand's son is about to be married to the



Opening Mistaken Identity

It's a TV-star impostor-comedy trendlet: A dead man's wealthy family assumes Ricki Lake's the daughter-in-law they've never met in the romantic comedy 'Mrs. Winterbourne' (opening April 19)—which will be followed next month by David Schwimmer as a dead man's non-best friend in 'The Pallbearer.'

daughter of an ultraconservative couple (the bride's father, played by Gene Hackman, is a right-wing senator), and Armand and Albert have to put on a respectable show for the parents. Williams gives one of his most restrained and beautiful performances; he's the soul of the movie, a hardworking husband in love with a funny hysteric whom he will take care of till his dying day. Armand and Albert put on a memorable dinner party for the senator and his wife, and the scene turns from car-

icature to benevolent farce. When the senator finds himself charmed by a man dressed as a woman and even becomes jealous of the woman's "husband," he is softened and transfigured by absurdity. (Denby; 3/11/96) (1 hr. 57 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street East; Chelsea; Baronet/Coronet; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Lincoln Square; Metro Cinema; New Coliseum; Nova.*

Brain Candy—The Kids in the Hall's comedy about an addictive anti-depressant that enslaves the nation. With David Foley, Bruce McCulloch, Kevin McDonald, Mark McKinney, and Scott Thompson. Directed by Kelly Makin. (1 hr. 29 mins.; R) *Waverly; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Carried Away—A middle-aged teacher (Dennis Hopper), mired in a stale relationship with a local widow (Amy Irving), becomes passionately involved with a 17-year-old student. Directed by Bruno Barreto. (1 hr. 44 mins.; R) *Village East; Eastside Playhouse.*

The Celluloid Closet—An engaging documentary about Hollywood's treatment and depiction of gays and lesbians in film. Based on Vito Russo's acclaimed book. (1 hr. 41 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Celtic Pride—Two ardent Boston Celtics fans (Dan Aykroyd and Daniel Stern) kidnap the opposing team's star player (Damon Wayans). Directed by Tom DeCerio. (1 hr. 31 mins.; PG-13) *Village East; 19th Street East; Embassy 1; Sutton; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

★**Chungking Express**—Thirty years ago, Jean-Luc Godard identified his youthful characters as "the children of Marx and Coca-Cola"; writer-director Wong Kar-Wai's characters might be called the children of global hypercapitalism and Coca-Cola. *Chungking Express* was shot mostly at night inside a vast network of markets in the Hong Kong tourist district. This, we gather, is the future: a shopping-concourse Babel where the many languages and identities are held together, momentarily, by a chance meeting of interest and desire. Wong tells separate stories about two lonely Hong Kong policemen, each trying to cope with the loss of his girlfriend. In the first, a young cop

known only by his badge number (223) decides to wait a month for his girl to come back to him. She left on April 1, so every day he buys a can of pineapple (her favorite food) with an expiration date of May 1. In the second story, a flight attendant, having decided to dump her policeman boyfriend, No. 663 (Tony Leung), leaves the key to his apartment at the fast-food stand where he stops every night. A strange girl who works there becomes obsessed with the abandoned cop; she

takes the key and repeatedly goes to his apartment, brightening the place up. On the whole, Wong seems more at home with solipsistic characters, dreaming their time away, than with men and women together. When the policeman and his admirer finally face each other in his apartment, they can hardly speak. *Chungking Express* is charming and right up to the second; its theme is the transiency of life in the present. (Denby; 3/25/96) (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center*.

Cold Fever—A young Tokyo executive decides to spend his vacation not in Hawaii, as originally planned, but on a remote river in Iceland—the spot where his parents died. Directed by Fridrik Thor Fridriksson. (1 hr. 22 mins.; NR) *Angelika Film Center*.

Dead Man Walking—A few minutes of Sean Penn's performance and you know he's got the role of Louisiana death-row inmate Matthew Poncelet down right. He defines "shifty"; he's mean, cut-off, mocking. His Poncelet tries to bully and seduce a nun, Sister Helen Préjean (Susan Sarandon) who takes an interest in his case; when she proves to be tougher than he thought, he slowly opens up to her. Based on a book by the actual Helen Préjean, this is the story of Matthew Poncelet's redemption and death. Poncelet has been convicted of murdering two teenagers, and as Sister Helen defends him, she takes abuse from the parents of the dead kids. Robbins observes the parents' rage neutrally, without turning them into vengeful hysterics. But at the end, as nun and murderer reach out to each other in the death chamber, the filmmakers blow the case they are plainly making against capital punishment. The implication is that Poncelet shouldn't be executed because he has accepted God and may become a good man. But if you are truly against capital punishment, you're against executing the redeemed and unredeemed alike. (Denby; 1/8/96) (2 hrs. 5 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square; Olympia Cinemas*.

Denise Calls Up—A comedy about seven young professionals who conduct every aspect of their lives over the phone. Written and directed by Hal Salwen. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas*.

Diabolique—The 1954 original, directed with devastating precision by Henri-Georges Clouzot, was set in a boys' school outside Paris. Two women in thrall to the school's sadistic master—his religious wife and his knowing and tough-souled mistress—conspire to murder him, with unexpected consequences. This remake, directed by Jeremiah Chechik (*Benny & Joon*), puts new seats on an old chassis, and nothing feels quite right—not the school, now placed outside Pittsburgh; not the casting of the very proletarian Chazz Palminteri as the school's menacing director; not the performance of Isabelle Adjani as the religious wife. The new movie is more explicit sexually but less interesting, and with the exception of Sharon Stone—the wickedest, most beautiful witch in the movies—it's a botch. (Denby; 4/1/96) (1 hr. 46 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Orpheum; Tower East; Lincoln Square*.

Executive Decision—Six military operatives board a hijacked plane in midair and attempt to defuse a bomb loaded with nerve gas. With Kurt Russell and Steven Seagal. Directed by Stuart Baird. (2 hrs. 15 mins.; R) *Village East; 19th Street East; 34th Street Showplace; Criterion Center; Movieplex 42; Gemini Twin; Orpheum; 84th Street Six*.

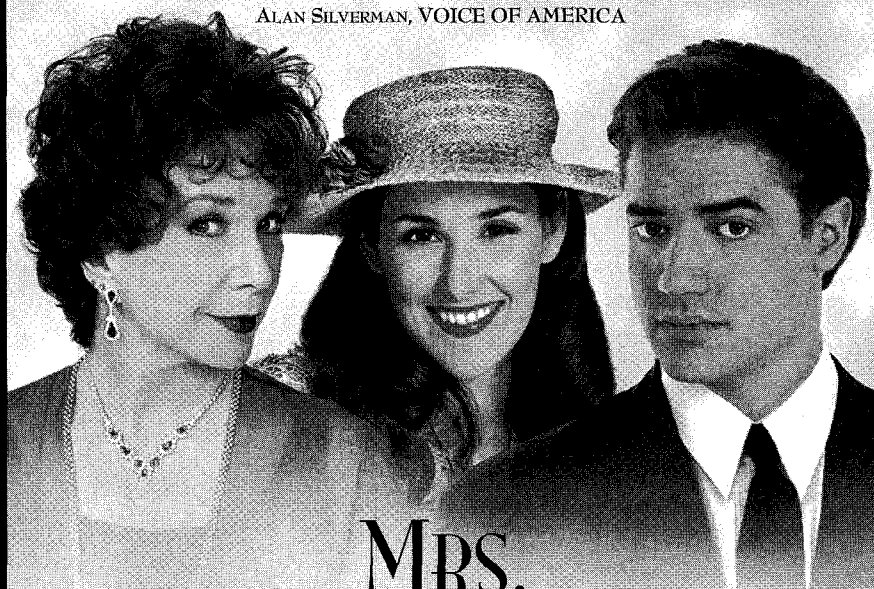
Faithful—A comedy about a devoted housewife (Cher) whose husband has hired a hitman to kill her. With Ryan O'Neal and Chazz Palminteri. Directed by Paul Mazursky. (1 hr. 31 mins.; R) *Village*

Ground Rules:

These brief reviews, where noted, are condensed versions of reviews by David Denby...A ★ denotes a current release that *New York* recommends, ranging from best-of-the-year picks to worthy curios to flawed movies with one outstanding element...Reviews are followed by the Manhattan theaters where the film is playing. For movie listings online see the last page of this section.

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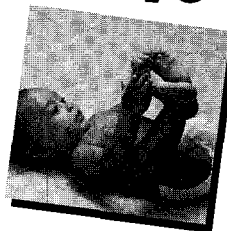


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East; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.

A Family Thing—A drama about a middle-aged white Southerner (Robert Duvall) who, after learning his natural mother was black, sets out to find his halfbrother. With James Earl Jones. Directed by Richard Pierce. (1 hr. 50 mins.; PG-13) 19th Street East; Criterion Center; Manhattan Twin; Beekman; Orpheum; Nova; Regency.

★Fargo—In the dead of winter, a car drives toward us through a whiteness so enveloping that we cannot tell where ground and air meet. The brilliant opening shot of *Fargo*—a devastating new comedy-thriller from Joel and Ethan Coen—suggests something unspeakably sinister, a void without gradation or limits. The film is about Jerry Lundegaard, a Minneapolis auto salesman who hires two thugs to kidnap his wife. Why? So he can cop part of the ransom money his rich father-in-law will pony up to get his daughter back, of course. He arrives in a roadhouse north of Minneapolis and meets two thugs, one of them a jumpy little creep (Steve Buscemi) and the other a monosyllabic, barely conscious stone killer of indeterminate Scandinavian origin. Buscemi's punk is highly puzzled by Jerry's scheme to have his wife kidnapped and then collect part of the ransom himself. Why doesn't Jerry just ask his father-in-law for the money? Buscemi's demand that crime make sense becomes a running joke in this peculiar world, in which the conversational engine

scene, all blabbing about their inner lives, the texture of nutty confessions grows almost symphonic. This is one of the rare comedies that actually get stronger as they go along. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 27 mins.; R) Village East; Chelsea; Murray Hill Cinemas; Cinema I, II, Third Ave.; Embassy 1; Embassy 2-4; Orpheum; Lincoln Square.

Flower of My Secret—In Pedro Almodóvar's latest comedy, Marisa Paredes plays a romance novelist who finds it impossible to write when her marriage falls apart. In Spanish with English subtitles. (1 hr. 40 mins.; R) Angelika Film Center; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.

For the Moment—An Australian airman is sent to Canada to train as a pilot before flying off into World War II and falls in love with a rural Canadian woman. Starring Russell Crowe and Christine Hirt. Directed by Aaron Kim Johnston. (2 hrs.; PG-13) Cinema I, II, Third Ave.

Getting Away with Murder—Dan Aykroyd plays a man who, believing his next-door neighbor to be a Nazi war criminal named Karl Luger, kills him—only to fall in love with a woman (Lily Tomlin) who confesses that her father is indeed Luger. A comedy. Written and directed by Harvey Miller. (1 hr. 30 mins.; R) Waverly; 19th Street East; 86th Street; Lincoln Square.

Girl 6—Just as in some of his earlier movies (*Mo' Better Blues*, *Crooklyn*), Spike Lee can't seem to grab hold of the story he wants to tell. The movie begins as a slapdash, semi-satirical comedy about an

aspiring young actress (Theresa Randle) trying to get ahead in New York. No one wants to give her work, and she finally takes a job doing phone sex, where she's given the title Girl 6. It's funny that the girls sit under fluorescent light in front of computers and refer to themselves as "telecommunications sales representatives"—but only for a while. We don't get too far into the phone-sex episodes before we realize that the movie has mysteriously died, and not all of Lee's energy can bring it back to life. As always, Lee throws in fantasy episodes and street sequences, but the idea that would unify all the whirling fragments and vignettes never emerges. We are left with very little except the idea that phone sex isn't much of a life for an aspiring actress. But who thought it was? (Denby; 4/1/96) (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) Criterion Center.

If Lucy Fell—Lucy (Sarah Jessica Parker) and Joe (Eric Schaeffer) are both pushing 30 and on the verge of becoming morose and bitter, so they make a desperate attempt to find love with other partners. The film, written and directed by Schaeffer, is hyperconscious in a way that's often trying—some of the knowing little jokes fall awfully flat. Schaeffer dominates, and with his hair falling in his face, his moods varying between antic showing-off and utter solemnity, he stops the movie cold more than once. But Sarah Jessica Parker is something to see; she's developed an ingratiating comic style. (Denby; 3/25/96) (1 hr. 33 mins.; R) Gemini Twin.

Imagine—A 3-D Imax movie that explores human perception and imagination. (22 mins.; NR) Lincoln Square.

It's My Party—Eric Roberts portrays a young man who, shortly before succumbing to AIDS, hosts a two-day party for his family, friends, and an unexpected guest. With Gregory Harrison. Written and directed by Randal Kleiser. (1 hr. 49 mins.; R) Angelika Film Center.

★James and the Giant Peach—Based on one of Roald Dahl's children's books, director Henry Selick has turned *James* into a sophisticated fairy tale. In the beginning, James lives in perfect harmony on the English coast—until his parents are eaten by a rhinoceros. A rhinoceros! Even children will know that the movie is really about imaginary stories, and that the next sequence, in which the unhappy little boy is turned over to his witchy aunts Spiker (Joanna Lumley) and Sponge (Miriam Margolyes), is a riff on the more dolorous sections of old Disney movies. Lumley and Margolyes overplay deliciously, and just when we've had enough, James climbs into the giant peach he has made, and the movie goes from live action to stop-motion animation with puppets. Inside the peach, James joins a selection of talkative insects. The peach and its jabbering crew take off for New York, and James and his friends have terrific adventures in the air with menacing sea creatures—all done with puppets moving very freely but with more weight and body than drawn or computer-animated figures. The charming *James* flags slightly when it lands in New York, but it's got a freer and bolder visual style than anything Disney has done in years. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 20 mins.; G) Village Theatre VII; 23rd Street West Triplex; Guild 50th Street; Sutton; 86th Street East; Lincoln Square; New Coliseum; Olympia Cinemas; Pavilion/Windsor; Plaza.

Jane Eyre—Franco Zeffirelli's version of the Charlotte Brontë classic about a young governess who eventually wins the man she loves. Starring Charlotte Gainsbourg. (1 hr. 52 mins.; PG) Paris Theater.

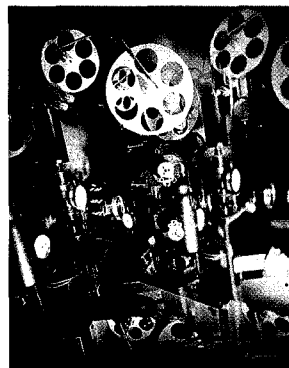
L'America—Gianni Amelio's tale of two Italian entrepreneurs (Enrico LoVerso and Michele Placido) who attempt to take advantage of the political and economic upheaval in post-Communist Albania. Winner of Italy's Nastro D'Argento for Best Picture and Best Director. (1 hr. 56 mins.; NR) Film Forum.

The Last Supper—A black comedy about a group of liberal college grad students

Opening Cut and Print!

Although *interactive* has become one of the most annoyingly abused words in the lexicon (meant to lend an aura of hip techno-populism to virtually every mundane aspect of modern life—it's the nineties' *postmodern*), sometimes it's truly apt, as when one is attempting to describe Behind the Screen, the American Museum of the Moving Image's staggeringly comprehensive permanent core exhibition, which opens April 20. The history of moving pictures, from the most rudimentary optical illusions to digitized special effects, is explained in the most appealing way—by actively engaging you, the visitor.

"We've been very mindful of exhibits where a certain kind of hysteria is present," says architect Ali C. Hokec. "The tendency to create a myth about something is often detrimental to the experience." So not only will most artifacts—from an 1867 zoetrope to the bejeweled chariot used in *Ben-Hur*—not be encased in glass, but the museum has made the actual moviemaking process just as readily accessible: Stroll into an editing booth, strap on a pair of headphones, listen to the gentle instructions, fiddle with a computer, and create your own special visual or audio effects. But perhaps most amazingly, the exhibition (more than three and a half years in the making) accomplishes what none other before has dared to try: It simultaneously acknowledges our love of magic and strips bare each illusion, one at a time, without so much as fraying our sense of preadult wonder. (American Museum of the Moving Image, 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria; 718-784-4520.) MAUREEN CALLAHAN



whose politically-charged dinner parties always reach a morbidly satisfying end. Directed by Stacy Title. (1 hr. 24 mins.; R) *Village East; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Lincoln Square.*

★**Leaving Las Vegas**—Ben Sanderson (Nicolas Cage) is drinking himself to death—purposefully, and without regret. Having dispensed with the usual suspense of such movies (when will the hero hit bottom and pull himself out of it?), director Mike Figgis is free to open his film to mystery and art. After making a bonfire of his belongings, Ben heads for Las Vegas, where he meets the one girl for him, a good-looking hooker named Sera (Elisabeth Shue). We don't need explanations as to why she falls in love with Ben; we can see that she's touched by him. He needs tending, and her taking care of him is a way of leaving prostitution without leaving it. Ben and Sera have gone deep into self-hurting pleasures, and they're not coming back. *Leaving Las Vegas* is absent of lamentation and refuses to grieve over a wasted life—and it's the most accomplished American movie of the year. (Denby; 11/13/95) (1 hr. 52 mins.; R) *Village East; Lincoln Square.*

Loaded—Seven young friends spend a weekend filming a dark fantasy, and the line between fact and fiction becomes increasingly blurred. Directed by Anna Campion (Jane's sister). (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Angelika Film Center.*

Lotto Land—A Brooklyn neighborhood is thrown into chaos when it's learned that a Lotto ticket worth \$27 million was sold in a local liquor store. Written and directed by John Rubino. (1 hr. 27 mins.; NR) *Village East; Embassy 1; Embassy 2-4; New Coliseum; Nova.*

The Monster—A comedy about a hapless man in a small Italian village who is fingered by police as a serial killer. Written by, directed by, and starring Roberto Benigni. (1 hr. 51 mins.; R) *Quad Cinema.*

Mrs. Winterbourne—When she is mistaken for the widow of a wealthy young man, a destitute, single mom named Connie Doyle (Ricki Lake) is taken in by the dead man's clueless family. With Brendan Fraser and Shirley MacLaine. Directed by Richard Benjamin. (1 hr. 44 mins.; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

Mystery Science Theater 3000—The movie version of the TV series in which a man is forced to watch hilariously bad movies with two aliens. Here, you watch them watching *This Island Earth* and making wisecracks. Directed by Jim Mallon. (1 hr. 20 mins.; PG-13) *Area theaters.*

Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud—A lonely writer takes Nelly, a fragile young divorcee, under his wing, falls deeply in love with her, and begins to wither when he realizes that his publisher is also in love with her. Winner of two César awards (France's equivalent of the Oscar). Directed by Claude Sautet. (1 hr. 46 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema; Lincoln Plaza Cinemas.*

Oliver & Company—The re-release of Disney's animated tale of an orphaned kitten's misadventures. With the voices of Billy Joel, Bette Midler, Cheech Marin, and Dom DeLuise. Directed by George Scribner. (1 hr. 13 mins.; G) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Embassy 2-4; Orpheum; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum.*

The Postman—As the film opens, the late Massimo Troisi's Mario Ruoppolo has no one to speak to. And then the island where Mario lives is visited by a kind of god—the exiled Chilean poet Pablo Neruda. Mario, who becomes his postman, suddenly cannot stop speaking, and the poet, at first brusque, gradually gets drawn into the miracle of Mario's awakening. Directed by Michael Radford. In Italian. (Denby; 6/14/95) (1 hr. 49 mins.; PG) *Village East; 23rd Street West Triplex; Carnegie Hall Cinema.*

Primal Fear—Richard Gere stars as a cutthroat, vain-glorious defense lawyer who becomes invested in helping his client beat a murder rap. With Andre Braugher. Directed by Gregory Hoblit. (2 hrs. 10 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 34th Street Showplace; Chelsea; Astor Plaza; New York Twin; UA East; 84th Street Six; Pavilion/Windsor.*

Rude—Over a single weekend in a small Toronto neighborhood, a former drug dealer returns from prison and attempts to win back his family; a successful designer ends her pregnancy and her relationship with her boyfriend; and a young boxer

confronts his own homosexuality. Written and directed by first-timer Clement Virgo. (NR) *Criterion Center.*

★**Sense and Sensibility**—Emma Thompson adapted Jane Austen's novel herself, and has brought the material as close to conventional romantic comedy as possible without betraying the anxieties lying behind the story: In the England of the 1800s, women without a dowry enjoy very few options. Two wealthy young men make advances to the Dashwood sisters (Thompson plays the elder, Elinor, and Kate Winslet is Marianne), and then turn away, causing the women extreme anguish. Taiwanese director Ang Lee stages the walks, dinners, teas, and balls very directly, without pomp; the emotional and erotic goings-on become intimately connected to the flowing lawns and great rooms. And Thompson and Lee get the relationship between the two sisters right, the play of strength and weakness, candor and concealment—sense and sensibility merging in each sister, until both Marianne and Elinor become complete human beings. (Denby; 12/18/95) (2 hrs. 15 mins.; PG) *First & 62nd St. Cinema.*

Sgt. Bilko—After World War II and Korea, the Cold War brought a new solemnity to the national mood. Against the background of nuclear-warfare anxiety, the sight of slap-happy American proles rolling stink bombs into the commanders' quarters offered a touch of anti-authoritarian tonic. *The Phil Silvers Show*, a TV sitcom that aired from 1955 to 1959, was sheer joy—as Sergeant Bilko, Silvers was rakishly charming, and taught a whole generation of young men how to be smart. But the new movie version is such a dud, with so much disastrously wrong, that it's beyond redemption. Director Jonathan Lynn barges from one coarsely-staged slapstick episode to the next, and the new Bilko, Steve Martin, is mortifyingly unfunny. (Denby; 4/15/96) (1 hr. 32 mins.; PG-13) *Chelsea; National Twin; First & 62nd St. Cinema; Orpheum; 84th Street Six.*

The Substitute—Tom Berenger plays a mercenary who infiltrates the Miami school system and straightens out a bunch of unruly minority kids. (1 hr. 54 mins.; R) *Embassy 2-4.*

A Thin Line Between Love and Hate—A comedy about a nightclub owner who gets involved with the wrong woman. With Martin Lawrence—who also directed—and Bobby Brown. (1 hr. 48 mins.; R) *Village Theatre VII; 19th Street East; Murray Hill Cinemas; Criterion Center; Crown Gotham; 86th Street East; 84th Street Six; New Coliseum; Nova; Plaza Twin; Plaza.*

Up Close & Personal—Michelle Pfeiffer plays a tense, ambitious Reno weathergirl who fakes a demo tape and gets an interview at a bustling Miami TV station, where she falls under the tutelage of Robert Redford's newsroom pro, a man of great integrity who is mysteriously on his way down. *Up Close & Personal* is big, dull, and familiar; the story is another go-round for *A Star is Born*, one of those earlier versions was written by the same screenwriting team (Joan Didion and John Gregory Dunne). Directed by Jon Avnet. (Denby; 3/4/96) (2 hrs. 4 mins.; PG-13). *Embassy 2-4; 62nd and Broadway.*

★**The Young Poisoner's Handbook**—Writer-director Ben Ross linked up with another writer, Jeff Rawle, who shared his interest in an actual murderer—Graham Young, the chem-lab wizard who killed a number of people and became a Brit tabloid celebrity of the sixties and seventies. Hugh O'Connor, who was the young Christy Brown in *My Left Foot*, plays Gra-



Opening

Crimes or Misdemeanors

Roberto Benigni—Italy's Robin Williams—wrote, directed, and stars in *'The Monster'* (opening April 19), a comedy about a relatively harmless thief who is mistaken for a serial killer.

ham with the polite manners of a dry-goods clerk. Methodically, Graham begins to eliminate the members of his ghastly family, a group of nasty vulgarities completely unconscious of themselves or of the blankly vicious boy who lives among them. Against every scruple, we root for Graham; he's a monster, but he's also weirdly appealing. When he gets caught, the comedy deepens, and at the end, Graham thaws a little and tries to experience the pain he has caused others. But despite the shift in meaning, *The Young Poisoner's Handbook* maintains its unearthly poise. This is a remarkable first feature; if the experience doesn't hurt too much, you may find yourself laughing all the way through it. (Denby; 3/4/96) (1 hr. 39 mins.; NR) *Quad Cinema.*

Manhattan

Below 14th Street

Angelika Film Center—18 W. Houston St. (995-2000) *Antonia's Line; Chungking Express; Cold Fever; Flower of My Secret; It's My Party; Loaded.*

Art Greenwich Twin—Greenwich Ave. at 12th St. (505-CINE#616) *Fargo; Fear.*

Cinema Village 12th St.—22 E. 12th St. (924-3363) *Silences of the Palace; Ghost in the Shell.*

Film Forum—209 W. Houston St. (727-8110) *L'America.* (See also "Museums, Societies, Etc.")

Quad Cinema—34 W. 13th St. (255-8800) *Denise Calls Up; Mighty Aphrodite; Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud; The Young Poisoner's Handbook.* Opening 4/19: *August; The Monster.*

Village East—189 Second Ave., at 12th St. (529-6799) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2; Carried Away; Executive Decision; Faithful; Flirting with Disaster; Leaving Las Vegas; Oliver & Company; The Postman; The Celluloid Closet; The Last Supper.* Opening 4/19: *Celtic Pride; Loto Land.*

Village Theatre VII—66 Third Ave., at 11th St. (982-0400) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Dead Man Walking; Diabolique; James and the Giant Peach; Primal Fear; The Birdcage.*

Waverly—323 Sixth Ave., at W. 3rd St. (505-CINE#603) *Brain Candy; Getting Away with Murder.*

14th-41st Streets

19th Street East—890 Broadway, at 19th St. (260-8000) *A Family Thing; A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Executive Decision; Faithful; Fargo; Getting Away with Murder.* Opening 4/19: *Celtic Pride.*

23rd Street West Triplex—333 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#614) *Diabolique; James and the Giant Peach; Oliver & Company; The Postman.*

34th Street East—241 E. 34th St. (505-CINE#586) *The Birdcage.*

34th Street Showplace—238 E. 34th St. (532-5544) *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Primal Fear*.
Chelsea—260 W. 23rd St. (505-CINE#597) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Fear*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.
Murray Hill Cinemas—160 E. 34th St. (689-6548) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Diabolique*; *Faithful*; *Flirting with Disaster*.

42nd-60th Streets

59th Street East—239 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#615) .
Angelika 57—225 W. 57th St. (586-1900). See "Museums, Societies, Etc."
Astor Plaza—44th St. bet. Broadway and Eighth Ave. (869-8340) *Primal Fear*.
Baronet/Coronet—993 Third Ave., bet. 59th and 60th Sts. (505-CINE#608) *The Birdcage*.
Carnegie Hall Cinema—887 Seventh Ave., bet. 56th and 57th Sts. (505-CINE#593) *The Postman*; *Anne Frank Remembered*.
Cinema 3—2 W. 59th St. (505-CINE#596) *Antonia's Line*.
Cinema I, II, Third Ave.—1001 Third Ave., at 60th St. (753-6022) *Faithful*; *Flirting with Disaster*. Opening 4/19: *For the Moment*.
Criterion Center—1514 Broadway, bet. 44th and 45th Sts. (354-0900) *A Family Thing*; *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Diabolique*; *Executive Decision*; *Girl 6*; *Rude*; *Rumble in the Bronx*; *The Birdcage*.
Crown Gotham—969 Third Ave., bet. 57th and 58th Sts. (759-2262) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*.
Eastside Playhouse—919 Third Ave., bet. 55th and 56th Sts. (755-3020) *Carried Away*. Opening 4/19: *August*.
Embassy 1—1560 Broadway, bet. 46th and 47th Sts. (302-0494) *Flirting with Disaster*. Opening 4/19: *Celtic Pride*; *Lotto Land*.
Embassy 2-4—701 Seventh Ave., bet. 47th and 48th Sts. (730-7262) *Up Close and Personal*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Don't Be a Menace . . .*; *From Dusk Till Dawn*; *Oliver & Company*. Opening 4/19: *Flirting with Disaster*; *Lotto Land*; *The Substitute*.
Guild 50th Street—33 W. 50th St. (757-2406) *James and the Giant Peach*.
Manhattan Twin—220 E. 59th St. (505-CINE#590) *A Family Thing*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Restoration*.
Movieplex 42—244 W. 42nd St. (997-7522) *Broken Arrow*; *Executive Decision*; *From Dusk Till Dawn*; *Helraiser 4: Bloodline*; *Rumble in the Bronx*; *Unforgettable*.
National Twin—1500 Broadway, bet. 43rd and 44th Sts. (505-CINE#589) *Casino*; *Sgt. Bilko*.
Paris Theater—4 W. 58th St. (980-5656) *Jane Eyre*.
Sutton—205 E. 57th St. (759-1411) *James and the Giant Peach*. Opening 4/19: *Celtic Pride*.
Worldwide Cinemas—340 W. 50th St. (505-CINE#610) *Babe*; *Happy Gilmore*; *Heat*; *Jumanji*; *Richard III*; *The Juror*.
Ziegfeld—141 W. 54th St. (505-CINE#602) *Fear*.

61st Street and Above, East Side

68th Street Playhouse—1164 Third Ave., at 68th St. (734-0302) *Mighty Aphrodite*.
86th Street—125 E. 86th St. (505-CINE#604) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Fear*; *Getting Away with Murder*.
86th Street East—210 E. 86th St. (249-1144) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *James and the Giant Peach*.
Beekman—1254 Second Ave., bet. 65th and 66th Sts. (505-CINE#606) *A Family Thing*.
First & 62nd St. Cinema—400 E. 62nd St. (505-CINE#957) *Brain Candy*; *Dead Man Walking*; *Fear*; *Sense and Sensibility*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Last Supper*.
Gemini Twin—1210 Second Ave., at 64th St. (832-1670) *Executive Decision*; *If Lucy Fell*.
New York Twin—1271 Second Ave., bet. 66th and 67th Sts. (744-7339) *Primal Fear*; *Fargo*.
Orpheum—1538 Third Ave., at 86th St. (876-2400) *A Family Thing*; *Diabolique*; *Executive Decision*; *Faithful*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *Oliver & Company*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*. Opening 4/19: *Celtic Pride*.
Tower East—1230 Third Ave., bet. 71st and 72nd Sts. (879-1313) *Diabolique*.
UA East—1629 First Ave., at 85th St. (249-5100) *Primal Fear*.

61st Street and Above, West Side

62nd and Broadway—1871 Broadway, at 62nd St. (505-CINE#864) *Up Close and Personal*.
84th Street Six—2310 Broadway, at 84th St. (877-3600) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*. Opening 4/19: *Celtic Pride*.
Lincoln Plaza Cinemas—30 Lincoln Plaza, on Broadway bet. 62nd and 63rd Sts. (757-2280) *Angels & Insects*; *Denise Calls Up*; *Flower of My Secret*; *Mighty Aphrodite*; *Nelly and Monsieur Arnaud*; *The Celluloid Closet*.
Lincoln Square—1992 Broadway, at 68th St. (336-5000) *Across the Sea of Time*; *Brain Candy*; *Dead Man Walking*; *Diabolique*; *Faithful*; *Fargo*; *Fires of Kuwait*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *Getting Away with Murder*; *Imagine*; *Into the Deep*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Leaving Las Vegas*; *The Birdcage*; *The Last Supper*.
Metro Cinema—2626 Broadway, bet. 99th and 100th Sts. (505-CINE#609) *The Birdcage*.
New Coliseum—701 W. 181st St. (740-1545) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *The Birdcage*. Opening 4/19: *Lotto Land*.
Nova—3589 Broadway, bet. 147th and 148th Sts. (862-5728) *A Family Thing*; *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *The Birdcage*. Opening 4/19: *Lotto Land*.
Olympia Cinemas—2770 Broadway, bet. 106th and 107th Sts. (505-CINE#613) *James and the Giant Peach*; *Dead Man Walking*.
Regency—1987 Broadway, bet. 67th and 68th Sts. (505-CINE#585) *A Family Thing*.

Bronx

Area Code 718

Bay Plaza—2210 Bartow Ave., behind Bay Plaza Mall (320-3020) *A Family Thing*; *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Diabolique*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.
Concourse Plaza—214 E. 161st St. (588-8800) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Diabolique*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*. Opening 4/19: *Lotto Land*.
Interboro—3462 E. Tremont Ave., nr. Bruckner Blvd. (792-2100) *Fear*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.
Riverdale—5683 Riverdale Ave., at 259th St. (884-9514) *Primal Fear*; *The Birdcage*.
Whitestone—2505 Bruckner Blvd., at Hutchinson

River Pkwy. (409-9037) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Diabolique*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *Getting Away with Murder*; *Helraiser 4: Bloodline*; *Homeward Bound II*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Rumble in the Bronx*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*. Opening 4/19: *Lotto Land*.

Brooklyn

Area Code 718

Alpine—6817 Fifth Ave., at 69th St. (777-FILM#580) *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.
Brooklyn Heights—70 Henry St. (596-7070) *Fear*; *Mighty Aphrodite*; *The Birdcage*.
Canarsie—9310 Ave. L, at E. 93rd St. (251-0700) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Primal Fear*.
Cobble Hill—265 Court St. (596-9113) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Faithful*; *Fargo*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *Flower of My Secret*; *Homeward Bound II*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Sgt. Bilko*.
Fortway—6720 Ft. Hamilton Pkwy., at 68th St. (777-FILM#578) *Up Close and Personal*; *A Family Thing*; *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Executive Decision*; *Faithful*; *Fargo*; *Fear*.
Kenmore—Church Ave. nr. Flatbush Ave. (777-FILM#576) *A Family Thing*; *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*.
Kent Triplex—Coney Island Ave. at Ave. H (338-3371) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *The Birdcage*.
Kings Plaza—5201 Kings Plaza; Flatbush Ave. at Ave. U (777-FILM#579) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Executive Decision*; *Faithful*; *Fear*; *Oliver & Company*.
Kingsway—Kings Hwy. at Coney Island Ave. (777-FILM#577) *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.
Marboro—6817 Bay Pkwy., at 69th St. (232-4000) *Fear*; *Getting Away with Murder*; *Primal Fear*; *The Birdcage*.
Metropolitan—392 Fulton St. (777-FILM#829) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*.
Pavilion/Windsor—188 Prospect Park West, Brooklyn (369-0838) *Brain Candy*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Primal Fear*.
Plaza Twin—314 Flatbush Ave., nr. Eighth Ave. (636-0170) . . . *When We Were Colored*; *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Mighty Aphrodite*.
Ridgewood—55-27 Myrtle Ave., at Putnam Ave. (821-5993) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Fear*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *Primal Fear*; *The Birdcage*. Opening 4/19: *Lotto Land*.
The Movies at Sheepshead Bay—Knapp St. and Harkness Ave., off Belt Pkwy. (615-1700) *A Family Thing*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Diabolique*; *Executive Decision*; *Faithful*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.

Queens

Area Code 718

Astoria—28-60 Steinway St. (726-1279) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Primal Fear*; *Sgt. Bilko*; *The Birdcage*.
Bay Terrace—211-01 26th Ave. and Bell Blvd., Bayside (428-4040) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2*; *Diabolique*; *Executive Decision*; *Fear*; *Flirting with Disaster*; *James and the Giant Peach*; *Oliver & Company*; *The Birdcage*.
Cinema 5—183-15 Horace Harding Expy., at 183rd St., Fresh Meadows (777-FILM#592) *A Family Thing*; *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate*; *Ex-*



Opening That's the Ticket!

Blues musician Wendel Holmes (above) is Milt, one of several Brooklyn denizens who believe they possess a winning lottery ticket that was sold at the corner liquor store in 'Lotto Land' (opening April 19).

Executive Decision; Fargo; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Oliver & Company.

Cinemart—106-03 Metropolitan Ave., at 72nd Rd., Forest Hills (261-2244) *Oliver & Company; The Postman; Primal Fear.*

Continental—70-20 Austin St., Forest Hills (544-1020) *Fargo; Fear; Flirting with Disaster.*

Crossbay—94-11 Rockaway Blvd., at Woodhaven Blvd., Ozone Park (848-1738) *Executive Decision; A Thin Line Between Love and Hate.*

Crossbay II—92-10 Rockaway Blvd., at 93rd St., Ozone Park (641-5330) *A Family Thing; All Dogs Go to Heaven 2; Diabolique; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Oliver & Company; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko; The Birdcage.*

Elmwood—57-02 Hoffman Dr., Elmhurst (429-4770) *A Family Thing; A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; James and the Giant Peach; Oliver & Company; Primal Fear.*

Forest Hills—107-16 Continental Ave., at Queens Blvd. (261-7866) *The Birdcage; All Dogs Go to Heaven 2.*

Fresh Meadows—190-02 Horace Harding Blvd., at 190th St. (777-FILM#619) *All Dogs Go to Heaven 2; Brain Candy; Faithful; Flirting with Disaster; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko; The Birdcage.*

Jackson Triplex—82nd St. at Roosevelt Ave. (478-6777) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Fear; Oliver & Company; The Birdcage.*

Main Street—72-66 Main St., Flushing (268-3636) *Executive Decision; Fear; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko.*

Midway—108-22 Queens Blvd., at 71st Ave., Forest Hills (261-8572) *Brain Candy; Diabolique; Faithful; Sgt. Bilko.*

MovieWorld—242-02 61st Ave., off Exit 31, Douglaston (423-7200) *Executive Decision; Faithful; Flirting with Disaster; Getting Away with Murder; James and the Giant Peach; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko; The Birdcage.*

North Shore Towers—27-10 Grand Central Pkwy., Floral Park (229-7702) *A Family Thing; Angels & Insects; Last Summer in the Hamptons.*

Plaza—103-14 Roosevelt Ave., at 103rd St., Corona (639-0012) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; All Dogs Go to Heaven 2; Black Sheep; James and the Giant Peach.*

Quartet—160-06 Northern Blvd., at 160th St., Flushing (359-6777) *A Family Thing; A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; All Dogs Go to Heaven 2; Executive Decision; Fear; Oliver & Company.*

Surfside—104th St., Rockaway (945-4632) *A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; Fear.*

The Movies at Bayside—38-39 Bell Blvd., at 39th Ave. (225-7711) *Faithful; Fargo; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko.*

Trylon—98-81 Queens Blvd., at 66th Ave., Forest Hills (459-8944) *Up Close and Personal.*

Staten Island

Area Code 718

Atrium—680 Arthur Kill Road, nr. Richmond Ave., Eltingville (317-8300) *Executive Decision; Fear; James and the Giant Peach; Oliver & Company; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko; The Birdcage.* Opening 4/19: *Celtic Pride.*

Hylan Plaza—107 Mill Rd., at Hylan Blvd., New Dorp (351-0805) *Diabolique; Faithful; James and the Giant Peach; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko; The Birdcage.*

The Movies at Staten Island—141 E. Service Rd., at Victory Blvd., Travis (983-9600) *A Family Thing; A Thin Line Between Love and Hate; All Dogs Go to Heaven 2; Executive Decision; Faithful; Fargo; Fear; Flirting with Disaster; Getting Away with Murder; James and the Giant Peach; Oliver & Company; Primal Fear; Sgt. Bilko; The Birdcage.*

Movie Listings Online

New York Magazine Online (on CompuServe) now offers expanded movie listings, covering more than 250 theaters throughout New York City, Long Island, Westchester, northern New Jersey, and southern Connecticut. These listings, which are updated daily, also contain show times for all movies. To subscribe, call 1-800-305-3280. If you're already on CompuServe, you can find us at go NYMAG.



Festival Courting the Kids

Director Warrington Hudlin (*House Party, Boomerang*) and some New York City teenagers have curated the World Cinema Festival—featuring highbrow-ish stuff like Marcel Camus's 1958 *Black Orpheus* (pictured)—in hopes of clueing in kids to the artfully strange. At the New Victory Theater, April 15-21. (See "Museums, Societies, Etc.," for more info.)

Museums, Societies, Etc.

American Museum of the Moving Image—"Tex Avery's Crazy Cartoons." 4/20 and 4/21: *Porky's Preview* (1941), *The Penguin Parade* (1938), *Dumb Hounded* (1943), *Little Tinker* (1948), *Doggone Tired* (1949), *Daredevil Droopy* (1951), *Ventriloquist Cat* (1950), *Dragalong Droopy* (1954), *Thugs with Dirty Mugs* (1939), *Cross Country Detours* (1940), *Hollywood Steps Out* (1941), *The Shooting of Dan McGoo* (1945), *Hound Hunters* (1947), *Wags to Riches* (1949), *One Cab's Family* (1952), *Bad Luck Blackie* (1949). 3601 36th St., Astoria, Queens (entrance on 35th Ave.; 718-784-0077); \$5.

Angelika 57—4/10-4/23: "The 2nd Annual Avignon/New York Film Festival." Call for program info. 225 W. 57th St. (586-1900); \$8.

Anthology Film Archives—4/16: Cine Club. "Magic Memories," a series of shorts. 4/18: *The Flower Thief* (1960). 4/19: *Closely Watched Trains* (1966) and "Films by Joe Marzano." 4/20: *A Journey Into Primeval Times* (1955), *The Joke* (1968), and "Films by Peter Kubelka." 4/21: *Kerosene Lamp* (1971) and *The Good Soldier Sveik* (1955). 32 Second Ave., at 2nd St. (505-5181); \$7.

Brooklyn Museum—4/19: *The Southern Cross* (1992). 4/20 and 4/21: *The Girl in the Watermelon* (1994). 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000, ext. 330); \$6.

A Different Light—4/21: *The Hand That Rocks the Cradle* (1992). 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

Donnell Media Center—4/16: *Harlem Wednesday* (1959) and *Miracle in Harlem* (1948). 4/18: *Boston Fire* (1979) and *Lightning Over Braddock* (1988). 20 W. 53rd St. (621-0619); free.

Film Forum—"Wallace & Gromit: The Best of Aardman Animation." Through 4/25: Jacques Demy's *The Umbrellas of Cherbourg* (1964). 209 W. Houston St. (727-8110); \$8.

Film Society of Lincoln Center—(The Walter Reade Theater)—"Third New York African Film Festival." 4/16: *The Vote Is My Secret* (1995). 4/16 and

4/20: *Hold Up the Sun (Part 1)* (1992). 4/17 and 4/18: *The Battle of the Sacred Tree* (1994) with *A Taxi for Aouzou* (1994), and "African Shorts—The Journey," and *Maral Tanie* (1994) and *Gombèlè* (1994). 4/19 and 4/20: *Totor* (1994). 4/19-4/21: *Haramuya* (1995). 4/20 and 4/21: *Wariko, the Jackpot* (1993). 4/21: *Hold Up the Sun (Part 2)* (1992). 65 W. 65th St., plaza level. (875-5600); \$7.50.

French Institute—4/16: *La Reine Margot* (1994). Florence Gould Hall, 55 E. 59th St. (355-6160); \$7, seniors, \$5.50.

German Film Club—4/20: *Ave Maria* (1953). Zion-St. Mark's Church, 339 E. 84th St. (369-7114); \$4.

Lighthouse Cinema—"Multiple Futures." 116 Suffolk St. (bet. Rivington and Delancey Sts.) (979-7571); \$7.

Museum of Modern Art—4/15: *Caesar and Cleopatra* (1945). 4/15 and 4/18: *Orphée* (1950). 4/16: *Amarcord* (1973). 4/16 and 4/19: *Komissar* (1967). 4/18 and 4/21: *Circus of Love* (1954). 4/19: *Venus Fire* (1993). 4/19 and 4/20: *Typically British* (1995), *A King in New York* (1957), and "Films by Maya Deren, 1943-1959." 4/20 and 4/21: *The Emperor's Nightingale* (1951). 4/21: *The Trial* (1962). 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); \$8.

National Museum of the American Indian—"North/South: Selections from the 1995 Native American Film Festival." Call for program info. 1 Bowling Green (825-6914); free.

New Victory Theater—"World Cinema Festival." 4/15 and 4/16: *Black Orpheus* (1959) and *Patakin* (1982). 4/17 and 4/18: *Sugar Cane Alley* (1983) and *Le Franc* (1994). 4/19 and 4/20: *Chinese Ghost Story* (1987) and *Red Beard* (1965). 4/21: "Contemporary Independent Films." 209 W. 42nd St. (564-4222); \$8.

New York University—"1996 Animation Festival." Tishman Auditorium, Vanderbilt Hall, 40 Washington Square South (998-1781); \$6.

Symphony Space—4/16: *Easy Rider* (1969) and *L'Avventura* (1960). 2537 Broadway (864-5400); \$7.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Lesbian Genders." 4/17 and 4/19-4/21: Two programs of shorts: "Prepare to Identify" and "Vintage." Call for detailed schedule. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (717-0723); \$8.

art

Mia Westerlund Roosen... Jane Dickson



On View When Jane Dickson began painting nighttime Times Square from her studio windows in 1978, she probably didn't realize she was recording its final days of unapologetic raunchiness. Cloaked by dark, her neon lights and midnight cowboys have an appealingly sleazy beauty. At the Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris, 120 Park Avenue; through June 28.

Galleries Solos

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

Will Barnett—The artist, who is best known for his stark, highly stylized portraits of his family, based his recent paintings on his childhood memories of his family's home in Beverly, Massachusetts; completed in 1992, they include portraits of his late sister, Eva, as well as portrayals of himself and other family members; through 4/27. Dintenfass, 20 E. 79th St. (581-2268).

Georg Baselitz—Works on paper from the seventies in ink and watercolor, and a painted wood sculpture

from the nineties; through 4/27. Werner, 21 E. 67th St. (988-1623).

Marc Chagall—Paintings and works on paper from the last two decades of the artist's life; through 9/2. Kahan, 922 Madison Ave. (744-1490).

Willem de Kooning—Paintings made between 1982 and 1986; through 6/1. C & M, 45 E. 78th St. (861-0020).

Katharina Fritsch—A recent series of silk-screened works based on images from the children's version of *Bildwörter Duden*, an illustrated dictionary published in Germany in 1936; 4/20-6/8. Marks, 1018 Madison Ave. (861-9455).

Nancy Graves—Thirteen sculptures that were produced by the artist during the two years preceding her death in October 1995; through 5/24. Knoedler, 19 E. 70th St. (794-0550).

Stephen Hannock—The artist's first exhibition with this gallery includes recent paintings of views of the Connecticut River Oxbow in Massachusetts, shooting or spiraling rocket launches, and Tuscan cityscapes and landscapes; through 5/4. Graham, 1014 Madison Ave. (535-5767).

Judy Ledgerwood—Abstract paintings that refer to landscape; through 5/4. Feigen, 49 E. 68th St. (628-0700).

Joan Snyder—Recent abstract paintings that are built up of many strokes of color and incorporate pieces of velvet, plants, and other found materials; through 5/11. Hirsch & Adler Modern, 21 E. 70th St. (535-8810).

57th Street Area

Anne Appleby/Gordon Terry—Multi-panel abstract paintings/Paintings on plastic sheets stretched over transparent acrylic stretcher bars. Through 5/4. Littlejohn Contemporary, 41 E. 57th St. (980-2323).

Arman—Fourteen interactive bronze sculptures of the classical gods; through 4/27. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Gustavo Lopez Armentia—Paintings by an Argentinian artist that depict Giacometti-like figures in surreal cityscapes; through 6/1. Reece, 24 W. 57th St. (333-5830).

Milton Avery—A survey of paintings, from works the artist made on the Gaspé Peninsula in the summer of 1936 to paintings from his final summers on Cape Cod in the fifties and sixties, through 4/27, at Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124), and prints and related drawings, through 4/27, at Long, 24 W. 57th St. (397-2001).

Katherine Bowling—Paintings whose semi-abstract imagery evolves from Polaroid photographs of the woods surrounding the artist's home in upstate New York; through 5/4. Helman, 20 W. 57th St. (245-2888).

Warren Brandt/Susan Shatter—Recent still-life paintings/Small-scale paintings of flowers. Through 5/4. Fischbach, 24 W. 57th St. (759-2345).

Sue Coe—A retrospective of paintings and works on paper from the past decade celebrating the publication of the artist's book, *Dead Meat*; through 5/24. St. Etienne, 24 W. 57th St. (245-6734).

Jim Dine—150 mixed-media on paper drawings of Classical heads; through 4/27. Pace Wildenstein, 32 E. 57th St. (421-3292).

Gregory Gillespie—New allegorical paintings that draw on the artist's subconscious, at Forum, 745 Fifth Ave. (355-4545), 4/18-6/7, and paintings executed between 1978 and 1995, at Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200), 4/20-5/31.

Al Held—New large-scale, black-and-white drawings in charcoal and graphite that depict complex systems of architectonic forms; through 5/11. Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. (752-0124).

James Hyde—Sculptures of handles and other design objects; through 5/4. Baldacci, 41 E. 57th St. (826-4210).

Alex Katz—Recent paintings of the landscape surrounding the artist's summer home in Maine, and figurative works; 4/17-5/11. Marlborough, 40 W. 57th St. (541-4900).

Michael Mazur—Recent abstract paintings; through 5/4. Ryan, 24 W. 57th St. (397-0669).

Joan Mitchell—Gestural abstract paintings executed between 1956 and 1958 that the artist chose to retain for herself; through 5/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Lika Mutal—A retrospective of the artist's stone sculptures from the past three decades; through 5/14. Haime, 41 E. 57th St. (888-3550).

John Newman—Recent drawings, sculpture multiples, and prints; through 5/18. McCoy, 41 E. 57th St. (319-1996).

William Tucker—New sculpture and drawings; through 5/25. McKee, 745 Fifth Ave. (688-5951).

Tom Wesselmann—Painted paper maquettes of landscapes, still life, and figures that are studies for the artist's large metal cut-outs; through 5/4. Janis, 110 W. 57th St. (586-0110).

Krzysztof Wodiczko—An ongoing multimedia research, performance, and design project titled "Xenology: Immigrant Instruments"; through 4/27. Galerie Lelong, 20 W. 57th St. (315-0470).

SoHo and TriBeCa

Miriam Ancis/Jody Leopold—Sculptures of wool and pink encaustic/Concrete sculptures. Through 5/11. In Khan, 415 W. Broadway (226-6484).

Will Berry—Gestural abstract paintings built from saturated colors; through 5/11. Arstark, 568 Broadway (431-7334).

Tom Bills—New sculpture; through 4/27. E. S. Vandam, 100 Vandam St. (924-8189), Thurs., Fri., Sat. 12-6.

Mary Ellen Carroll/Jan Rothuizen—An installation of 236 photographs of Manhattan from the Harlem River to Battery Park that were taken with a camera mounted to the artist's back and photographs of parking lots in New York City/A 40-foot-long wall drawing that incorporates shooting-range targets and photographic and drawn images. Through 5/11. T2'Art, 28 Wooster St. (966-9059).

Margaret Cogswell/Jill Viney—Recent sculpture by both; through 5/18. Goldstein, 39 Wooster St. (431-0314).

Max Cole—Large-scale abstract paintings; through 4/27. Stark, 560 Broadway (925-4484).

George Condo/Peter Hartman—Recent drawings/Recent photographs. Through 5/11. Apex Art, 291 Church St. (431-5270).

Ford Crull—Gestural abstract paintings in which symbolic images—hearts, crosses, flowers, and fragments of the human figure—appear to float within layers of vivid color; through 4/27. M-13, 72 Greene St. (925-3007).

John Carhart Ebeling—New paintings whose sanded surfaces reveal traces of brushstrokes and words;

Ground Rules:

Galleries are generally open Tues. through Sat., from between 10 and 11 to between 5 and 6.

Photograph courtesy of the Whitney Museum of American Art.

through 5/18. Golden, 39 Wooster St. (274-0080).
Dan Flavin—A new horizontal sculpture that incorporates blue, green, red, pink, and yellow fluorescent lights; through 4/27. Pace/Wildenstein, 142 Greene St. (431-9224).

Caio Fonseca—Recent abstract paintings and works on paper; through 4/27. Cowles, 420 W. Broadway (925-3500).

Gregory Gillespie—Portraits, self-portraits, fantasy scenes, and other paintings made between 1971 and 1996; 4/20-5/31. Kind, 136 Greene St. (925-1200). See "Solos," "57th Street Area."

Gregory Green—Works that refer to strategies of empowerment in contemporary global society, including the artist's version of a 30-foot booster rocket and an arsenal of incendiary devices; through 4/27. Protetch, 560 Broadway (966-5454).

Don Gummer—New bronze sculptures; through 4/27. Sperone Westwater, 121 Greene St. (431-3685).

Fabrice Hybert—The French artist's first exhibition in America consists of three-dimensional works derived from real objects, drawings, paintings, and preparatory notes; 4/18-5/18. Tilton, 49 Greene St. (941-1775).

Cisco Jimenez—Works that comment on the socio-political situation in Mexico and incorporate such materials as Mexican comic books, indigenous road maps, popular paintings, leather, hand-carved wood, and store signs; through 5/11. Stellweg, 87 E. Houston St. (431-5556).

David Kapp—New, large-scale paintings based on views from the artist's downtown studio; through 4/27. Beitzel, 102 Prince St. (219-2863).

Jonathan Lasker—New abstract paintings; through 4/27. Sperone Westwater, 142 Greene St. (431-3685).

Charles Le Dray—The artist, who is known for his miniature, impeccably detailed clothing pieces, has created a group of 2,000 hand-thrown ceramic pots, a rocking chair made of human bone, a baby bassinette decorated with handmade lace and tatting, and copies of souvenirs from the 1961 Seattle World's Fair; through 5/4. Gorney, 100 Greene St. (966-4480).

Sandra Lerner—Abstract paintings whose muted forms interweave the scientific analysis of particle physics with the intuitive mysticism of Taoism; through 4/30. Kelly, 591 Broadway (226-1660).

Suzanne McClelland—New paintings that investigate the origins of languages and their relationship to

geography; through 5/11. Kasmin, 74 Grand St. (219-3219).

Mariko Mori—Four large-scale photographic works that depict the artist in various roles; through 4/27. Deitch Projects, 76 Grand St. (343-7300).

Laura Newman—Large-scale paintings that read like gigantic autobiographical notations; through 6/1. Tenri, 575 Broadway (925-8500).

John Okulick—New freestanding sculptures and wall constructions; 4/20-5/29. Hoffman, 429 W. Broadway (966-6676).

Tony Oursler—An installation of fiberglass spheres that resemble enlarged eyeballs onto which videos culled from television-channel surfing, films, and computer games are projected and matched with corresponding soundtracks; 4/20-5/25. Metro Pictures, 150 Greene St. (925-8335).

Manu Parekh—Recent paintings by the Indian artist; through 5/18. Böse Pacia, 580 Broadway (966-3224).

Dan Peterman—New works; through 5/18. Rosen, 130 Prince St. (941-0203).

Jack Pierson—Five large-scale paintings that were created through a computer imaging process; through 5/4. Lühring Augustine, 130 Prince St. (219-9600).

Linda Post—Works that combine found objects and video; through 5/4. CRG, 93 Grand St. (966-4360).

Marjetica Potrc/Julianne Swartz—Known for her wall constructions that represent specific city façades, the artist has made New York the subject of her new work, "New York Territory L," a wall made with redbricks, sheet rock, and insulation. An installation titled "Numinous" that consists of mounted photocopies of plant, animal, and human species on a background of carbon emulsion. Through 5/7. Lombard Fried, 470 Broome St. (334-5060).

Monique Prieto/Peter Sarkisian—Paintings designed with a computer paint program and then translated, by hand, to acrylic on canvas. Sculptures that incorporate film and video. Through 5/11. Bravin Post Lee, 80 Mercer St. (966-2676).

Mia Westerlund Roosen—Three new sculptures, including *Split*, a vertical column of resin-stiffened fabric; *Score*, a 12-by-30-foot wall marked with rhythmically repeated vertical recesses, and *Peel*, a stack of round, irregular layers that come out of a wall in an arch form to rest on the floor; through 4/27. Lennon Weinberg, 560 Broadway (941-0012).

Michael Scott—New fantasy landscapes in spray paint and stencils on canvas and two black-and-white geometric paintings from 1993; through 4/30. Gering, 476 Broome St. (226-8195).

Alyson Shotz—An installation that explores genetic engineering; through 5/18. Inglett, 100 Wooster St. (343-0573).

Linda Stojak—Recent paintings of the human form; through 4/30. Haller, 560 Broadway (219-2500).

Richard Phillips—Large, confrontational paintings of female heads that draw on Pop Art and popular photography from the seventies; 4/19-5/25. Thorp, 103 Prince St. (431-6880).

Robin Utterback—New abstract paintings; through 5/11. Donahue, 560 Broadway (226-1111).

Rob Wynne—An installation of photography, painting, prints, and hand-screened wallpaper that weaves together text and image; through 5/4. Solomon, 172 Mercer St. (941-5777).

Jerry Zeniuk—Recent abstract watercolors; through 5/25. Markey, 55 Vandam St. (627-4446).

August Zimmermann—Recent works on paper; through 5/4. Bungert, 225 Lafayette St. (925-0200).

Other

Arturo Elizondo—New paintings by the Mexican artist; through 5/11. Nosei, 530 W. 22nd St. (741-8695), Wed.-Sun. 11-6.

John Morse—Landscape collages from the past decade that were created on site and incorporate materials from each location; through 4/30. E3, 47 E. 3rd St. (982-0882).

Alena Ort—Clay, neon, metal, and stone sculptures; through 4/26. Landon, 1926 Broadway (721-8277).

Blake Rayne—An installation of five oil-on-canvas paintings, a cubic object, and a wall painting, all of which play off the gallery's architecture; through 5/4. Greene Naftali, 526 W. 26th St. (463-7770), Wed.-Sun. 12-6.

Group Shows

Madison Avenue and Vicinity

China Institute—125 E. 65th St. (744-8181). "Hare's Fur, Tortoiseshell, and Partridge Feathers: Chinese Brown- and Black-Glazed Ceramics, 400-1400." An exhibition of Chinese black- and brown-

Photography Best on the Block

This week's photography auctions offer works by all the usual suspects, as well as by newcomers to photography sales, among them artist crossovers like Vito Acconci (at Sotheby's and Christie's) and Chris Burden (at Christie's). Sotheby's auction is distinguished by a hefty group of daguerrotypes, ambrotypes, tintypes, and stereographs from the collection of Abraham Stransky, a native New Yorker who died in 1995; Christie's is touting a collection of Outerbridges consigned by the Laguna Art Museum—the largest group to come on the market since an exhibition at Robert Miller Gallery in 1979—and a complete set of Edward Curtis's *The North American Indian*. Below, the auction houses' experts hold forth on their favorite works. **E.N.**

SOOTHEY'S



PHOTOGRAPH: "Dr. John Collins Warren," circa 1840s, by an anonymous American photographer.

ESTIMATED PRICE: \$30,000-\$50,000
 Denise Bethel: "It is what I call a staggering

daguerrotype. No reproduction can ever really do justice to a daguerrotype because there is a three-dimensional quality and a physicality to them that simply defies reproduction. But if that is true for most daguerrotypes, then it is especially true for this image. It is big, it is stunningly clear, and it radiates the presence of the sitter. People gasp when they open the case."

CHRISTIE'S



PHOTOGRAPH: "Ide Collar," 1922, by Paul Outerbridge Jr.

ESTIMATED PRICE: \$70,000-\$90,000
 Rick Wester: "Ide Collar is an image which had its express purpose as an advertisement and

transcended that purpose. It immediately established Outerbridge as a master photographer. There's the well-worn story of how Marcel Duchamp saw the ad in *Vanity Fair*, cut it out and pinned it to his studio wall, and claimed it as one of his ready-mades. Which I think is indicative of how powerful Outerbridge's vision was from the beginning."

SWANN GALLERIES



PHOTOGRAPH: Sarah Bernhardt, 1859 (printed circa 1875), by Nadar.

ESTIMATED PRICE: \$3,000-\$4,000
 Daile Kaplan: "Sarah Bernhardt was 14 in this portrait; she was one of the few actresses Nadar

agreed to photograph. She's very unself-conscious in this picture, and it's obvious that Nadar was fascinated by her. She became a regular client of Nadar and his son Paul, but this is probably the most magnificent portrayal of her. The portrait in the Met's Nadar show was bigger and much pricier. This one is on a cabinet-card mount and was done slightly later than the date of the negative."

glazed pottery organized by the Arthur M. Sackler Museum, Harvard University; 4/20-7/6.
Czech Center—1109 Madison Ave. (288-0830). Recent sculpture by six contemporary Czech glass artists; through 5/17.

Goethe House—1014 Fifth Ave. (439-8700), Tues. and Thurs. 10-7, Wed. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. 12-5. "Curator's Choice V: Joseph Kosuth Presents 'How German Is It?'" features works by twelve of Kosuth's students at the Stuttgart Staatliche Akademie der Bildenden Künste; through 5/11.

Martin—23 E. 73rd St. (288-2213). "Love and Pain," with works by Climent, Gerzso, Kahlo, Romo, others; through 5/11.

57th Street Area

Clark—24 W. 57th St. (246-2205). Recent ceramic works by Ken Ferguson, Anne Kraus, and Eric Van Eimeren; through 5/4.

De Nagy—41 W. 57th St. (421-3780). Small-scale paintings on the theme of nature by Rudy Burckhardt, Sharon Horvath, and Helen Miranda Wilson; through 5/11.

Spanierman—45 E. 58th St. (832-0208). Paintings of Cape Ann, Massachusetts, executed between 1840 and 1940, by Avery, Davis, Hartley, Hassam, Homer, Hopper, Lane, Prendergast, Sloan, and Twachtman; through 6/22.

Washburn—20 W. 57th St. (397-6780). Paintings, sculpture, and drawings by Bladen, Brooks, Hofmann, E. de Kooning, W. de Kooning, Smith; 4/17-5/18.

SoHo and TriBeCa

Artists Space—38 Greene St. (226-3970). "Mr. Dead and Mrs. Free: The History of Squat Theatre" features original Squat Theatre stage props, films, and videos from the seventies and eighties; through 5/25.

Blum—99 Wooster St. (343-0441). "In Quest of the Absolute," with paintings by Federle, Malevich, Marioni, Mondrian, Newman, Marden, Martin, Reinhardt, Rothko; through 6/8.

McEnroe—41 Greene St. (219-0395). Works that depict the human form by twentieth-century American and European modernists, among them Beckmann, Derain, Giacometti, Klimt, Matisse, and Rouault; through 5/11.

PaceWildenstein—142 Greene St. (431-9224). "50/50: Fifty Artists From Fifty Years of Skowhegan," an exhibition celebrating the school's fiftieth anniversary and featuring works by 50 artists who have taught there over the past 50 years (each work will be sold by raffle for \$250 to benefit Skowhegan; for information, call 529-0505); through 4/29.

Sonnabend—420 W. Broadway (966-6160). An exhibit of late-nineteenth-century objects from Tanzania; through 4/27.

Thread Waxing Space—476 Broadway (966-9520). "The Making of Painted Strokes," a multimedia project by Tiong Ang and Carter Kustera; "Offerings," a group exhibition curated by Samantha Tsao; "Confabulating Chaos: A Chamber of Reverie Featuring the Mnemosis Tapes (I-II)," by Annie Bonney; through 4/27.

Other

Mansion/Dorfman Projects—54 St. Marks Place (505-7055); Thurs.-Sat. 1-5. "Personal/Impersonal," with works by De Sana, Glantzman, Malka, Minter, O'Hara, Sandlin, Simmons, Webster; through 5/30 (by appointment after May 1).

New York Kunstthalle—210 E. 5th St. (529-5691). "Peep Show," a series of small installations viewed through an aperture in the building's façade, by Becker, Carroll, Cullinane, Dickson, Lamarre, Leopold, Mosher, others; through 6/30.

Snug Harbor Cultural Center—1000 Richmond Terrace, Staten Island (718-448-2500); Wed.-Sun. 12-5; \$2 suggested donation. "Making a Place: Art of the Netherlands"; "Making a Place: Installations by Seven Contemporary Dutch Artists"; "Historic Staten Island: The Dutch Connection"; through 6/16.

White Columns—154 Christopher St. (924-4212), Wed.-Sun. 12-6. "Sugar Mountain," with paint-

ings, photographs, and video by Ackerman, Currier, Doran, Goldin, Hill, Morrisroe, Phillips, others; "White Room Program," with works by Harp, Pines, Vanderlip; through 5/12.

Photography

Aperture—20 E. 23rd St. (505-5555). "France: New Visions," with works by contemporary French photographers, among them Jeanloup Sieff, Raymond Depardon, Jean-Françoise Lepage, Keiichi Tahara, and others; through 5/18.

Ferenc Berko—A survey of the Hungarian-born photographer's works made between 1936 and 1949, from his experimental black-and-white studies of the nude produced between 1938 and 1942, to his pioneering work in color, begun in the late forties; through 5/4. Richardson, 560 Broadway (343-1255).

Susanna Briselli/Margaretta K. Mitchell—Hand-painted black-and-white still lifes and landscapes/Iris digital prints of garden and flower imagery. Through 5/25. Witkin, 415 W. Broadway (925-5510).

Danziger—130 Prince St. (226-0056). "Chicago Photography 1935-1965," with works by Callahan, Cartier-Bresson, Evans, Feininger, Moholy-Nagy, Siskind; through 5/18.

Horst—A survey of photographs from the beginning of his career, in the thirties, to the present, including fashion work, nudes, still lifes, landscapes, and architectural interiors; through 6/1. Staley-Wise, 560 Broadway (966-6223).

ICP—1130 Fifth Ave. (860-1777); Wed.-Sun. 11-6; \$4, \$2.50 students and seniors. "Josef Sudek: The Pigment Prints, 1947-1954"; "Highlights From the ICP Permanent Collection"; through 7/7.

ICP Midtown—1133 Sixth Ave. (860-1783), Tues. 11-8, Wed.-Sun. 11-6. "Horst: A Retrospective." A survey of works by the fashion photographer who is also the recipient of the 1996 ICP Master of Photography Award; through 6/2. "Intimate Nature: Ansel Adams and the Close View." Photographs that depict the minute, specific aspects of nature; through 6/2. "She Loves It, She Loves It Not: Women and Technology and Mistaken Identities," multimedia installations by Christine Tamblin; through 6/2.

William Klein—An exhibition of contemporary and vintage prints and the film *Broadway Light*, which coincides with the recent publication of *William Klein: New York 1954-55*, a re-edition of the 1956 title, *Life Is Good and Good for You in New York*; through 5/11. At Greenberg and Gallery 292, 120 Wooster St. (334-0010).

Reagan Louie/Helen Levitt—Color photographs that explore the uneasy meeting of ancient culture and modernity in Asia and the islands of the South Pacific/Rare vintage prints from her 1941 trip to Mexico, color work done in New York City in the 1980s, and newly uncovered work from New York made in the late thirties and early forties; 4/18-5/23. Miller, 138 Spring St. (226-1220).

Frank Majore—New color photographs of flowers in full bloom; through 4/27. Borden, 560 Broadway (431-0166).

Irving Penn—Works made between 1939 and 1995 that have not been previously exhibited, among them a recent series of still-life images and self-portraits; through 5/11. PaceWildensteinMacGill, 32 E. 57th St. (759-7999).

Bastienne Schmidt—A photo-essay on the subject of death and funerary rites in Latin American cultures; through 5/18. Throckmorton, 153 E. 61st St. (223-1059).

Louis Stettner—Photographs of New York's original Penn Station that were taken in 1958; through 6/1. Benrubi, 52 E. 76th St. (517-3766).

Paul Strand—The photographer's portraits of his first wife, Rebecca Salisbury, made between 1920 and 1932; through 5/4. Miller, 41 E. 57th St. (980-5454).

Arthur Tress—A survey of photographs taken between 1968 and 1972, including works from the series "Open Space in the Inner City," "Dream Collector," and "Theatre of the Mind"; through 5/11. Houk Friedman, 851 Madison Ave. (628-5300).

Museums

Alternative Museum—"Jerry Kearns: White Lies." Paintings that splice and combine images of well-known early American paintings, comic art of the fifties, and original drawings, together with historical images, to suggest a revisionist perspective of American history; through 6/8. 594 Broadway (226-2158), Tues.-Sat. 11-6; \$3 donation suggested.

American Craft Museum—"Klaus Moje Glass." Fifty mosaic glass works created between 1977 and 1994; through 6/9. "The Art of Peter Voulkos." A survey of the artist's ceramic sculptures and related collages and monotypes produced since 1978; through 6/9. "Form-Light-Glass: Contemporary Glass From the Czech Republic"; through 6/9. 40 W. 53rd St. (956-3535); Tues. 10-8, Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$5, \$2.50 seniors and students.

American Museum of Natural History—"Amber: Window to the Past." A history of amber in fossil specimens and decorative objects; through 9/2. "Witness: Endangered Species of North America." Photographs of animals and plants in immediate danger of extinction; through 10/6. Central Park West at 79th St. (769-5100); Sun.-Thurs. 10-5:45, Fri. and Sat. 10-8:45; \$7 suggested contribution, \$5 students and seniors, \$4 children.

Asia Society—"Worlds Within Worlds: The Richard Rosenblum Collection of Chinese Scholars' Rocks"; through 8/18. "Points of View: Selections From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/5. 725 Park Ave. (288-6400); Tues.-Sat. 11-6 (Thurs. 6-8 free), Sun. 12-5; \$3; \$1 seniors and students.

Bronx Museum of the Arts—"Bronx Spaces." Works by 23 Bronx-based artists; through 6/23. "Amidst the Silence: Enrique Martinez Celaya and Alberto Rey"; through 6/23. "Women of Hope: African Americans and Latinas Who Made a Difference"; through 6/23. 1040 Grand Concourse, Bronx (718-681-6000); Wed. 3-9, Thurs. and Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$3, \$2 students, \$1 seniors.

Brooklyn Museum—"The Art of Thomas Wilmer Dewing: Beauty Reconfigured"; through 7/9. "Converging Cultures: Art & Identity in Spanish America." Paintings, sculpture, costumes, textiles, domestic and religious objects, and manuscripts from the Spanish colonial viceroyalties of New Spain and Peru; through 7/14. "Alone in a Crowd: Prints of the 1930s-1940s by African-American Artists From the Collection of Reba and Dave Williams"; through 4/21. "Early Renaissance Paintings From the Brooklyn Museum." The museum's own collection of thirteenth- and fourteenth-century Italian panel paintings; through 8/31. "Alison Saar: The Woods Within." A site-specific sculpture installation; through 9/8. 200 Eastern Pkwy., Brooklyn (718-638-5000); Wed.-Sun. 10-5; \$4, \$2 students, \$1.50 seniors.

Dia Center for the Arts—"Hanne Darboven: Kulturgeschichte 1880-1983"; through 6/29. "Jessica Stockholder: Your Skin in This Weather Bourne Eye-Threads & Swollen Perfume"; through 6/29. "European Couples, and Others: Works by Dan Flavin"; through 6/23. "Komar and Melamid: The Most Wanted Painting on the Web"; through 6/29. "Gerhard Richter: Atlas"; through 6/29. 548 W. 22nd St. (989-5912); Thurs.-Sun. 12-6; \$3 suggested contribution.

El Museo del Barrio—"Image and Memory: Latin American Photography, 1880-1992"; 4/19-6/13. "Recent Acquisitions: Works From the Permanent Collection"; through 5/6. 1230 Fifth Ave. (831-7272); Wed.-Sun. 11-5, Thurs. 12-7; \$4, \$2 seniors and students.

Frick Collection—"Greuze, A Portraitist for the 90s." A selection of pastel portraits by Jean-Baptiste Greuze (1725-1805) that were made in Paris in the 1790s; through 4/21. 1 E. 70th St. (288-0700); Tues.-Sat. 10-6, Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors; children under 10 not admitted.

Guggenheim Museum—"Abstraction in the Twentieth Century: Total Risk, Freedom, Discipline." The history of abstraction, from paintings made as ear-

ly as 1912 by Mondrian, Kandinsky, and Malevich, to works made by Frank Stella and Richard Long specifically for this exhibition; through 5/12. 1071 Fifth Ave., at 88th St. (423-3500); Sun.-Wed. 10-6, Fri. and Sat. 10-8 (Fri. 6-8, pay what you wish), closed Thurs.; \$8, \$5 students and seniors.

Isamu Noguchi Garden Museum—More than 250 works by the sculptor (1904-1988), displayed in his former studio and garden. 32-37 Vernon Blvd., Long Island City (718-721-1932); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 11-6 (on Sat. and Sun., the museum operates a shuttle-bus service from Manhattan departing from 70th St. and Park Ave. beginning at 11:30 a.m. and making hourly trips on the half hour; round-trip fare is \$5); \$4, \$2 seniors and children.

Jewish Museum—"Marc Chagall 1907-1917." An overview of the artist's early career, including paintings, gouaches, and drawings; through 8/4. . . "Too Jewish? Challenging Traditional Identities"; through 7/14. 1109 Fifth Ave. (423-3200); Sun., Mon., Wed., Thurs. 11-5:45, Tues. 11-8 (Tues. after 5 free); \$7, \$5 students and seniors.

Metropolitan Museum of Art—"Splendors of Imperial China: Treasures From the National Palace Museum, Taipei." The full breadth of Chinese art is displayed in this exhibit of 475 objects from the Neolithic period through the eighteenth century, including paintings, calligraphy, ceramics, and jades; through 5/19. . . "Fabergé in America." All of the 400 objects in this exhibition were collected by Americans, including 15 of the 44 extant Imperial Easter Eggs commissioned by the last Russian czars; through 4/28. . . "Modern Glass in The Metropolitan Museum of Art."; through 10/30. . . "Making Music: Two Centuries of Musical Instrument Making in New York"; through 7/28. . . "Bare Witness: Clothing and Nudity"; through 8/18. . . "Art of the Deccani Sultans"; through 8/25. . . "Klee in Munich." One in a series of continuing installations from the Berggruen Klee Collection, which was a gift to the museum in 1984, this exhibit traces the artist's stylistic development during his most formative period; through 6/30. . . "Textiles of Late Antiquity"; through 4/30. . . "Enamels of Limoges"; through 6/16. . . "Works Progress Administration Color Prints in the Metropolitan"; through 6/16. 1000 Fifth Ave., at 82nd St. (879-5500); Tues.-Thurs. and Sun. 9:30-5:15, Fri. and Sat. 9:30-9; \$7 contribution, \$3.50 children and seniors. The Cloisters, Fort Tryon Park (923-3700); Tues.-Sun. 9:30-4:45 (closes at 5:15 between April and September).

Museum for African Art—"Memory: Luba Art and the Making of History." An exhibit of sculpture, memory boards, beaded objects, ornamented royal scepters, and other arts of the Luba of Zaire from the seventeenth to nineteenth centuries; through 9/8. 593 Broadway (966-1313); Tues.-Fri. 10:34-5:30, Sat. and Sun. 12-6; \$4, \$2 children, seniors, and students.

Museum of American Folk Art—"Discovering Ellis Rukey." Paintings by the self-taught African-American artist (1882-1959) from Norwich, Connecticut; through 4/28. 2 Lincoln Square (595-9533); Tues.-Sun. 11:30-7:30; free.

Museum of Modern Art—"Brancusi: Selected Masterworks from the Musée National d'Art Moderne and the Museum of Modern Art, New York"; through 4/23. . . "Roy DeCarava." A survey of the photographer's works, from his pictures of everyday life in Harlem, through the civil-rights protests of the early sixties, to his recent lyrical studies of nature; through 5/7. . . "Projects: Hirsch Perlman"; through 5/21. . . "Refining the Sports Car: Jaguar's E-Type"; through 8/20. . . "Come Sunday: Photographs by Thomas Roma"; through 6/18. . . "From the

Collection: Abstraction, Pure and Impure"; through 5/21. . . "Deformations: Aspects of the Modern Grotesque"; through 5/21. . . "Sol LeWitt Prints 1970-1995." More than 200 of the artist's prints, ranging from his early, austere screenprints to the baroque, undulating woodcuts of 1995; through 5/7. . . "Lilly Reich: Designer and Architect." Drawings and documentary photographs of exhibition installations and furniture and product designs by the influential German architect and designer (1885-1947); through 5/7. 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9480); Sat.-Tues. 11-6, Thurs. and Fri. noon-8:30, closed Wed.; \$8, \$5 students and seniors (Thurs. and Fri. 5:30-8:30, pay what you wish).

Museum of the City of New York—"Gaelic Gotham: A History of the Irish in New York"; through 10/27. . . "The Talk of the Town: Rea Irvin of *The New Yorker*." Original covers, drawings, and cartoons by *The New Yorker's* first art director, from the museum's own collection; through 5/5. 1220 Fifth

5000-year history of communications; through 8/17. . . "The Hand of the Poet: Original Manuscripts by 100 Masters." This exhibit of original manuscripts from the Berg Collection's holdings includes such treasures as the typescript of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land* with handwritten corrections by Ezra Pound; through 4/27. Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (869-8089); Mon. 10-6, Tues.-Wed. 11-6, Thurs.-Sat. 10-6; free.

New York Historical Society—"New York Then and Now: The Upper West Side." Vintage photographs of New York's Upper West Side from the Society's permanent collection; through 5/19. 2 W. 77th St. (873-3400); Wed.-Sun. noon-5; \$3, \$1 seniors and children.

Pierpont Morgan Library—"A Great Heritage: Renaissance and Baroque Drawings from Chatsworth"; through 4/21. 29 E. 36th St. (685-0008); Tues.-Fri. 10:30-5, Sat. 10:30-6, Sun. noon-6; \$5 suggested donation, \$3 students and seniors.

Queens Museum of Art—"Dennis Adams: Ederle." A site-specific installation based on the Gertrude Ederle Amphitheater, a 1939-40 World's Fair ruin located in Flushing Meadows Corona Park; 4/18-7/7. . . "Larry Sultan: Pictures From Home." A series of 202 photographs that traces the entire adult lifetime of the photographer's parents; 4/18-7/7. New York City Building, Flushing Meadows Corona Park, Queens (718-592-9700); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 12-5; \$3 suggested donation, \$1.50 seniors and children.

Studio Museum in Harlem—"Explorations in the City of Light: African-American Artists in Paris, 1945-1965"; through 6/2. . . "The Listening Sky: An Inaugural Exhibition of the Studio Museum in Harlem Sculpture Garden"; through 8/25. 144 W. 125th St. (864-4500); Wed.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. and Sun. 1-6; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

Whitney Museum of American Art—"Kienholz: A Retrospective." The first museum retrospective of the artist's own work and his twenty years of collaborations with his wife and partner, Nancy Reddin Kienholz, including more than 100 pieces ranging from intimate objects to house-scale environments; through 6/2. . . "Willem de Kooning's Door Cycle." Paintings on doors that were created in the mid-sixties and explore the motif of a single, standing woman; through 5/26. 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St. (570-3676); Wed., Fri., Sat., Sun. 11-6, Thurs. 1-8; \$8, \$6 students and seniors (free Thurs. 6-8).

Whitney Museum of American Art at Philip Morris—"Jane Dickinson: Paradise Alley." Paintings from the artist's "Times Square" series; through 6/28. Park Ave. at 42nd St. (878-2550); Mon.-Fri. 11-6 (Thurs. to 7:30); free.



Up Against the Wall

Lighter in color and material than her earlier works and more elegantly understated than ever, Mia Westerlund Roosen's new sculptures also interact with the gallery's walls. At Lennor, Weinberg, 560 Broadway; through April 27.

Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); Wed.-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5; \$5, \$3 students and seniors.

National Academy of Design—"The Figure in American Sculpture: A Question of Modernity." Organized by the Los Angeles County Museum of Art, this exhibition explores the basic concepts of early-twentieth-century modernism through the works of 80 figurative sculptors, among them Alexander Calder, José de Creeft, Harriet Frishmuth, Malvina Hoffman, Paul Manship, and Isamu Noguchi; through 5/5. . . "Rodin: Sculpture From the Collection of Iris and B. Gerald Cantor"; through 5/19. . . "American Masterworks From The National Academy of Design Collection"; through 5/25. 1083 Fifth Ave. (369-4880); Wed.-Sun. 12-5 (Fri. until 8); \$5, \$3.50 seniors, students, and children under 16.

New York Public Library—"The Global Library <http://www.nypl.org>." An exhibit that examines the digital revolution within the context of a

Auctions

Christie's—502 Park Ave. (546-1000).

4/17 at 10 and 2: "Silver." On view from 4/13. 4/18 at 10: "Russian Art." On view from 4/13. 4/22 at 6:15: "Photographs, Part I." On view from 4/19. 4/23 at 10 and 2: "Photographs, Part II." On view from 4/19.

Christie's East—219 E. 67th St. (546-1000). 4/17 at 10: "Antique and Fine Jewelry." On view from 4/13. 4/17 at 2: "The M. Wesley Marans Collection of Signed Photographs." On view from 4/19. 4/23 at 10 and 2: "European Decorative Arts." On view from 4/19.

Doyle—175 E. 87th St. (427-2730). 4/17 at 10: "Belle Epoque, Nineteenth- and Twentieth-Century Decorative Arts." On view from 4/13.

Sotheby's—York Ave. at 72nd St. (606-7000). 4/17 and 4/18 at 10:15 and 2: "Jewelry." On view from 4/12. 4/23 at 7:30: "Onassis Estate." On view from 4/19.

Swann—104 E. 25th St. (254-4710). 4/18 at 10:30: "Rare Books." On view from 4/13.

theater

Oscar Wilde... Ernest Hemingway

Broadway

Previews and Openings

Big—A musical adaptation by John Weidman, Richard Maltby, Jr., and David Shire of the 1988 film that starred Tom Hanks as a twelve-year-old kid who makes a wish for an adult body and, to his surprise, gets it. With Daniel Jenkins, Crista Moore, and Jon Cypher; directed by Mike Ockrent, with choreography by Susan Stroman. \$42.50-\$70. Through 4/27: Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Beginning 4/30: Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/28 opening. *Shubert*, 225 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Bring in 'Da Noise, Bring in 'Da Funk—Miss it at the Public a few months ago? George C. Wolfe and Savion Glover's meditation on the pre-Hollywood ethnic roots of tap dancing has transferred uptown. \$20-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/25 opening. *Ambassador*, 219 W. 49th St. (239-6200).

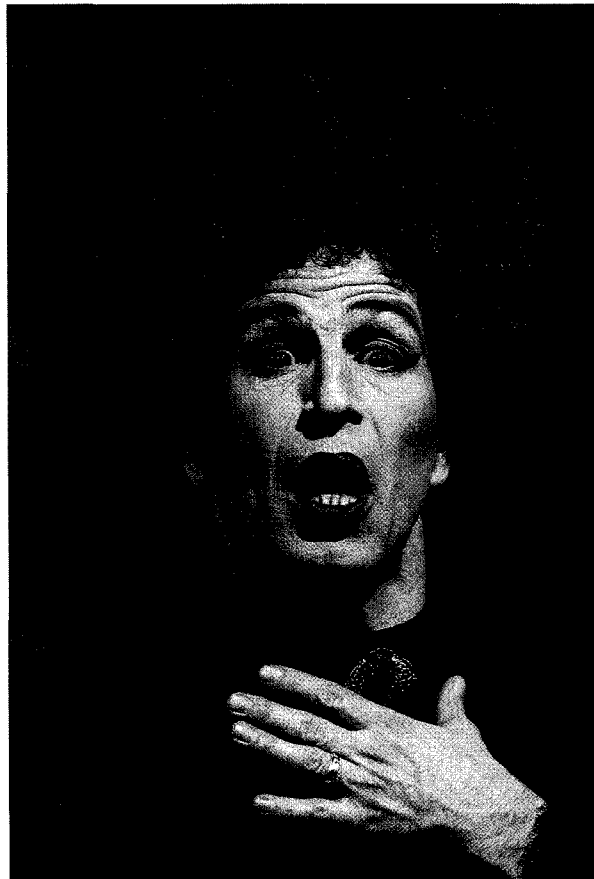
Buried Child—Playwright (as opposed to actor) Sam Shepard, a mainstay of avant-garde New York theater for more than 30 years, is currently making his Broadway debut with a revival of what is perhaps his best script, a grotesquely funny chronicle of an American family hiding a dark secret. \$42.50-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. In previews for a 4/30 opening. *Brooks Atkinson*, 256 W. 47th St. (307-4100).

A Delicate Balance—The writer who infused continental absurdism with a distinctively American accent ends his far-too-long absence from Broadway with this Lincoln Center Theater revival of his 1966 Pulitzer Prize-winning drama about a family torn between love, fear, and madness. \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opening 4/21. *Plymouth*, 236 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum—A new revival of the 1962 musical, featuring Nathan Lane as that sly guy Pseudolus. \$25-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opening 4/18. *St. James Theatre*, 246 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

An Ideal Husband—\$30-\$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3; added preview 4/29 at 8. Beginning previews 4/25 for a 5/1 opening. *Ethel Barrymore*, 243 W. 47th St. (239-6200).

Rent—Hours after his newest production's first dress rehearsal, the talented young writer and composer Jonathan Larson died—suddenly, unexpectedly, and sadly—of a heart attack. The show—a reimagining of Puccini's *La Bohème* as it might be lived by a gaggle of contemporary young and hip types living in the East Village—in the best theatrical tradition, goes on, having become in the process the most talked-about theatrical production of the current season. Following the end of its downtown run at the New York Theatre Workshop, it's currently making the move from there to Broad-



Talent Ham (and Wry)

Impresario of Ridiculousness Everett Quinton stars as turn-of-the-century stage diva Mimi London in 'Call Me Sarah Bernhardt,' his latest defense of the proposition that theatrical success depends less on talent than (a) heartfelt sincerity and (b) really heavy eye shadow. At the Chelsea Playhouse.

way. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 2 and 7. In previews for a 4/29 (re)opening. *Nederlander Theater*, 208 W. 41st St. (307-4100)

Now Playing

The Apple Doesn't Fall—Television writer Trish Vradenburg (*Designing Women*, *Kate and Allie*) makes her Broadway debut with a comedy about her experiences dealing with her mother's serious—but not too somber, apparently—illness. With Margaret Whitton and Florence Stanley; directed by Leonard Nimoy (yes, that Leonard Nimoy). \$25-\$45. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Lyceum*, 149 W. 45th St. (239-6200).

Beauty and the Beast—A musical based on a movie based on a fairy tale. Setting box-office and, presumably, merchandising records even as we speak. Christianne Tisdale plays the girl; Jeff McCarthy plays the (hairy) boy. With Tony-award-winning costume design by Ann Hould-Ward. Lyrics by Tim Rice and the late Howard Ashman; score by Alan Menken. \$22.50-\$67.50. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 1 and 6:30. Opened: 4/18/94. *Palace Theatre*, 1564 Broadway, at 47th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Cats—Now and for the foreseeable future. By Andrew Lloyd Webber, of course, with an assist from T. S. Eliot. \$37.50-\$65. Dark Thurs. Opened: 10/7/82. *Winter Garden Theatre*, 1634 Broadway, at 50th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Defending the Caveman—Rob Becker's one-man show, which posits a genetically inherited difference from prehistoric days to explain why men ("hunters") and women ("gatherers") get irritated with each other in Bloomingdale's. \$47.50. Wed.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2 and 5. *Helen Hayes Theatre*, 240 W. 44th St. (228-3626, or just dial CAVE-MAN). 1 hr. 40 mins.

Grease!—A crowd-pleasing, neon-heavy rock-and-roll musical about a group of high-school seniors in 1959. Book, music, and lyrics by Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey; directed and choreographed by Jeff Calhoun. With Joe Barbara ("Another World") as bad boy Danny Zuko, Joe Piscopo ("Saturday Night Live") as the deejay, and Chubby Checker (no identification necessary) as Teen Angel. \$30-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 5/11/94. *Eugene O'Neill Theatre*, 230 W. 49th St. (239-6200). 2 hrs. 30 mins.

How to Succeed in Business Without Really Trying—Armed only with charming dishonesty, aggressive young striver J. Pierrepont Finch (the role created by Robert Morse) rises swiftly to the top of the corporate world in a new Broadway revival of the 1961 musical. Has much become dated in Shepherd Mead's classic farce about raging ambition? Well, the Man in the Gray Flannel Suit wears Armani these days, but the songs and lighthearted satire are as sharp as ever. Matthew Broderick has recently returned to the starring part in which he opened the production last spring, this time opposite his real-life girlfriend Sarah Jessica Parker as the girls-just-wanna-get-married secretary Rosemary. \$25-\$67.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3.

Richard Rodgers Theatre, 226 W. 46th St. (307-4100). 2 hrs. 40 mins.

Inherit the Wind—Since it opened on Broadway in 1955, there's been literally no time when Jerome Lawrence and Robert E. Lee's fictionalized version of the Scopes "Monkey" trial—the 1925 court case pitting biblical against scientific accounts of creation—hasn't been playing somewhere. Tony Randall's National Actors Theatre revival—Broadway's first—stars George C. Scott and Charles Durning in the roles based on Clarence Darrow and William Jennings Bryan. \$20-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/5. *Royale*, 242 W. 45th St. (239-6280).

The King and I—Along with Lincoln Center's recent

Photograph by Susan Johann.

Carousel and the current Broadway production of *State Fair*, the Rodgers-and-Hammerstein renaissance continues apace with their famous musical adaptation of the memoir *Anna and the King of Siam*, featuring contemporary heartthrob Lou Diamond Phillips (un-bald) in the role created by Yul Brynner. \$25-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Neil Simon Theatre, 250 W. 52nd St. (307-4100).*

Les Misérables—This pop-opera adaptation of the sprawling Victor Hugo novel, currently in its tenth year on Broadway, recently became the fourth-longest-running show in Broadway history. With a book by Alain Boublil and Claude-Michel Schönberg; music by the latter; lyrics by Herbert Kretzmer. \$15-\$70. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Opened: 3/12/87. *Imperial Theatre, 249 W. 45th St. (239-6200).* 3 hrs. 15 mins.

Love Thy Neighbor—Jackie Mason, back on Broadway with a new one-man show of stand-up comedy. \$37.50-\$49.50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Booth, 222 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Master Class—In the early seventies, opera star Maria Callas took her diva persona from stage to classroom with a celebrated series of tutorials for young hopefuls. Slightly fictionalized, they're the subject of Terrence McNally's newest play, starring Zoe Caldwell as the great *monstre sacré* herself. \$32.50-\$50. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. *Golden Theatre, 252 W. 45th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

A Midsummer Night's Dream—How like a winter hath their absence been! England's Royal Shakespeare Company returns to New York for the first time in eight years with its current and enthusiastically received production of the Master's most sweetly lyric play. With Desmond Barrit, Lindsay Duncan, and Alex Jennings; directed by Adrian Noble. \$30-\$65. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/26. *Lunt-Fontanne, 205 W. 46th St. (307-4100).*

Miss Saigon—This reworking of Puccini's *Madama Butterfly* set in Vietnam during the fall of Saigon has just celebrated its fifth anniversary on Broadway. Score by Claude-Michel Schönberg; lyrics by Alain Boublil and Richard Maltby Jr.; directed by Nicholas Hytner. \$15-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2; dark Sun. Opened: 4/11/91. *Broadway Theatre, 1681 Broadway, at 53rd St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Molly Sweeney—Brian Friel's story of a woman blind from birth who, owing to the efforts of an ambitious ophthalmologist (Brian Murray) and a Micawberish husband (Colin Lane), regains partial vision after 40 years but—feeling that an essential dimension of her personality has been lost in the process—ultimately chooses to revert to sightlessness. "You will be glad to see a play as fine as Brian Friel's *Molly Sweeney*; you'll be thrilled to catch three performers making drama the way a marvelous chamber group plays, say, the Fauré trio; and you'll be telling your grandchildren that you saw, at the apex of this triangle, Catherine Byrne as Molly. Do not, I implore you, miss this play, miss this cast, miss Ms. Byrne's self-tamed tiger burning bright." (Simon; 1/22/95.) \$45. Tues.-Sat. at 7:30, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2:30. *Laura Pels Theater at the Roundabout, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

Moon Over Buffalo—In Ken (*Lend Me a Tenor*) Ludwig's new farce, Carol Burnett and Phillip Bosco play a husband-and-wife team of theatrical hams in no danger of being mistaken for Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne. \$40-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Martin Beck Theatre, 302 W. 45th St. (239-6200).* 1 hr. 50 mins.

The Night of the Iguana—Tennessee Williams didn't rely on tricks of dramaturgical strategy to compose his plays; they're written directly from a volatile mixture of emotion and nerve, a manner of working that faltered with the declining energies of his later years. When he was on his game, though, the results were incomparable. Cherry Jones (*The Heiress*) and William Petersen star in this production of Williams's final (1961) commercial and critical success, in which a lusty widow and a defrocked priest seek for some sort of shared solution to the agony of their common loneliness. \$55. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed., Sat., and Sun. at 2. *Roundabout Stage Right, 1530 Broadway (869-8400).*

The Phantom of the Opera—In its ninth year on Broadway, Andrew Lloyd Webber's blockbuster continues to pack them in, passing the 3,200-performance mark recently and edging into sixth place among the longest-running musicals. And strangely—or wisely, depending on your point of view—it's no nearer to becoming a movie than on the day it opened. \$15-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 1/26/88. *Majestic Theatre, 247 W. 44th St. (239-6200).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

Seven Guitars—"Things as they are / Are changed upon the blue guitar," wrote Wallace Stevens. No one knows that better than playwright August Wilson, whose flashback-laden story of a blues guitarist's premature death is the latest installment in his exploration of the black experience in America. \$15-\$60. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 7 through 4/21; thereafter, Sun. performances at 3. *Walter Kerr, 219 W. 48th St. (239-6200).*

Show Boat—Because it covers three generations of show folk, because its action spans four decades, because it shuttles between steamy Natchez and boreal Chicago, and because it touches on such varied subjects as race relations and the dispersal of families, *Show Boat* is usually described as having epic sweep. In a production such as this, certainly. There are problems with the plotting, but director Harold Prince's staging moves so swiftly and involuntarily that there is no time for questions. He is seconded by choreographer Susan Stroman, who with this effort surges to the forefront of Broadway dance creators. This *Show Boat* is a dreamboat. (Simon; 10/17/94.) \$30-\$75. Opened: 10/2/94. *Gershwin Theatre, 222 W. 51st St. (307-4100).* 3 hrs.

Smokey Joe's Cafe: The Songs of Leiber and Stoller—

They say the neon lights are bright on Broadway, and when this show—drawn from the score Jerry Leiber and Mike Stoller composed to accompany the American baby-boomer childhood experience—breezes into New York City, people gonna scrape and bow. You don't like crazy music? (We keep forgettin'.) Don't feel that way; baby, that is rock and roll. A tip, tip, tip, young blood: Buy yourself a ticket, sit down in the very first row. Have a drink and dig the band. Can't you hear the flügelhorn? Can't you hear the bell? Come to them sickly, they'll make you well. We don't know why our heart flips (and, baby, we don't care); we only know it does. Heartbreakin' nights, only in America. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. \$60-\$70. At the *Virginia Theatre, 245 W. 52nd St. (239-6200)*? Uh-huh. 2 hrs. 10 mins.

State Fair—Had enough of the snow, New Yorkers? Take heart: In this new (and first-time-ever) stage adaptation of Richard Rodgers and Oscar Hammerstein II's 1945 musical film, about corn-fed Midwesterners experiencing pretty much the complete range of human emotions (boy meets girl, farmer meets pig, etc.) at the Iowa state fair, it might as well be spring. \$55-\$75. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Music Box, 239 W. 45th St. (239-6200).*

Sunset Boulevard—"Patti LuPone's Norma Desmond was a tough gutter sparrow; Glenn Close's—close, but no cigar—a cross between the cigar-store Indian and a cathedral gargoyle. Now there is Betty Buckley, whose presence appears to have rewritten, recast, and redirected the entire show. With her truest heightening everyone else's acting while giving us a Norma who will remain the norm, 10086 Sunset Boulevard becomes as important a number in musical annals as 1066 in English history—that of the Norma(n) Conquest." (Simon; 8/7/95.) \$25-\$70. Mon.-Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 11/17/94. *Minskoff Theatre, 200 W. 45th St. (307-4007).* 2 hrs. 30 mins.

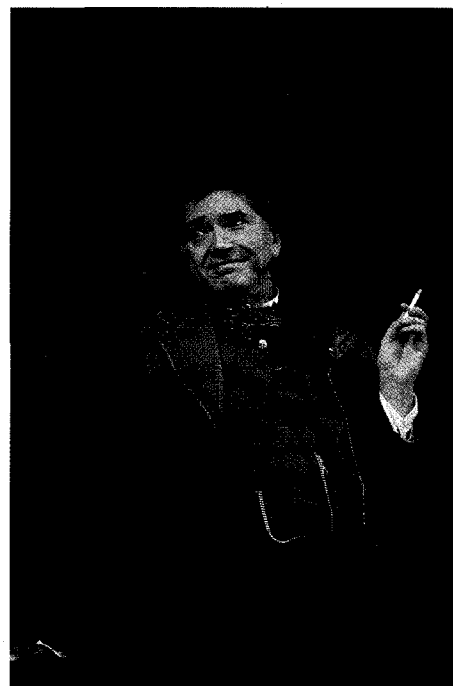
Victor/Victoria—Reprising her title role in husband Blake Edwards's 1982 film, Julie Andrews—returning to the Broadway stage for the first time since the early sixties and *Camelot*—struts her stuff in (the late) Henry Mancini and Leslie Bricusse's musical adaptation of Mr. Edwards's comedy of sexual manners. "One way or another, *Victor/Victoria* will

make history. Like a karaoke record, it's got everything minus one: a true star, a solid cast and ensemble, savvy staging and choreography, lush scenery and costumes and lighting, a funny (or at least doggedly farcical) book—everything but one really good song. This will be the score: Can a Broadway musical make it without a score? Julie Andrews has a look, voice, and personality that live in perfect harmony with one another, whether she is singing, dancing, acting, or just being. But there is—or rather, isn't—the unrelievedly second-rate music of the late Henry Mancini, augmented by three songs from Frank Wildhorn, which blend in seamlessly, alas. All the lyrics are by the once capable Leslie Bricusse, now given to such stuff as 'Paris is so sexy/ Riding in a taxi [texi?]/ Gives you apoplexy.' Still, *Victor/Victoria* may be the best unmusical musical you are ever going to see." (Simon; 11/6/95.) With Tony Roberts, Michael Nouri, and Rachel York; written and directed by Mr. Edwards. \$20-\$75. Tues.-Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *Marquis, 1535 Broadway (382-0100).* 2 hrs. 45 mins.

Off Broadway

Previews and Openings

Antigone in New York—A homeless Latina and two



Previews Eminent Victorian

His contemporary George Bernard Shaw excoriated the hypocrisies of Victorian England with biting logical wit, but the similarly minded Oscar Wilde occasionally found emotional empathy a more apt tool.

Wilde's 1895 *An Ideal Husband*, starring Martin Shaw (above) as the autobiographical Lord Goring, uses a conventional plot of unmasked adultery to condemn soul-stifling British intolerance and self-deception. Sir Peter Hall's acclaimed West End revival arrives at the Ethel Barrymore on Broadway next week from London's Haymarket—the same theater, ironically, from which its successful debut production was withdrawn a century ago following the writer's arrest and imprisonment for homosexuality.

eccentric Eastern European émigrés struggle to maintain their dignity on the mean streets of New York in Polish playwright Janusz Glowacki's award-winning drama. \$25. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opening 4/23. *Vineyard Theatre, 108 E. 15th St. (353-3874).*

The Bundle—Edward Bond's examination of the moral dilemma(s) faced by two men in deciding whether to rescue an abandoned child. \$22.50 Fri. and Sat., \$15 Wed. and Thurs., by donation on Tues. Opening 4/20. *Theatre for the New City, 155 First Ave. (633-1292).*

Have a Nice Day—Those persons who still find it hard to repress a shudder at the memory of the cheery robo-optimism purveyed by such early-seventies groups as Up With People and The Young Americans—and you know who you are, gang—may find themselves calmed, or anyway less likely to drop fragile objects, by this musical spoof of the phenomenon. \$15. Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. Beginning previews 4/18 for a 4/22 opening. *Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. (838-9090).*

Papa—\$37.50 in previews, \$40 thereafter. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Beginning previews 4/16 for a 5/5 opening. *Douglas Fairbanks Theater, 432 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

The Skriker—England, always this country's master with regard to ghost stories and the uncanny in general—must have something to do with all those ruins—continues its dominance in that field with British playwright Caryl Churchill's contemporary drama about a shape-shifter who invades the lives of two young women. \$37.50. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Beginning previews 4/23 for a 5/12 opening; through 5/26. *Newman Theater at the Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

The Slow Drag—Carson Kreitzer's play-with-jazz is a deconstruction of sexual and ethnic identity. With Vernel Bagneris, Ann Crumb, and Peggy Shaw; directed by Elise Thoron. \$35. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Opening 4/17. *American Place Theatre, 111 W. 46th St. (239-6200).*

Tovah: Out of Her Mind—An evening of character comedy by the actress Tovah Feldshuh. \$30. Tues.—Thurs., Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Opening 4/21. *Playhouse 91, 316 E. 91st St. (831-2000).*

Valley Song—Since three springtimes ago, when South Africa elected Nelson Mandela to its presidency, the dramatist Athol Fugard has something new to write about: freedom. His newest play about his homeland is a response to what he calls "the great changes that have swept into our lives"—a parable about a young black girl (Lisa Gay Hamilton) longing to leave her native village for a taste of the new liberties and an old man (Marius Weyers, taking over the role played by Mr. Fugard in the play's Manhattan Theatre Club production earlier this year) who must move beyond a lifetime of painful experience to let her her go. \$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2:30, Sun. at 7. Opening 4/23. *Manhattan Theatre Club Stage I, 131*

W. 55th St. (581-1212).

Venus—A new script by Suzan-Lori Parks (*The America Play*) about the trials of the 19th-century African woman plucked from her home to be exhibited, and degraded, throughout Europe as the "Venus Hottentot." \$30. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Beginning previews 4/16 for a 5/2 opening. *Martinson Hall at the Public, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).*

Virgins & Other Myths—Colin Martin's solo performance about a personal journey through stages of sexual innocence, New York hustling, and (whew) inner peace. Following a successful run at Primary Stages, it's currently in previews for a 4/23 (re)opening at the *Atlantic Theater, 36 W. 20th St. (239-6200).*

White People—Without minimizing the difficulties faced by persons of color in contemporary American society, it seems fair to say that their plight has also forced upon persons of not that much color a confusing and frequently complicated new job of self-definition. J.T. Rogers's new drama examines the phenomenon. With John Baker, Cynthia Vance, and John Ottavino; directed by Gus Reyes. \$12. Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Opening 4/22. *The Next Stage, 145 W. 46th St. (354-6121).*

Now Playing

After-Play—After a successful limited run at the Manhattan Theatre Club early last year, the actress Anne Meara's debut play about four old friends sharing a New York evening of dinner, theater, and memories is currently a few blocks west. Following several months of playing one of the two female roles, Ms. Meara—what's life without variety?—has decided to step into the other one. Her replacement in the vacated part is MGM grandee Jane Powell (*Royal Wedding, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers*). Also with Rita Moreno and Jerry Stiller. \$40. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. (239-6200).*

Below the Belt—As the fanatic, unanticipated popularity of the comic strip "Dilbert" has shown over the past couple of years, the corporate battlefield, with its viciously trivial backstabbing and petty ironies, has advanced to a point in the popular imagination beyond anything dreamed of by Franz Kafka (who would have liked Dilbert, we bet). In Richard Dresser's new, blackish comedy, Judd Hirsch (*Taxi, Conversations with My Father*) and Robert Sean Leonard crunch numbers, climb the business ladder, and watch their backs (and each other) in a remote industrial outpost. \$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. *John Houseman Theatre, 450 W. 42nd St. (239-6200).*

Blue Man Group: Tubes—Smart silliness, with toilet paper, neon-colored paint, cereal, etc. Kids love it, and adults can pretend the show's an ironic commentary on performance art. \$35–\$45. Tues., Wed., Thurs. at 8, Fri. and Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 4 and 7. Opened: 11/17/91. *Astor Place Theatre, 434 Lafayette St. (254-4370).*

The Bear's Carcass—Things get fast and things get furious when a young man places a personal ad for sexual, er, equipment. Stephanie Dickinson's comedy-thriller is directed by David Calvito. \$30. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 5/5. *Theatre at St. Peter's, 619 Lexington Ave. (935-5820).*

Bomber Jackets—The leader of a gay-bashing gang finds himself sexually attracted to a young transvestite in Rob Santana's new drama. \$15; groups of twenty or more, \$12. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 6:30. Through 4/21. *Puerto Rican Traveling Theatre, 304 W. 47th St. (354-1293).*

Call Me Sarah Bernhardt—\$27.50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Chelsea Playhouse, 519 W. 23rd St. (206-0523).*

Checkmates—A revival of the 1988 drama by Ron Milner, featuring Ruby Dee. \$15. Wed.—Fri. at 7:30, Sat. at 4 and 8, Sun. at 3. Through

5/12. *Harry De Jur Playhouse, 466 Grand St. (279-4200).*

Chez GARBO—In Michelangelo Alasa's environmental musical, the audience strolls through a conceptual artist's gallery recreation of Greta Garbo's East Side apartment—and, as well, through the last 50 years of the famous recluse's life. \$20. Thurs.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3. *DUO Theatre, 62 E. 4th St. (598-4320).*

Cowgirls—What happens when a classical-music trio gets booked by mistake into a country-music palace and races frantically to accommodate its longhair style to a room where crewcuts predominate? About what you *A Night at the Opera* fans would imagine, probably. Mary Murfit and Betsy Howie's new musical comedy of errors is directed by Eleanor Reissa. \$29.50–\$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Minetta Lane Theatre, 18 Minetta La. (420-8000).*

Curtains—The New Group, which has emerged within the past year as one of the city's most promising Off-Broadway companies, continues its program of bringing smaller, quality British plays to New York with this production of Stephen Bill's award-winning drama about euthanasia and the moral issues thereof. \$15. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 4. *INTAR, 422 W. 42nd St. (279-4200).*

A Fair Country—The enduring subject of the young dramatist Jon Robin Baizt is a currently unfashionable one: the demands of what used to be called Conscience. In such dramas as *The Substance of Fire, Three Hotels, and The End of the Day*, Baizt has impressed critics and hypnotized audiences with a kind of modern morality play, featuring characters caught between a morass of compromising circumstances and their own elusive sense of what it means to Do the Right Thing. His latest script, based on a childhood experience, examines the private and public agonies of a family of American diplomats assigned to a nowhere posting in South Africa, including a man whose status as husband and father is corroded by a series of vicious, petty compromises as his Cassandra-like wife quietly (and sometimes not so quietly) goes mad. \$37.50. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 6/30. *Mitzi E. Newhouse Theater at Lincoln Center, 150 W. 65th St. (239-6200).*

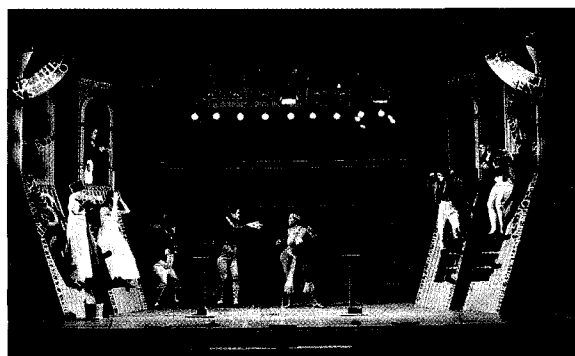
The Fantasticks—The musical perennial that, happily, refuses to go away. \$35. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 3 and 7, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Opened: 5/3/60. *Sullivan St. Theatre, 181 Sullivan St. (674-3838).*

The Food Chain—The playwright Nicky Silver (*Pterodactyls, Raised in Captivity*) is a young master of the theater's most challenging trick, often attempted and rarely successful: making audiences gasp in (moral) horror while simultaneously shrieking with laughter. (Aristotle thought this was impossible; shows you how much he knew.) His latest black farce, arriving here after a successful run in Washington last summer, concerns the import of obesity upon sex (straight, gay, and varied) and its attendant emotions. And a Jewish mother is thrown in—just, no doubt, to make sure the whole thing remains a comedy. \$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theatre, 407 W. 43rd St. (307-4100).*

Forbidden Hollywood—Gerard Alessandrini, creator of the long-running, often updated *Forbidden Broadway*, has redirected his irreverently satirical gaze—best characterized as a wise-ass smirk with a leavening dollop of genuine affection—from stage to silver screen. Getting the whole *Waterworld* thing into a smallish cabaret setting with limited plumbing facilities will be a challenge, of course, but we have no doubt he'll work out something. \$35–\$40. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10, Sun. at 3 and 7:30. Through 5/19. *The Triad, 158 W. 72nd St. (799-4599).*

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral—An audience-participation comedy akin to *Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding*, written by Glenn Wein and Amy Lord Blumsack. When Grandma Sylvia dies, a power struggle ensues among family members. \$35–\$55, which includes a mitzvah meal. Opened: 10/9/94. Wed. at 3, Wed.—Thurs. at 7:30, Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Sun. at 1 and 5. *Soho Playhouse (formerly Playhouse on Vandalia), 15 Vandalia St. (691-1555).*

I Do! I Do!—After *The Fantasticks*, Tom Jones and Harvey Schmidt will be best remembered in theatrical history for this musical adaptation of Jan de



Previews Dark Passions

Venus, by Suzan-Lori Parks, dramatizes the poignant story of the African woman exhibited throughout nineteenth-century Europe as the sexual curiosity "Venus Hottentot." At the Public.

Hartog's play *The Fourposter*, which chronicles with rueful, knowing cleverness the ups and downs in the 50-year love affair of—surprise!—a married couple. Karen Ziemba (*Crazy For You*) and David Garrison star in the roles created on Broadway in 1966 by Mary Martin and Robert Preston. \$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

Life Is a Dream—The drama by Calderón. \$21–\$26. Tues., Thurs., and Fri. at 8, Sat. at 5 and 9, Wed. and Sun. at 2. Through 5/5. *Pearl Theatre*, 80 St. Marks Place (598-9802).

Mrs. Klein—The latest project of that fine actress and New York stage veteran Uta Hagen is Nicholas Wright's new play about the mysterious 1934 death of the son of early Freud disciple and psychotherapist Melanie Klein. With Amy Wright and Laila Robins; directed by William Carden. \$40–\$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. at 2:30, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 6/2. *Lucille Lortel Theatre*, 121 Christopher St. (239-6200).

Nixon's Nixon—After a successful run at MCC Theater last fall, Russell Lee's two-character play about a certain former ketchup-on-cottage-cheese-eating U.S. president and his national-security adviser has transferred uptown. \$45. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Wed. and Sat. at 2:30, Sun. at 3. *Westside Theater*, 407 W. 43rd St. (315-2244).

Nude Nude Totally Nude / A Line Around the Block—Two alternating one-woman shows, respectively written/performed by the brilliant comedienne Andrea Martin (*SCTV*, *My Favorite Year*) and Marga Gomez. Each show \$22.50; call for detailed schedule. *Public Theater*, 425 Lafayette St. (260-2400).

Perfect Crime—Warren Manzi's long-running thriller about a wealthy psychiatrist accused of murdering her husband, and the small-town detective who tries to prove she committed the "perfect crime." \$35. Mon. and Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3 and 7, Wed. and Sat. at 2. Opened: 4/5/87. *Duffy Theatre*, 1553 Broadway, at 46th St. (695-3401).

Picasso at the Lapin Agile—Steve Martin's playwriting debut is about modern art, the Theory of Relativity, sleeping with girls, the creative process, *Les Femelles d'Avignon*, sleeping with girls, the romance of transcendental mathematics, sleeping with girls—well, many interesting beverages, and Elvis. \$40–\$45. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Promenade*, Broadway at 76th St. (239-6200).

Sabina—Based on Aldo Carotenuto's book *A Secret Symmetry*, Willy Holtzman's new drama explores the breach engendered between psychoanalytic pioneers Sigmund Freud and Carl Jung by Sabina Spielrein, Jung's first analysand and later his lover. \$35 Tues.—Thurs., \$35 Fri.—Sun. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 2, Sun. at 3. Through 4/21. *Primary Stages*, 354 W. 45th St. (333-4052).

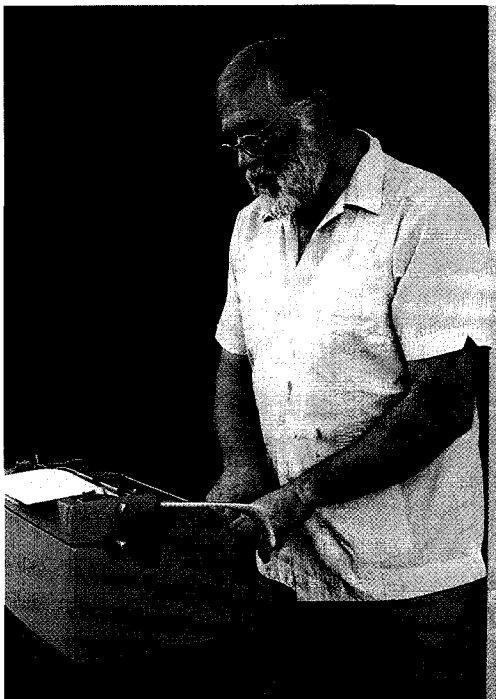
Schoolhouse Rock Live!—A musical adaptation of the award-winning ABC-TV children's series. \$20–\$25. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Lambs Theatre*, 130 W. 44th St. (239-6200).

The Shattering—The human cost of politics is the focus of Mark R. Shapiro's Ross Perot-inspired drama about the devastation wrought by a third-party candidate's 1992 campaign for the presidency upon a middle-class family of supporters. \$40. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 3, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Players Theatre*, 115 MacDougal St. (239-6200).

Stomp—As the title implies, a loud, aggressive, and energetic show in which a troupe of performers dance, clap, and generally bang on everything in sight. Featuring buckets, brooms, trash-can lids, and, yes, the kitchen sink. More engaging than

Ground Rules:

Except where noted, Broadway shows begin at 8 and are dark Monday. Wallet-watchers should keep in mind the TKTS booths, where half-price tickets are available (for that day's performance only) to many Broadway and Off Broadway shows. TKTS booths are at Broadway and 47th St. and 2 World Trade Center, mezzanine level; call 212-768-1818 for more info. Involved in a production and want to submit details for a possible listing? Call 212-880-0740.



Performance The Importance of Being Ernest

In stripping American prose to its hard essentials, he fell prey to a self-created myth that ultimately claimed his life. Len Cariou stars as Ernest Hemingway in John deGroot's 'Papa,' beginning previews Tuesday.

you might expect. \$29–\$39.50. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 7 and 10:30, Sun. at 3 and 7. Opened: 2/27/94. *Orpheum*, 126 Second Ave., bet. 7th and 8th Sts. (307-4100).

Sunset Salome—In a theatrical variation on the old literary game of guessing what happened (happens?) to characters in novels after the book ends, this new musical by Peter Wing Healey and Max Kinberg checks in on "Sunset Boulevard"'s Norma Desmond—ready for her closeup and then some—as she stages a private version of "Salome" with her fellow inmates at a California hospital for the Criminally Insane. \$20. Fri. and Sat. at 7, Sun. at 3:30. *HERE Performance Space*, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).

Take It Easy—A new musical that pays affectionate homage to Hollywood's version of forties wartime romance. \$27.50. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 2, Sun. at 7. Through 6/2. *Judith Anderson Theatre*, 422 W. 42nd St. (307-4100).

Tartuffe—Molière's famous comedy, in Richard Wilbur's equally famous translation. \$24; \$19 seniors, \$12 students. Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. Through 5/11. *Jean Coteau Repertory*, 330 Bowery at Bond St. (677-0060).

Tony 'n' Tina's Wedding—A wedding at *St. John's Church*, 81 Christopher St., then a reception at 147 Waverly Pl., with Italian buffet, champagne, and wedding cake. Wonderfully tacky—and it's lasted longer than a lot of real marriages. \$60–\$75. Tues.—Sun. at 7, Sat. and Sun. at 2. Opened: 2/6/88 (279-4200).

The Tragic and Horrible Life of the Singing Nun—Some show titles hardly need a plot summary, do they? Suffice it to say, then, that Blair Fell's play-with-music takes a distinctly unsentimental approach to the real-life story of the Belgian *sœur* who captivated American audiences in the sixties as one of Ed Sullivan's favorite guests, only—good heavens—to commit suicide with her lesbian lover

twenty years later. \$20/TDE Wed.—Fri. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 7, Sat. at 10. *Grove Street Playhouse*, 39 Grove St. (279-4200).

Where the Truth Lies—That reliable old dramatic standard *The Truth Game*, as rendered between two estranged sisters by playwright Catherine Butterfield. \$20. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. Through 5/5. *Irish Rep*, 132 W. 22nd St. (279-4200).

Zombie Prom—When the bomb's hanging over your high-school head, what to do but doo-wop? That, anyway, is the general feeling in this musical parody of fifties teen movies. \$35–\$45. Tues.—Fri. at 8, Sat. at 6 and 9, Sun. at 3 and 7. *Variety Arts Theatre*, 110 Third Ave. (239-6200).

Off-Off Broadway

Cardenio—Literary scholar Charles Hamilton caused something of a sensation in 1993 when he identified a manuscript that had turned up in the bowels of the British Museum Library as a collaboration (putatively) between William Shakespeare and John Fletcher that had been known about but lost for nearly 350 years. The script is currently receiving its New York premiere, with costumes by Donna Karan and music by Dead Can Dance. As they say, *Habent sua fata libelli*. \$12. Tues.—Sat. at 8, Sun. at 3. *Linhart Theatre*, 440 Lafayette St. (673-5375).

Catfish, Guns and Corndogs—\$8, plus two-drink minimum. Mon. at 8. *Duplex*, 61 Christopher St. (255-5438).

Freestyle Repertory Theatre—A rotating bill of four improvisational-comedy shows; call for detailed schedule. \$15 Thurs.—Sun.; free Mondays. Mon., Thurs.—Sat. at 8, Sat. at 10:30, Sun. at 3. Through 4/21. *John Houseman Studio Theatre*, 450 W. 42nd St. (642-8202).

Girls are Fancy—\$10. 4/19, 4/23 at 8, 4/25, 4/27 at 10, 4/21 at 7, 4/20 at 3. *Sanford Meisner Theater*, 164 Eleventh Ave. (642-6465).

How He Lied To Her Husband/Village Wooling—Two one-acts by George Bernard Shaw, in a production by the National Asian-American Theatre Company. \$12. Wed.—Sat. at 8, Sat. and Sun. at 3. *Vineyard 26th St. Theatre*, 309 E. 26th St. (505-3003).

Love Is Not A Water Solution / The Little Venice Makes A Good Drink—Two new dramas by Leonard Melfi. *Love* is currently in previews for a 4/26 opening; *Venice* begins previews 4/19 for a 5/3 opening. Thereafter, *Venice* plays the first and third week-ends of each month and *Love* the second and fourth week-ends. \$15; \$12 seniors/students. Fri. at 9, Sat. and Sun. at 8. 2628 Broadway (961-0962).

Mother Courage—"Don't Goggle So Romantically!" That's how Bertolt Brecht used to admonish the complacent bourgeoisie of Weimar Germany. But there's little chance of that happening with his classic indictment of capitalism as war by other means. \$10–\$12. Tues., Thurs.—Sun. at 8. Through 5/12. *Ontological Theatre at St. Mark's Church*, 131 E. 10th St. (533-4650).

Split Ends/...And She Cooks Too!/The Housekeeper—A mixed bill of three separate shows offering cabaret, murder mystery, and lighthearted comedy. \$15 (groups over 20: \$12), plus a two-drink minimum; all three shows, \$30. Call for detailed schedule. *Theatre East*, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528).

The Corner Bar's My Lover Since You Ran Out on Me—Tues.—Sat. at 8. *HERE*, 145 Sixth Ave. (647-0202).

The Odd Couple/The Mousetrap—*Couple*, Fri. at 8; *Mousetrap*, Sat. at 8. \$15, plus two-drink minimum. Through 5/25. *Trocadero*, 368 Bleecker St. (330-7607).

Theatre of Dreams—\$15. Fri.—Sat. at 8. *Jan Hus Playhouse*, 351 E. 74th St. (1-800-373-2631).

Valhalla—\$12/TDE Thurs.—Sun. at 8. *Theater for the New City*, 155 First Ave. (254-1109).

nightlife

Osborne... Garbage... The Return of Betty

Concerts

Bad Religion—L.A.'s old-school punks dash out their distinct brand of Valleycore with new guitarist Brian Baker, formerly of their D.C. hard-corollaries Minor Threat. Readers of both *Spin* and *Business Week* will note that Baker fills the spot originally held by Brett Gurewitz, who now chairs the punk-rock goldmine Epitaph Records, home to Rancid, the Offspring, and his former bandmates. Corporate rock may still suck, but, apparently, it isn't the only place to make a killing. 4/17 at 7:30 P.M. Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$15.

Bang on a Can All-Stars—4/22 at 7:30 P.M. Walter Reade Theatre at Lincoln Center, Broadway at 65th St. (721-6500). \$15.

Barenaked Ladies—In many ways a male and Canadian version of Betty (See "Positively Betty," this section), these five fully clothed gentlemen survey modern love and anxiety with funky rhythms, pomo vaudeville shows, and a wit that's just shy of brilliant. Their new, third album, *Born on a Pirate Ship*, moves into the darker waters of domestic abuse and mental illness, but still shows an obsessive/compulsive punditry. "Why did they pave the lawn? / Why did they change the lock? / Why did I have to break it? / I only came here to talk. . . ." Even half-crazed ex-boyfriends can have a sense of humor and Ladies' singer Stephen Page knows how to find it—and make it extremely catchy. They play with the Bogmen. 4/20 at 7:30 P.M. Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$25.

Barton Workshop—A multimedia performance co-directed by trombonist-composer James Fulkerson and microcomputer artist Nicholas Collins. 4/18 at 8 P.M. Merkin Concert Hall at the Abraham Goodman House, 129 W. 67th St. (501-3330). \$10.

Hamiett Bluiett and the Bluiett 3—The monster baritone saxophonist accompanies the Pascal Rioult Dance Theatre. 4/18 at 8 P.M. Symphony Space, 2537 Broadway, at 95th St. (864-5400). \$15.

Cowboy Junkies—4/16 at 8 P.M. Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). \$25-\$32.50.

Everclear—A California true punk believer, Everclear's singer-songwriter Art Alexakis is peer to diehards like Bad Religion in age only. He didn't start a band until he heard an '89 Pixies album and, like Saul on the road to Damascus, quit his suit-and-tie job. Given that kind of pure inspiration, Alexakis's raw voice and power-pop ditties on *Sparkle and Fade* are even more irresistible, as is the sight of a 33-year-old punk—and ex-drunk recovery story—holding forth to teenage moshers young enough to be his . . . younger siblings. 4/21 at 7:30 P.M. Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$15.

Garbage—A producers' supergroup, Garbage is helmed and drummed for by Butch Vig, grunge's Phil Spector,

who helped escort Nirvana and the Smashing Pumpkins to global fame. The band's self-titled record is pretty much what its leadership would suggest: lavish and enthralling noise-rock soundscapes in search of a fresh voice. Scotland's Shirley Manson was drafted for the job, but doesn't quite distinguish the group from Congo Norvelle, Mazzy Star, and other bands working the dangerous chanteuse angle. What's a bit more surprising are hooks like "Only Happy When It Rains" and "Vow," which have got Vig into a rotation one or two below his former charges. 4/19 at 8 P.M. Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$15.

Bismillah Khan's 80th Birthday—4/20 at 8 P.M. Town Hall, 239 W. 43rd St. (307-7171). \$30-\$75.

Michel Legrand—The globally renowned pianist with rising Balkan pianist Tamara Gverdtsiteli.

4/26-4/27 at 8 P.M. Assembly Hall at Hunter College, E. 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Avenues. (772-4448). \$30-\$150.

LeVert: Father and Son—It's a family affair as two generations of quiet storm legends make ladies of all ages shiver and quiver. 4/27 at 7:30 P.M. Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). \$45.

Ottmar Liebert and Luna Negra—The world-music guitarist plays music from his new record, *Opium*, which owes as much debt to Roland guitar technology as it does to Arabic rai and Turkish oud. 4/19 at 8 P.M. Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). \$30-\$37.50.

Joan Osborne—The blues-belted, Janice Joplin-strutting soul girl (and MTV theologian) plays with From Good Homes. 4/18 at 8 P.M. Roseland, 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$20.

Primus—The bass-slapping, eye-popping technicians from San Francisco, led by yodeler Les Claypool. 4/16 at 7:30 P.M. Roseland 239 W. 52nd St. (307-7171). \$25.

Billy Taylor—The jazz pianist. 4/26 at 8:30 P.M. Colden Center at Queens College in Flushing. (718-793-8080). \$21.

Tears For Fears—Five years since ruling the charts, Roland Orzabal is left to helm the synth-friendly, erstwhile pop giant, venturing, sans Curt Smith, into this grunge-hardened world. 4/17 at 8 P.M. Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). \$29.50.

Yamada-Ryu Koto Ensemble—4/19 at 8 P.M. Tishman Auditorium at the New School, 66 W. 12th St. (545-7536). \$16.

Zuchero—4/22 at 8 P.M. Beacon Theatre, 2124 Broadway, at 74th St. (307-7171). \$35.

Clubland

Bottom Line—4/19-4/20: Betty. 4/23: Cesaria Evora jerks tears and commands rapt attention. "Morna" music—Portuguese folk songs of sadness, longing, and nostalgia—is her specialty and she's devastating at it. 15 W. 4th St. (228-7880).

Brownie's—Avenue A's divey post-college rock spot, with good tap beers, on-the-rise bands, and the occasional big name trying to keep a low profile. Cozy and congenial, even if you're not pierced. 4/16: Magnapop. 4/22: Mecca Normal. 4/23: San Francisco's wonderful Mommyheads, a mix of Velvet Underground organ, XTC melodicism, and Beatlesque harmonies. Expert musicians with a commitment to sound and invention over slickness and a great sense for the perversely compelling pop hook. Shows nightly at 9. 169 Ave. A, at 11th St. (420-8392). \$.

CBGB & OMFUG—Ground zero of punk's stateside explosion and, twenty years later, still a smoking, flier-strewn pit—in a good way. Next door, CB's Gallery offers a more well-heeled atmosphere and, Fridays at midnight, a new Middle Eastern Series that features the music and dance of Ishtar and the Trancesenders. 315 Bowery, at Bleecker St. (982-4052). \$.



Talent Bass Desires

An absolute demon of the bottom end, jazz star Christian McBride makes the string bass seem half its size; he gambols and sprints like a filly. Less than a month after anchoring saxophonist Joe Lovano, the bass prodigy leads his own group at the Village Vanguard April 16-21.

Chicago B.L.U.E.S.—A downtown blueserie, comfortably down-home, with living-room couches behind the stage. Dedicated to bringing us the best and brightest from the midwestern blues capital. 73 Eighth Ave., bet. 13th and 14th Sts. (924-9755). \$.

Coney Island High—St. Marks, not Coney Island, but still thrills and spills aplenty, with seedy outer-borough ambience and bands picked by Jesse Malin, lead singer of local punk-preservationists D Generation. 4/16: Eve's Plum. 4/21: Early-eighties hardcore legends Agent Orange make the van trip from from SoCal. Every other Saturday night belongs to Coney Island's famed trash-rock party, "Green Door NYC." 4/20: Mad Professor. 15 St. Marks Pl. (475-9726).

The Cooler—A bonafide cult giant, Britain's Mad Professor holds forth with his spacey, interstellar dub constructs, most recently showcased on the underground dance record *Protection*, where he locked turntables with the English trip-hop firm Massive Attack. When the Professor (né Neil Fraser) starts his alchemy here on 4/20, this subterranean cave should visit unforseen levels of stoniness. 416 W. 14th St. (229-0785).

Fez—Patty Griffin, a hot new singer-songwriter who recorded her upcoming major-label debut *Living With Ghosts* in a Boston room and a kitchen in Nashville—apparently well enough to impress this club's bookers enough to give her a month of Tuesdays. She's here for two more in April, 4/23 and 4/30. Thursdays, the mighty Mingus Big Band rocks the house. *Time Cafe*, 380 Lafayette St. (533-2680).

Irving Plaza—An utterly unique African superstar, Salif Keita was born albino in Mali, where skin color is even more decisive of one's social and career prospects than it is here. His new record, *Folon*, draws on this odd social perspective and the fervid political beliefs it has helped shape. The record is also considered one of his most accessible thus far. He performs songs from it here 4/17. 4/18: For Squirrels. 4/19: Groove Collective; Philosopher Kings. 17 Irving Pl. (777-6800).

Maxwell's—Hoboken's indie-rock central or CBGB West, the site of many of rock's recent groundswells. 4/21: Skeleton Key, a clanging, rattling cross between Tom Waits and Nirvana—an Alternative Nation hybrid if ever there was one—look to be huge soon. Catch them beforehand, when they play here with Arcwelder. 1039 Washington St., Hoboken (201-798-4064).

Mercury Lounge—4/16: Dash Rip Rock. 4/18: Retro-roots-rockers Go To Blazes—a hoot-and-a-half—play with Greg Trooper, Sheri Knight, and Lackawannas. 4/23: Quite a buzz has been following Wayne Hancock, Texas's latest honky-tonk man ascendent. He's played alongside Joe Ely and Butch Hancock and has been called a cross between Hank Williams, Jimmie Rodgers, and Lefty Frizzell—which alone is enough to get our attention. He warbles songs from his new record, *Thunderstorms and Neon Signs*, here on 4/23, playing with Ian Moore and others. 217 E. Houston St. (260-4700).

Paddy Reilly's—The home of the rollicking hip-accented Irish band Black 47 on Saturdays and the punkishly feisty Rogue's March on Sundays. 519 Second Ave., at 29th St. (686-1210).

Sidewalk Cafe—The back-room Fort is the latest home to New York's "anti-folk" scene, featuring impassioned, oft-wacky guitar- and poesy-wielding artists, with the occasional Beat refugee. 4/22: "The Antihoootenany" with Lach. 94 Ave. A. (473-7373).

Sounds of Brazil—The city's premier world-music venue, presenting many acts that could fill stadia back home. 4/19: Jazz-lite vibraphonist Roy Ayers and Ubiquity; Zin and the Superstars. 4/10: Sam-ba Novo. 4/23: Frankie Jackson's Soul Kitchen. 4/24-4/26: The one-and-only bossa-nova queen, Astrud Gilberto. 204 Varick St. (243-4940).

The Supper Club—A large, grand ballroom with a starry ceiling and challenging acoustics. Friday and Saturday nights, the fourteen-piece Stan Rubin Orchestra plays classics from the swing era for, as they say, your dancing enjoyment. Rubin's songbook is 1,000 arrangements strong, many of them transcribed from thirties and forties records. 4/20: Jody Watley sings, at midnight. 240 W. 47th St. (921-1940).

Talent Positively Betty



Meeet, if you haven't already, New York's crack avant-pop trio Betty. Their cabaret-style performances ignite frenzied audience participation. Their three-part harmonies achieve a fresh state of pop bliss—a reported cross between the B-52s, Joni Mitchell, and Parliament-Funkadelic. The members—Amy Ziff, sister Elizabeth, and soul sister Alyson Palmer—are foxy women of mysterious sexual persuasion. Their new *Limboland* (Intersound) offers both "A Typical Love," from the film *The Incredibly True Adventures of Two Girls in Love*, and a ripping cover of the Association's "Windy." They play the Bottom Line, April 19–20. Speaking for Betty is Amy Ziff.

Median age of members: "32-ish."

Favorite N.Y.C. celebrity sighting: "That little guy that was on *Diff'rent Strokes*, what's his name? . . . Gary Coleman! I was thrilled, although I gave him a wide berth."

Favorite celebrity audience member: "Our last show had Goldie Hawn, who people say has the best ass in Hollywood. It's true!"

Fan demographic: "Well, we do the holiday commenting on National Public Radio, so we have the NPRs. And we did the children's *Encyclopedia* show on HBO, so we get a lot of kids. Plus our song "Flick That Thing" is the theme for the show *Real Sex* on HBO, so I guess we're pretty 'adult' too."

Favorite French phrase: " 'Il y a du monde de balcon.' It means, 'There are people on the balcony,' or 'You're stacked.' I think everybody would like to hear that."

Probability of taking the Roches in a rumble: "Well, Alyson's six foot one, so it looks good. But really, we're lovers, not fighters."

CHRIS NORRIS

Tramps—One of the city's better venues for great roots music and happening indie rock, Tramps eschews high concept for straightforward presentation. Avoid the neck-craning mid-stage column and muddy-sounding areas by getting there early. 4/17: Asleep at the Wheel. 4/19: Country statesman Merle Haggard plays with Jim Lauderdale. 4/20: Velocity Girl; Fuzzy; Chisel. 51 W. 21st St. (727-7788).

Wetlands—A groovy club-kid/activist hang with neo-hippie atmosphere and far-flung musical guests. N.B.: Tuesday night is (Grateful) Dead Night. 161 Hudson St. (966-5244).

Jazz

Birdland—A comfy, two-tiered restaurant with huge bay windows, late-fifties jazz paintings, and striking light fixtures hovering from the ceiling. An uptown jazz outpost, with excellent jazz musicians that play nightly. 4/18: Jorge Anders Quartet. 2745 Broadway, at 105th St. (749-2228).

Blue Note—Easily the city's highest-ticket jazz spot, the self-titled "jazz capital of the world" often presents two top-flight artists in one evening and charges accordingly. 4/16–4/21: Ivan Lins. 4/23–4/28: Sweets Edison All-Stars featuring the ever-natty trombonist Al Grey; Clark Terry Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11:30. 131 W. 3rd St. (475-8592).

Bradley's—Jazz's secret garden and, at 25 years, second only to the Village Vanguard for longevity. It's an intimate, dark-paneled restaurant into which some of the city's best jazz musicians creep after hours. 4/22–4/27: David Sanchez, Bruch Barth, Leon Parker, and Ed Howard. Sets at 10, midnight, and 2 A.M. 70 University Pl., at 11th St. (473-9700).

Iridium Room—Now recovered from a recent bout with arthritis, electric-guitar legend Les Paul resumes his office hours Monday nights. 4/16–4/23: A tireless innovator and trampsman, Max Roach remains a wonder to behold, commanding his quartet from the drum stool and pushing them with the same buoyant polyrhythmic vitriol he once used with Bird, Dizzy, Monk, and, of course, Clif-

ford Brown. 4/23–4/28: Cyrus Chestnut Trio. Sets at 8:30 and 10:30, Sun.–Thurs., with extra mid-night set Fri. and Sat. 44 W. 63rd St., across from Lincoln Center (582-2121).

Knickerbocker Bar & Grill—A wood-paneled and brass-railed restaurant with Old New York ambience and excellent—occasionally legendary—pianists. 4/24–4/27: Pianist Joanne Brackeen and Bassist Cecil McBee. 33 University Pl. (228-8490).

Small's—A newish, feisty jazz club that stays open all night, offering after-hours jazz until 8 A.M. It's a cozy, candlelit basement whose nightly jams start round about 2 A.M.—the perfect time for a post-Village Vanguard visit (it's right around the corner)—and often involve free beverages and food. 4/27: Guitarist Bucky Pizzarelli. Thurs.–Sun., shows start at 10. 183 W. 10th St. (929-7565). \$

Sweet Basil—An intimate downtown restaurant with good food and high-profile jazz acts. Every Sunday, Doc Cheatham plays from 2 to 6. Every Monday it's the Spirit of Life Ensemble. 4/16–4/21: Larry Willis Quintet featuring Eddie Henderson, Buster Williams, and Victor Lewis. 4/23–4/28: Avant-saxophonist Jane Ira Bloom leads a quartet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra sets Fri. and Sat. at 12:30 A.M. 88 Seventh Ave. So., at Bleecker St. (242-1785).

Tavern on the Green—A somewhat overwrought restaurant in a touristy Central Park rest stop, the Tavern's Chestnut Room is still a top-flight jazz club—with excellent sound and a full roster of stars. Wednesday nights, the cover's a scant five bucks. 4/16–4/28: The husky-voiced southern belle Judy Argo sings cabaret classics like "Where or When" and "Falling in Love With Love." *Central Park at W. 67th St.* (873-3200).

Village Vanguard—Perhaps the world's greatest jazz club, and certainly the most steeped in history, this dark, smoky institution is revered by fans around the world. Mondays, the Vanguard Jazz Orchestra swings on. 4/16–4/21: Christian McBride Quartet. 4/23–4/28: Lou Donaldson Quartet with Dr. Lonnie Smith. Sets at 9:30 and 11:30 P.M. and 1 A.M. 178 Seventh Ave. So., at W. 11th St. (255-4037). \$.

Visiones—Spanish food and avant-ish jazz guests, along with some funkified post-boppers. Late night jams happen Thursdays. Every Monday, the Maria Schneider Orchestra plays at 9 and 11. Every Sunday, it's the Gust. W. Tsilis Quintet. Sets at 9 and 11, with extra show Fri. and Sat. at 1 A.M. 125 Macdougall St. (673-5576).

Zinno's—A pretty Italian restaurant with a tiny piano on its awning, Zinno's is more dining spot than jazz club, though its musical guests are often pleasant surprises. 4/15-4/20: Pianist Joanne Brackeen and bassist Cecil McBee. 126 W. 13th St. (924-5182).

Comedy

Caroline's Comedy Club—In Times Square just down the street from the *Letterman* show. 4/18-4/21: Joe Rogan. 4/24: Hot 97's Phat Comedy. 4/25: Lea Delaria. 1626 Broadway, bet. 49th and 50th Sts. (757-4100).

Comedy Cellar—A physical throwback to sixties Village coffeehouses, this is the late-night subterranean haunt of many of the city's top comics. 4/15-4/21: Kevin Brennan; Greer Barnes; Gregg Rogee; Ray Romano; William Stephenson; Wanda Sykes-Hall. Shows Sun.-Thurs., 9-2. 117 MacDougal St. (254-3480).

Comic Strip—Probably the most expertly booked club in the city, this showcase offers an eclectic mix of comedians every night of the week. 1568 Second Ave., bet. 81st and 82nd Sts. (861-9386).

Dangerfield's—Founded by the respect-deprived comedian two decades ago, this Vegas-style lounge is one of the city's oldest comedy establishments. Through 4/21: Ben Creed; Gregory Carey; Lenny Varnedoe; Brian McFadden; Billy Jaye. 4/22-4/28: Nancy Redman; Brian McFadden; Billy Jaye; Ben Creed; Lenny Varnedoe; Gregory Carey. 1118 First Ave., bet. 61st and 62nd Sts. (593-1650).

Luna Lounge—Mondays, it's the Show Formerly Known As Rebar. Shows at 8. 171 Ludlow St., at Houston. (260-2323).

New York Comedy Club—Every Friday, the NYCC presents "New York's Best African-American and Latino comics." Every Wed. and Thurs., there's sketch comedy at 7 P.M. Shows Mon.-Fri. at 9, with extra shows Fri. at 7 and 11; Sat. at 6, 7:30, 9:30, and 11:45. 241 E. 24th St. (696-5233).

Stand-up New York—Robin Williams is known to drop by here unannounced to warm up for his *Letterman* appearances. 4/19-4/21: Eddie Brill; Eric Kornfeld; Kevin Brennan; Dan Wilson. Sun.-Thurs. at 9; Fri. at 9 and 11:30; Sat. at 7:30, 9:30, and 11:30. 236 W. 78th St. (595-0850).

Cabaret

Algonquin Hotel—Beginning Wednesday, singer Weslia Whitfield reprises her well-received visit last fall with a show titled "My Shining Hour: The Songs of Harold Arlen." (On Monday and Tuesday, pianist John Pizzirelli will be filling in with a set of new material he's polishing for Virgin Records.) Through 5/11. Tues.-Sat. at 9 (dinner at 7); Fri.-Sat. also at 11:30 (supper at 10:30). \$30; \$15 minimum. 59 W. 44th St. (840-6800).

Arcaimboldo—On Sunday evenings, this stylish trattoria in the U.N. neighborhood offers "Opera With Taste," a series of programs featuring selected arias performed by a rotating ensemble of up-and-coming young stars from the Metropolitan Opera, at 7 and 8:30. The prix-fixe dinner menu (seatings at 6:15 and 7:45) is \$40; no music charge. 220 E. 46th St. (972-4646).

Asti—Singing-waiter frolics with an emphasis on opera and operetta (frequently shoulder to shoulder

Ground Rules:

In clubland, promptness is *not* next to godliness; expect shows to start much later than promised. \$ = cash only.

der and bolder and bolder) are the keynote of this Village landmark. No music charge. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105).

Bemelmans Bar—Pianist and singer Peter Mintun is back for a return engagement here through 5/4. Tuesdays through Saturdays from 9:30 to 1:30. \$10 music charge; no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel*, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Carlyle—Through 4/27: Barbara Cook. Tues.-Sat. at 8:45 and 10:45. \$45 cover, no minimum. *Carlyle Hotel*, Madison Ave. at 76th St. (744-1600).

Cafe Pierre—Dancing on Thursday, Friday, and Saturday evenings from 9 to 1, backed up by the romantic stylings of singer-pianist Kathleen Landis and her trio. \$10; jacket and tie required. 2 E. 61st St. (940-8185).

Claire—Jazz vocalist David Downing. Thurs. and Sun. at 9, Fri. and Sat. at 9:30. Sun. at 1. No cover, no minimum. 156 Seventh Ave. (255-1955).

F.lli Ponte—Pianist-singer David Raleigh rocking the room at the newly renamed BeCa (Below Canal) Bar with his group, the Little Big Band. Wed.-Sat. from 8 to 1. No cover, no minimum. 39 Debrosses Street (226-4621).

Ibis—This Mediterranean-flavored supper club,



Shoeless Evora
Cesaria Evora, the famed "barefoot diva" from the Cape Verde Islands, sings Portuguese folk ballads and torch songs—sans chaus-sures—at the Bottom Line, April 23.

popular in the early eighties, has recently reopened with a variety show incorporating song, dance, magic acts, and—what else?—belly dancing. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30. Sun. at 8. Dinner and performance, \$45. Performance only: \$15 with a \$20 minimum. Tues.-Thurs., \$20 with a \$20 minimum. Fri.-Sat. 327 W. 44th St. (262-1111).

La Rivista Ristorante—Singer-pianist Chris Barrett, Tues.-Sat. from 8 to midnight. No cover, no minimum. 313 W. 46th St. (245-1707).

Michael's Pub—As always, Woody Allen and the New Orleans Funeral & Ragtime Orchestra on Mon. at 8:45 and 11. \$35 minimum. 211 E. 55th St. (758-2272).

Rainbow and Stars—In that *Ocean's Eleven* mood? Then better get yourself up to Rockefeller Center's dim little room in the sky, where Vic Damone's swinging in *le style classique*, baby. Through 4/27. \$40 cover. Tues.-Sat. at 8:30 and 11; dinner required at early shows. 30 Rockefeller Plaza, 65th floor (632-5000).

Sardi's—The Joe Traina Quintet recently celebrated the first anniversary of its successful Friday-evening engagement in the Club Room here, playing jazz, swing, and show tunes with various

guest vocalists at 10:30. This week, jazz vocalist Kendra Shank performs the songs of George Gershwin. No cover, no minimum. 234 W. 44th Street (221-8444).

Bars

Bar 5757—At the Four Seasons Hotel. This swank mausoleum has thirteen different martinis on its menu. Included among the various fruity mutations is the James Bond Original—yes, you guessed it: "shaken, not stirred." 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700).

Bar d'O—An elegant and secluded bar on a lost corner in Greenwich Village. Perfect for a rendezvous (whatever your preference). Be sure to catch Joey Arias's delinquent and daring drag show, every Tuesday night. 29 Bedford St., at Downing St. (627-1580).

Beauty Bar—Another concept bar from the people who bought you No Tell Motel and Babyland. "Beauty parlor"—which the space was quite recently—is the theme and trendy are the clientele, most preferring pierces and home dye jobs to the store-bought variety. (Don't ask for red wine, it's a henna.) 231 E. 14th St. (539-1389).

Beekman Bar and Books—A determinedly upscale lounge for men and the women who will marry them. The clientele is much younger than it pretends to be and is very serious about being civilized. Very serious. Very civilized. Expect cigar and whiskey know-it-alls; expect striped ties and strings of pearls; expect O.J. jokes and college fight songs. 889 First Ave., nr. 50th St. (980-9314).

b0b—A house party in some out-of-town aunt's living room. A tribute to the city's night-crawling diversity—fashion divettes, funksters, losers, and hippie girls. Fat-lady mud wrestling on the televisions above the exit and the bar keeps the traffic at these vital transaction points light. 235 Eldridge St., at Houston St.

Bowery Bar—Eric Goode's controversial wall boxes out the neighborhood and contains the giddy hipsters within a very cool lounge inspired by a fifties-era Miami Holiday Inn. So happy for a new place to have a genius time, the crowd doesn't seem to mind a bartender in whom a request for a neat bourbon inspires paroxysms of self-doubt. 358 Bowery, at 4th St. (475-2220).

Den of Thieves—Another thumping downtown concept bar. Comfortable banquettes and some down-on-your-luck linoleum deuces so the regulars can commiserate about how hard it is to be young and fabulous all the time. Gripping rhythm from the D.J. after 11. 145 E. Houston St. (477-5005).

J. I. Beckett's—With the exception of the occasional overenthusiastic undergrad, most of the folks at the bar look as though they deserve a drink. On Wednesday nights, this Naugahyde-and-pressboard dive hosts the James Begian Three, an earnest, low-key trio that lends plenty of atmosphere. Finally, a destination bar on the Upper West Side that's not a pathetically phony friends-in-low-places theme bar. Amsterdam Ave., at 90th St. (787-9628).

Joe's Bar—A truly lousy pool table and a men's room that begs to have its floors pished on don't detract from the good-time feeling powered by a jukebox that earned this place the moniker "Joe's Cowboy Bar." The urban-beat-cowboy thing among some of the regulars gets a little tired—but only sometimes. 520 E. 6th St. (473-9093).

Riverrun—A hybrid beer hall—subway tunnel whose most architecturally significant objects are the phone-booth-size pissiors. Have a beer with Danny, the best bartender in town. And have a boiled egg—they're free. While you're at it, drop a dime in the cheapest jukebox this side of 1940. 176 Franklin St., nr. Hudson St. (966-3894).

The Rainbow Promenade—Head bartender Dale Degroff has been creating cocktails and perfecting the classics for years, and nothing beats the view at sunset. The line starts on Thursday and lasts all weekend, so drop by early in the week. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5100).

in concert

Ensemble Modern... Sarah Chang... Michael Mao

Classical Music

Tuesday, April 16

New York Philharmonic—Performs works by Chausson, Ravel, and Prokofiev; Valery Gergiev, conductor. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$15-\$60.

Dresden Staatskapelle—Performs an all-Strauss program; Giuseppe Sinopoli, conductor. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$15-\$70.

Marc-Andre Hamelin, Pianist—Performs an all-Liszt program. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 8; \$12.

Wednesday, April 17

Opera Orchestra of New York—Performs Rossini's *Armida*. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$19-\$80.

Guarneri String Quartet—With pianist Alicia de Larrocha. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$30.

Thursday, April 18

Bargemusic—Music by Dvořák, Borodin, and Glazounov for string quintet. Fulton Ferry Landing, under the Brooklyn Bridge (718-624-4061), at 7:30; \$15-\$23.

New York Philharmonic—Performs with singers from the Kirov opera; Valery Gergiev, conductor. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$15-\$60.

Pinchas Zukerman, Violinist, and Marc Neikrug, Pianist—Perform an all-Beethoven program. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$12-\$50.

Cuarteto Latinoamericano—Performs works by Ibarra, Ginastera, and Villa-Lobos. Americas Society, 680 Park Ave., at 68th St. (935-6075), at 8; \$25.

Friday, April 19

New York Pops—Perform works by Sousa, Copland, and McDowell. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$14-\$65.

New York Philharmonic—See 4/18.

Saturday, April 20

Continuum—Performs works by Takemitsu, Mayazumi, and Abé. Miller Theater, Broadway and 116th St. (854-7799), at 8; \$10.

Ensemble Modern—Performs works by Varèse, Rihm, and Frank Zappa; John Adams, conductor. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$25.

Guarneri String Quartet—Performs works by Mozart and Harbison. Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum of Art (570-3949), at 8; \$25.

New York Chamber Symphony—An all-Mozart program; Joseph Silverstein, guest conductor. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 8; \$30.

New York Philharmonic—See 4/18.

Ground Rules:

This section emphasizes classical concerts, recitals, and public square/park performances (but only the premeditated ones), and includes the occasional jazz concert if it is held, say, outdoors or in a public space. For rock concerts and club information, see "Nightlife."

Zoom: Composers Close Up—The N.Y. premiere of Michael Torke's *Telephone Book*. Merkin Concert Hall, 129 W. 67th St. (362-8719), at 9; free.

Sunday, April 21

Anne Sofie von Otter, Mezzo-Soprano—Performs works by Grieg, Koch, and Stenhammar. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 2; \$35.

ST-X Ensemble Xenakis USA—Performs works by Iannis Xenakis; Charles Zachary Bornstein, conductor. 92nd St. Y, at Lexington Ave. (996-1100), at 2:30; \$20-\$25.

The Met Orchestra—With violinist Sarah Chang. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 3; \$15-\$75.

Maxim Vengerov, Violinist—Performs works by Mozart, Beethoven, and Prokofiev. Avery Fisher Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 3; \$15-\$35.

Bargemusic—See 4/18, at 4.

Justine Fang Chen, Violinist—Performs works by Brahms, Mozart, and Beethoven. Alice Tully Hall, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 8; \$15.

Monday, April 22

Bang on a Can All-Stars—Performances by Mikel Rouse, Mark Stewart, and Arnold Dreyblatt. Walter Reade Theater, Lincoln Center (721-6500), at 7:30; \$15.

Cincinnati Symphony Orchestra—Performs works by Weber and Shostakovich; Jesús López-Cobos, conductor. Carnegie Hall, 881 Seventh Ave., at 57th St. (247-7800), at 8; \$13-\$60.

Opera

Metropolitan Opera—Giordano's *Andrea Chénier*, 4/16 at 8, 4/19 at 8; Puccini's *La Bohème*, 4/17 at 8, 4/20 at 8; Gounod's *Roméo et Juliette*, 4/18 at 8; Wagner's *Die Walküre*, 4/20 at 12:30. Metropolitan Opera, Lincoln Center (362-6000); \$23-\$175.

New York City Opera—Meier's *The Dreyfus Affair*, 4/17 at 8; Gilbert & Sullivan's *The Mikado*, 4/18 at 8; Léhár's *The Merry Widow*, 4/19 at 8; Verdi's *Attila*, 4/20 at 1:30; Mozart's *The Magic Flute*, 4/20 at 8; Verdi's *Rigoletto*, 4/21 at 1:30. New York State Theater, 20 Lincoln Center (870-5570); \$17-\$78.

Amato Opera—Verdi's *Un Ballo in Maschera*, 4/20 at 7:30, 4/21 at 2:30. 319 Bowery (228-8200); \$18.

Dicapo Opera—Brecht and Weill's *Three-*

Onstage Dance Works

Ballet Builders, a two-week program by six emerging choreographers at Lincoln Center, demonstrates the breadth of dance styles within contemporary ballet. Participants in this sixth season include Tyler Walters, from the Joffrey; Frederick Earl Mosley, formerly with Alvin Ailey; and Bart Cook, previously with the New York City Ballet.

penny Opera, 4/18 and 4/19 at 8, 4/20 at 3. 184 E. 76th St. (288-9438); \$22.50.

Dance

Michael Mao Dance—Performs the world premiere of Mao's *Octet*, 4/18-4/21 at 8. *Sylvia* and *Danny Kaye Playhouse*, 68th St. bet. Park and Lexington Aves. (772-4448); \$20.

Ballet Builders—4/18-4/20 at 8, 4/21 at 3. Through 4/28. Clark Studio Theater, Rose Building, Lincoln Center (924-0077); \$18.

Roseanne Spradlin—Performs the premiere of *Last Day of Summer*, 4/18-4/21 at 8. *The Kitchen*, 512 W. 19th St. (307-7171); \$15.

Bebe Miller Company—Celebrating its tenth anniversary with the world premieres of *Yard Dance* and *Blessed*, 4/16-4/20 at 8, 4/21 at 2 and 7:30. Joyce Theater, 175 Eighth Ave., at 19th St. (242-0800); \$25.



restaurants

Green Parties... Organic Loft... It's a Wrap



Ask Gael Movie Mecca

I want a snack to sneak into a lunch-hour movie.

Grab a sandwich on Tuscan bread—zesty wood-roasted lamb, eggplant and ricotta, or grilled vegetables and aioli—or a cup of fabulous Moroccan soup or sensational sour pecan coffee cake from Honest Food, just steps from cinema multiplicity near Lincoln Center. Middle Eastern spices, scattered blasts of pepper, and tangy dressings make most everything in this stylish café taste as good as it looks. Too bad we almost missed the movie waiting for our calamari-and-octopus salad to unchill enough to taste. Delivery too. (100 West 67th Street.)

Manhattan

Lower New York

Alison on Dominick—An impeccably turned-out room with blue banquettes and tender lighting. Perfectionist owner Alison Becker Hurt makes sure that all is well. 38 Dominick St., nr. Hudson St. (727-1188). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

American Renaissance—The dining room of Eric Blaumberg's grand restaurant in the American Thread Building looks like the monastery of the order of Saint Liberace. Chef Blaumberg uses very of-the-moment infusions to create some of the freshest and most carefully prepared food in town. 260 W. Broadway, two blocks south of Canal St. (343-0049). (E) AE, MC, V.

Baluchi's—Indian fare served in a cozy, comfortable atmosphere in the center of SoHo. Have a seat on a patchwork chair amid fantastic imported treasures. 193 Spring St., bet. Thompson and Sullivan Sts. (226-2828). Also, 1565 Second Ave., nr. 81st St. (288-4810). (M) AE, MC, V.

Bo Ky—This very basic Chinatown spot has been dishing up delicious noodle soups to the neighborhood since before the Mees and Tang Tongs sprouted uptown. Expect to share a table. 80 Bayard St. (406-2292). (I) (\$).

Bouley—Born to French parents and raised on his

grandparents' farm in Connecticut, David Bouley knows the basics of classic French cooking, but he's given them his own signature style. Reserve weeks in advance, especially for Friday or Saturday night. There's a prix fixe at lunch and a six-course degustation at dinner. 165 Duane St., nr. Hudson St. (608-3852). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Chanterelle—Spare and elegant, virtually religious, this TriBeCa restaurant is a favorite among those who want a Big Deal. Chef David Waltuck runs a grand kitchen—seafood sausage, cold fruit soups, and anything he does with truffles in season. Wife Karen runs the front room with class and warmth. 2 Harrison St., at Hudson St. (966-6960). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

The Cub Room—Fighting back from the scorching bar scene his restaurant became last summer, chef-owner Henry Meer (from Lutèce)—doing penance for the butter and cream of the past—is dishing up contemporary American fare to an impossibly diverse crowd. Yes, that was Ethan Hawke. 131 Sullivan St., at Prince St. (677-4100). (M) AE only.

Diva—Another hip spot on the nexus of a hip neighborhood, with Italian specialties like homemade gnocchi and lobster-stuffed black ravioli. Iron candelabras and scarlet walls set the perfect sexy downtown mood. 341 W. Broadway, nr. Broome St. (941-9024). (M) AE, MC, V.

Gigino Trattoria—The rustic Italian fare in this barn-like TriBeCa trattoria ranges from brick-oven pizza and calzones to salmon with broccoli rabe. The casual atmosphere and fresh, inventive peasant food have already gained a loyal neighborhood following. 323 Greenwich St. (431-1112). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Hudson River Club—From this Frank Lloyd Wright-ish dining room in the World Financial Center, you can see the Statue of Liberty. But then, the Hudson River figures prominently so many ways here. Chef Walid Malouf uses farmers and their produce from along the Hudson River valley to reinvent traditional American fare. 4 World Financial Center (786-1500). (E) AE, DS, MC, V.

Kelley and Ping—The type of funky, lofty noodle house that could only exist—and thrive—in SoHo. 127 Greene St., nr. Prince St. (228-1212). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

L'Ecole—This modern French bistro is unique in that its chefs are students from the French Culinary Institute. Special three- and five-course menus are available, so come with either an empty stomach or a doggie bag. Private parties. Closed Sundays. 462 Broadway, at Grand St. (219-3300). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

Montrachet—Owner Drew Nieporent now has five places in New York, including Nobu, Layla, TriBeakery and Tribeca Grill, and another in San Francisco. But this is his baby—attractive, lively, and one of the first truly great restaurants in lower Manhattan. There's lunch on Fridays—try the Roquefort-and-pear salad—and dinner Monday through Saturday. 239 W. Broadway, nr. White St. (219-2777). (E) AE only.

Nick and Eddie—If every neighborhood had a corner comfort-food port like this one, most of us would never leave. So we travel to this muted room with the other strivers, hustlers, strictly business types, and family-night-outers who flock to feel like part of the woodwork. 203 Spring St., at Sullivan St. (219-9090). (M) AE, MC, V.

Nobu—The great Nobu Matsuhisa—actually, he's young, good-looking, and incredibly hip—has arrived in TriBeCa. And New Yorkers haven't tasted Japanese cooking like this—unless, of course, they've visited Matsuhisa's restaurant in L.A. 105 Hudson St. (219-0500). (E) AE, MC, V.

Odeon—Downtown has fallen in love all over again with this TriBeCa institution. The bar's out of Dashiell Hammett, and the dining room gets everyone from the banker, his wife, and their 2-year-old to movie stars, artists, and assorted big-deal celebrities. 145 W. Broadway, nr. Thomas St. (233-0507). (M) AE, MC, V.

Raoul's—The dull roar in this cavelike bistro—aging gracefully amid the high-strung Thoroughbreds of SoHo's restaurant racetrack—is a heartwarming sound. 180 Prince St., nr. Thompson St. (966-3518). (M) AE, MC, V.

SoHo Kitchen and Bar—Grape nuts celebrate the 96-spigot Cruvinet, ordering flights of Cabernets or seven Pinot Noirs to taste and compare, but SoHo neighbors love it, too—for all those beers on tap, for the thin-crust pizza, for a glance at the game on the TV overhead. 103 Greene Street., nr. Prince St. (925-1866). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Tennessee Mountain—An 1807 landmark farmhouse, this BBQ joint serves up chicken and ribs that you're not likely to forget. Bring those breath mints and Handi-Wipes for all-you-can-eat on Monday night. 143 Spring St. (431-3993). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Tribeca Grill—Though this spacious, brick-walled restaurant sometimes serves as canteen for the film execs (and movie stars) in offices upstairs, the creative American cuisine and lively bar scene make it a popular downtown destination. Known for its roasted meats and fish specials. 375 Greenwich St., at Franklin St. (941-3900). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Below 14th Street, East

Asti—This 70-year-old Village mainstay epitomizes the concept of the singing waiter. Professional opera singers perform arias and show tunes while waiters manage to carry a tune and serve orders of seafood fra diavolo, Maine lobsters, and Black Angus steak. 13 E. 12th St. (741-9105). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

Casanis—A shrine to French barroom bric-a-brac in the basement. A bistro that is as Paris was in the sixties. Yes, that was Jean-Paul Belmondo. 54 E. 1st St. (777-1589). (M) (\$).

Gotham Bar & Grill—Alfred Portale's kitchen, with its architectural ingenuity and whimsical creativity, serves as a finishing school for the city's all-star chefs before they launch their own careers. This awesome dining temple has long been a staple. 12 E. 12th St. (620-4020). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Miracle Grill—This is what Bobby Flay did before Mesa Grill, and some regulars still prefer the low-key, casual atmosphere and the lively garden out back. The grilled vegetable plate surpasses most. 112 First Ave., nr. 7th St. (254-2353). (I-M) AE, MC, V

Below 14th Street, West

Andalousia—This relatively undiscovered Village Moroccan rightly prides itself on its roster of tagines and couscous specials. B'stilla is a standout. 28 Cornelia St. (929-3693). (I) MC, V

El Charro Español—Heaps of thoughtfully prepared authentic Spanish cooking. Do yourself a favor and sample the hearty paella and the house sangria. A sleeper worth getting in on. 4 Charles St., nr. Seventh Ave. (242-9547). (M) AE, CB, MC, V

Le Zoo—The newest West Village scene, with lots of Left Bank ambience. The menu sticks to standards like poulet grand mère, saumon en croute, and cassiolette. 314 W. 11th St. (620-0393). (M) AE, MC, V

Rincon de España—Spanish restaurant offering excellent paella and seafood; very small and intimate. 226 Thompson St. (475-9891/260). (I) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Rose Cafe—This quiet and casual American bistro draws a diverse crowd. One of the only places where you can go and sit on Fifth Avenue and not break the bank. 24 Fifth Ave., at 9th St. (260-4118). (M) AE, DS, MC, V

Sevilla—Regulars flock to this popular old-world Village spot for its famed paella à la Valenciana and chicken Villarcy. Be prepared to overdose on garlic. 62 Charles St. (929-3189). (M) (\$).

Ye Waverly Inn—This shrine to Colonial times offers American standards like chicken potpie, baked peasant meatloaf, Indian pudding, and hot mulled wine. The room in the landmark building, dated to 1844, has three working fireplaces, and is decorated, in true Laura Ashley fashion, with lace curtains and floral wallpaper. 16 Bank St. (929-4377). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, East Side

An American Place—This venerable midtown spot is to New York as Chez Panisse is to Berkeley. With his eclectic American menu, Larry Forgione made the national cuisine interesting again. 2 Park Ave., at 32nd St. (684-2122). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Brew's—As casual and comfortable as a burger joint gets. This two-story landmark always pleases. Great beer selection, and the always hospitable longtime owners, the Brew family, make this an oasis in the desert above 14th Street. 156 E. 34th St. (889-3369). (I) AE, MC, TM, V

C.T./Claude Troisgros—Scion of the fabled Troisgros chef dynasty, Claude spins updated French with Latin and Asian touches he picked up during his travels. Big, bright, stylish room and original presentations make a meal here a unique dining ex-

perience. Jacket required. 111 E. 22nd St. (995-8500). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Campagna—The *Late Show With David Letterman* crowd is at one table, Time Warner honchos are at another, and isn't that...? Despite the frenzy of having become Media Central, this smart little trattoria serves some of the most satisfying Italian food in Manhattan. Chef Mark Straussman is to thank for dishes like rabbit in polenta, gnocchi with wild mushrooms and truffle oil, and grilled tuna with beets. 24 E. 21st St. (460-0900). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

The Cigar Room at Trumpets—This clubby hotel dining room features hearty American fare like steaks, chops, and seafood, should you feel like eating. The real specialty is the menu of 25 cigars from Nat Sherman and Davidoff of Geneva, any of which would be well-paired with a single-malt scotch. Jackets required. Grand Hyatt New York, Park Ave. at Grand Central Terminal (850-5999). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

El Parador Cafe—Very possibly the oldest Mexican restaurant in New York City, this comfortable, old-world establishment is known for its enormous selection of premium tequilas and traditional dishes like mole poblano, carnitas, and duck with cuipotle glaze. 325 E. 34th St. (679-6812). (M) MC, TM, V

Hudson Place—This Murray Hill newcomer serves a varied selection of Italian and American dishes, including angel's-hair pasta with Scottish smoked salmon, Black Angus steak, and rack of baby back ribs. Hudson River scenes enliven the wood-paneled décor. 538 Third Ave., at 36th St. (686-6660). (M) AE, MC, V

I Trulli—A Southern Italian restaurant that aims to prove that tomato sauce is not crucial for survival, i Trulli succeeds with tasty focaccia, homemade sausage, tripe, and venison. In warm weather, the garden is a perfect midtown escape. 122 E. 27th St. (481-7372). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Mesa Grill—Chef Bobby Flay believes in big flavors and big portions. He developed his own signature style, borrowing from the flavors and ingredients of the American Southwest. Loud, stylish, and loads of fun. Great quesadillas. 102 Fifth Ave., nr. 16th St. (807-7400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Patria—Zesty Latin American fare brought to you in a festive high-energy atmosphere. The three-story dining room suits the changing mood of diners: bright and airy by day (try the new Sunday brunch, with live Inca jazz) and warm and earthy by night. Chef Doug Rodriguez comes from Miami via a childhood in Brooklyn. Really. And Ariel Lacayo may be the coolest maître d' in town. Try the Mojito, Patria's signature drink made from sugarcane. 250 Park Ave. So., nr. 20th St. (777-6211). (M) AE, MC, V

Rossini's—Northern Italian fare served in a musical room: a strolling guitarist Mondays through Thursdays, live piano music on Fridays, and a live opera trio on Saturdays. 108 E. 38th St. (683-0135). (M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V

Union Square Cafe—The careful service, human-scale dining rooms, and peerless California café cuisine make this one of the best restaurants in the city. 21 E. 16th St. (243-4020). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

14th-42nd Streets, West Side

Bright Food Shop—A Chelsea luncheonette with an innovative, healthy Mexican menu with Asian influences. Excellent desserts and a great selection of Mexican fruit sodas. 216 Eighth Ave., at 21st St. (243-4433). (I-M) (\$).

Bryant Park Grill—This long-awaited restaurant on the edge of the city's prettiest pocket park has been mobbed from day one. Go at an off-hour for Caesar salad, New York steak, soft-shell crabs, and scallion pancakes. 40th St., between Fifth and Sixth Aves. (840-6500). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V

Cafe Americanstyle—An ideal rest stop for Lord & Taylor shoppers, whether they're simply grabbing a bite or resting their weary feet for hours. American fare in a simple setting. A welcome respite from the unruly retail throng. 424 Fifth Ave., nr. 39th St. (391-3344). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Cal's—A converted warehouse in the Flatiron district serving Continental Mediterranean fare in a relaxed, loft-like atmosphere. The bar menu's burger is one of the best. 55 W. 21st St. (929-0740). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Da Umberto—Low-key Chelsea façade belies the extraordinary Italian offerings inside. Getting a table is no small task, especially in the evening. This is a Euro-New York crossroads. A mad cacophony of laughter and chatter in Brooklynese and Roman. Don't dress down. 107 W. 17th St. (989-0303). (E) AE only

Luma—Luma used to be famous for its nutritional asceticism: no meat, no fat, no fun. Now the only restriction is the chef's efforts to use organic in-

Institution Shaving the Beard

What with escalating costs and Draconian budget cuts, not-for-profit foundations are becoming increasingly creative with fund-raising programs. And the junior committee, as spawned by upper-crusty arts organizations and blue-blood charities, has become a prevalent—and photogenic—breeding ground for future benefactors. Connoisseurship has always been a tenet of j.c.-dom, be it Impressionist painting or sterling flatware, and now, in a telling twist on popular notions of *objets d'art*, the James Beard Foundation has launched the Greens, its own gastronomic little league.



The landmark Beard House on West 12th Street has long hosted elaborate dinners prepared by guest chefs to subsidize its upkeep and fund scholarships. Mem-

bers are "mostly people who knew or had an interest in Beard," says publications director and Greens co-founder Mitchell Davis, "and he was no kid." To attract new blood—gourmands-in-training, so to speak—Davis and membership director Carrie Weiner decided to update the somewhat fusty image the house had garnered, adding au courant events like brewery tours and cigar dinners. The kickoff party at Spartina this month attracted 200 people, lured, in part, by food and drink donated by Perrier-Jouët, Ciao Bella, Jerry's, and Carillon, importer of Stolichnaya and Bombay Gin. And to encourage them to attend House events, a "kids' table" in the Greenhouse is reserved for the Greens, who range in age, with some exceptions, from 25 to 45. "We can't card people at the door," says Davis with unusual bluntness, "but we can design events that aren't attractive to older people." (Call 675-4984.)

ROBIN RAISFELD

gredients. Butter, beef, and crème brûlée abound. Enjoy. 200 Ninth Ave., at 22nd St. (633-8033). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

World Yacht—Take an out-of-town visitor to see the sights—all of them—over dinner. The luxury yacht boards at six, and sails from seven until ten. Pier 81, W. 41st St. and the Hudson River (630-8100). (E) AE, MC, V.

43rd–56th Streets, East Side

Black Finn Bar & Restaurant—A place boasting all the elements to satisfy overtaxed office workers: happy hour, TVs, a fireplace, and a friendly attitude toward cigar smoke. The Cajun menu offers spicy stuff like chicken-and-sausage jambalaya and blackened shrimp po'boys. 994 Second Ave., nr. 52nd St. (355-6993). (I) AE, MC, V.

Café Centro—A big, shiny brasserie-cum-café in the lobby of the MetLife Building; there's inventive cooking going on here, and the joint is as fun and good as non-expensive midtown gets. In the loud little Beer Bar, get one of the best hamburgers in town. Closed Sunday. 200 Park Ave., 45th St. at Vanderbilt Ave. (818-1222). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

The Four Seasons—Philip Johnson designed this cathedral of modernity. Picasso did the tapestry. And the place remains a classic 30 years later. The Grill Room is where the term *power lunch* got its start in the seventies. The pool room is where the rest of us go for achingly expensive fare like foie gras and figs and chocolate velvet. 99 E. 52nd St. (754-9494). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Fresco—It's a family affair: The Scottos, including broadcasting star Rosanna, have created a room where you'll find stars at your feet and hearty portions of modern Tuscan fare (rich homemade pasta, thin and crispy grilled pizza, chops and fish) on the table. 34 E. 52nd St. (935-3434). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Fresh Basil's Trattoria—This casual midtown Italian restaurant prides itself on its friendly service and contemporary atmosphere. Try the gnocchi Aurora, the seafood pescatore, or the grilled veal chop with portobello mushrooms. 663 Lexington Ave., nr. 55th St. (888-4292). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Giambelli 50th Ristorante—Elegant Northern Italian fare served in a warm and cozy atmosphere. 46 E. 50th St. (688-2760). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Jimmy Sung's—This elegant midtown restaurant serves classic Hunan cuisine and a sampling of dishes from other regions. Celebrate the Chinese New Year from February 16 through the 29 with a seven-course banquet dinner and live music. 219 E. 44th St. (682-5678). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, TM, V.

La Méditerranée—A cozy midtown bistro famous for its simple, well-priced peasant food. Try house specials like cold poached salmon, chilled stuffed baby lobster, and baby lamb chops. 947 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (755-4155). (M) AE, DC.

Lespinasse—Marie Antoinette, where are you? This ultra-formal dining room in the St. Regis Hotel—think Versailles and you get the rococo drift—is where you'll find Gray Kunz's inventive Franco-Oriental cooking. The \$46 prix fixe at lunch is a gentle introduction to exactly what wonders chef Kunz can perform. 2 E. 55th St., in the St. Regis Hotel (753-4500). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Lutèce—The name is still synonymous with dishes like Dover sole, cassoulet, and rack of lamb. After three decades of defining traditional French cuisine, master chef André Soltner ceded the reins to relative innovator Eberhard Müller. The kitchen still astonishes. 249 E. 50th St. (752-2225). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Montebello—Shifting gears between neighborhood dinners and business lunches, the room transports patrons from their bustling surroundings to Northern Italy. 120 E. 56th St. (753-1447). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Morton's of Chicago—This midwestern import has taken Manhattan by storm, winning converts with its tender double porterhouse and men's club charm. Hard to believe it's a chain. 551 Fifth Ave., at 45th St. (972-3315). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Ristorante De Grezia—A midtown spot, popular among the neighborhood's businessmen, serving gourmet Northern Italian cuisine. 231 E. 50th St. (750-5353). (E) AE, MC, V.

San Martin's—Continental cuisine with big, squishy booths. Eurocafé feel bolstered by a selection of foreign dailies on the tables out front. 143 E. 49th St. (832-0888). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Shinbashi—Authentic Japanese cuisine, including tempura, sukiyaki, teriyaki, and sushi, served in elegant surroundings. 280 Park Ave., at 48th St. (661-3915). Also, *Shinbashi-an*, 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Shinbashi-an—Sophisticated midtown spot for Japanese food, with specialties including tempura, sukiyaki, shabu shabu, and sushi in a sleekly modern setting. Closed Saturday. 141 E. 48th St. (752-0505). (M-E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Smith & Wollensky—Carnivores keep this popular steakhouse jumping. All wood and brass, it has the look of a private men's club, the noise of a locker room, and a serious wine cellar. Third Ave. at 49th St. (753-1530). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Tatou—Gilded-plaster satyrs, bubble-toting cherubs, jazz onstage, and American fare with Continental touches. The dinner crowd comes to rubberneck and dance. 151 E. 50th St. (753-1144). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Tropica—Always packed at lunch, but squeeze in at the bar and order the salmon and a glass of tropical iced tea. The dining room serves the most imaginative seafood in town, but be sure to go on a weekday—the restaurant, located in the lobby of the MetLife Building, is closed Saturday and Sunday. 200 Park Ave., nr. 45th St. (867-6767). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Vong—Wow! This is Thai to die for. Chef Jean-Georges Vongerichten's little Third Avenue-by-way-of-Bangkok palace was designed by architect David Rockwell, and it's a showy temple indeed—there's gold leaf on those walls. The menu's full of wonders, starting with the crab rolls and coconut-milk-and-galangal soup. 200 E. 54th St. (486-9592). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Zarela—A festive Mexican restaurant with a menu that lives up to its margarita-fueled bar scene, Zarela is known for its authentic regional cuisine. Try the red-snapper hash, chipotle-grilled salmon, tequila-braised chicken, and homemade tamales. 953 Second Ave., nr. 50th St. (644-6740). (M-E) AE, DC.

43rd–56th Streets, West Side

Adrienne—The Art Nouveau elegance and hush make this a perfect spot for an illicit tryst or a business lunch. A United Nations of flavors. 700 Fifth Ave., at 55th St., in the Peninsula. (247-2200). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

American Festival Cafe—Lunch inside this glamorized eatery with rotating American folk art. Skaters in winter and a garden in the summer and early fall make for fierce window-seat competition. Seven hours' free parking after 5:30 p.m. Rockefeller Plaza, 20 W. 50th St. (332-7620). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Bello—Locals flock here for generous portions of well-priced Northern Italian served in a casually elegant atmosphere. Free parking from four till closing. 863 Ninth Ave., at 56th St. (246-6773). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Café Un Deux Trois—Theater District landmark serving French bistro food like steak au poivre, steak tartare, and grilled salmon. 123 W. 44th St. (354-4148). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Century Cafe—Theater-district café popular among actors and fans alike, with a prix-fixe menu and American fare like filet mignon and grilled salmon. 132 W. 43rd St. (398-1988). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Ciao Europa—Midtown Italian in an elegant, castle-like setting, with ceiling-high murals painted in 1937. Regulars swear by the pasta and desserts. 63 W. 54th St. (247-1200). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Cité—An extravagant French steakhouse, marble and pewter with blazing chandeliers, and a more affordable grill next door. 120 W. 51st St. (956-7100). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Dish of Salt—Dependable Cantonese cuisine for the nine-to-fivers who gather at the bar under this vaulted ceiling after work. A piano player bangs out show tunes every night. 133 W. 47th St. (921-4242). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

"44"—Still the first stop for the officers of the Condé Nast empire. Deeply plush, windowless décor feels like the center of the Earth. Given the theatricality, surprisingly terrific food. 44 W. 44th St., in the Royallion (944-8844). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Frankie and Johnnie's Steakhouse—The oldest speakeasy in the city. In the same location in the theater district since 1926. Try the steaks and the chops. Yes, that was Tom Selleck. 269 W. 45th St. (997-9494). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Halcyon—Elegant setting and carefully presented food. Pretheater dinner is a bargain. 151 W. 54th St., in the Rihga Royal Hotel. (468-8888). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Julian's—This casual Mediterranean restaurant doesn't get as frenetic as its sister establishment next door, but it still qualifies as a fun place to dine in Hell's Kitchen. The menu offers grilled swordfish, sautéed chicken breasts with grapes and pine nuts, and a range of Sicilian and Southern Italian specialties. 802 Ninth Ave. (262-4288). (I-M) AE, DS, TM.

La Bonne Soupe—Checked tablecloths, steak frites, onion soup, and crème caramel to fall in love with. Twenty years ago, long before New Yorkers knew they loved casual French dining, this midtown mainstay set the pace. 48 W. 55th St. (586-7650). (I) AE, MC, V.

La Côte Basque—Jean-Jacques Rachou's transplanted shrine to French cooking has preserved the Basque murals and the coddled atmosphere of the original location one block east. Modernized, with a menu more "American with a French accent," and Richard Leach in charge of elaborate pastry design, the old-world institution has been successfully reborn. Open Sundays. 60 W. 55th St. (688-6525). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Reserve—Justifiably crowded during pre-curtain times; stop by during odd hours for sophisticated French offerings and environs. 4 W. 49th St. (247-2993/299). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

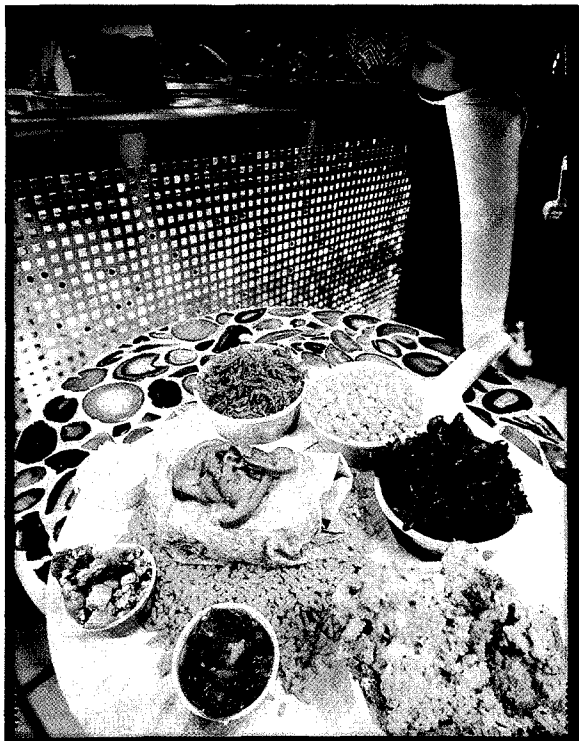
La Veranda—Northern Italian food. A popular spot in the theater district offering generous portions of fish, seafood, veal chops and pasta. 163 W. 47th St. (391-0905). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Langan's—American cuisine in a clublike setting. Food ranges from Black Angus steaks to crab cakes and seafood. A trendy, well-heeled crowd at the much-frequented bar mixes with theatergoers in



Tasting Fire and Ice

Acme Bar & Grill's vanity ale, brewed locally at Chelsea's Neptune Brewery, has the essential maltiness and hop bite needed to counteract the NoHo roadhouse's incendiary barbecue sauce. (9 Great Jones Street.)



Takeout Rolling in Dough

The craze for wraps—multiethnic burritos stuffed with everything from curried chicken to Peking duck—has attracted trend-spotters like Starbucks founder Howard Schultz, who has invested in a West Coast chain. The new Wrap Factory (62 University Place) brings the concept, as well as a slew of sorbet smoothies, east.

the dining room. 150 W. 47th St. (869-5482). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Lattanzi—Reliable Italian in a romantic garden. Go when there's no danger of a curtain rising or falling soon for special attention. 361 W. 46th St. (315-0980). (M) AE only.

Le Bernardin—French-born Eric Ripert carries forth the quest of his predecessor, the late Gilbert Le Coze, for the world's most spectacular seafood. His ambitious signature dishes—scallops and foie gras with truffles, Spanish-style mackerel in Jerez vinegar, saddle of monkfish—have already won a very loyal following. 155 W. 51st St. (489-1515). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Le Rivage—Pretheater bistro: reasonable prices, efficient service, and satisfying fare. 340 W. 46th St. (765-7374). (M) AE, MC, V

Les Pyrenées—French Provençal cuisine. Cassoulet from Toulouse recommended, as well as filet mignon and frogs' legs. A rustic atmosphere. A lot of theatergoers. 251 W. 51st St. (246-0044; 24). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Limoncello—Sophisticated Italian restaurant serving specialties like fennel salad with blood oranges and balsamic vinegar and mussel soup with garlic and chili peppers. Leave room for the tirami su. 777 Seventh Ave., nr. 50th St. (582-7932). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Martini's—Convenient for pre- and posttheater, with a buzzing year-round sidewalk café and chef Richard Krause's rustic homemade pastas, charcoal-grilled seafood, and wood-oven pizza. 810 Seventh Ave., at 53rd St. (767-1717). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Osteria del Circo—The restaurant of the moment, partly because of its excellent bloodlines (Sirio Maccioni's brood of charming sons runs the place) and partly because of its flavorful, home-style Italian menu. Be sure to try anything created by proud mother (and food consultant) Mrs. Mac-

cioni. 120 W. 55th St. (265-3636). (E) AE, MC, V

Patsy's—If it's good enough for Frank, it's good enough for you. Upscale Neapolitan eatery rooted in the glorious fifties. 236 W. 56th St. (247-3491). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

Pierre au Tunnel—French the way it used to be (the place is 41 years old), and thoroughly charming, reliable, and comforting. 250 W. 47th St. (575-1220). (M) AE, MC, V

Rainbow Room—"Where troubles melt like lemon drops," boasts this perch in the sky. The restaurant is 65 stories up and more than 60 years old, and its stellar views of New York give it reason to gloat. Romantic, with a solid Continental menu. Jacket and tie required. 30 Rockefeller Plaza (632-5000). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Remi—Even the blockbuster mural of Venice isn't enough to distract diners from elegant Italian cuisine, with roasted baby goat and unique pastas like ravioli with tuna and ginger. In warmer weather, dine (and smoke cigars) alfresco. 145 W. 53rd St. (581-4242). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Roadhouse America—On the spot of the late, lamented Lone Star Roadhouse, a new restaurant/music venue has emerged. Roadhouse serves regional American cuisine like jambalaya, Missouri chicken-fried steak, and Texas short-rib chili to the accompaniment of nightly live entertainment. 240 W. 52nd St. (489-2323). (I-M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Ruth's Chris Steakhouse—A steak cooked in butter is the centerpiece of this successful upscale chain's take-no-prisoners march east across the country. Steak served in a series of connected, muted, and wood-paneled dining rooms. 148 W. 51st St. (245-9600). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

The Sea Grill—Plush, cozy dining room open to garden tables in the summer and offers a view of the Rockefeller Center skating rink in winter. The serving team does cartwheels toting crab cakes with two sauces, mint-touched carpaccio of yellowfin-tuna mignon, and swordfish steak at premium prices. Rockefeller Plaza, 19 W. 49th St. (332-7610). (E) AE, DC, MC, V

Shaan—A comprehensive, if voluminous, menu. Northern Indian in a spacious floral dining room in Rockefeller Center. 57 W. 48th St. (977-8400). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Stage Delicatessen—A landmark deli that serves gigantic sandwiches, every one of which is worth returning for. 834 Seventh Ave., nr. 54th St. (245-7850). (I) AE, MC, V

'21' Club—The new, old, younger '21' has lost its hauteur at the door but not its toys in the artfully restored saloon. Club classics alongside contemporary whimsy at prices that stagger, but from 10:30, supper is a bargain. 21 W. 52nd St. (582-7200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

57th–60th Streets

Brooklyn Diner USA—"The Finer Diner" serves a gourmet reworking of the foods of everyone's favorite borough, from fragrant chicken soup with challah to a "fifteen-bite hot dog," with refreshments like Penfolds Cabernet and chocolate malts. 212 W. 57th St. (581-8900). (I-M) AE, DC, MC, V

California Pizza Kitchen—With its 27 varieties of wood-fired pizzas from the open kitchen, CPK has finally arrived in New York City. Of course, those varieties include Thai-chicken and BLT pizzas. There is also a kid's menu. All menu items are under \$10. 201 E. 60th St. (755-7773). (I) AE, DC, DS, MC, V

Contrapunto—Join the queue in this good-looking, second-story pastaria for slightly Americanized Italian classics. 200 E. 60th St. (751-8616). (M) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Dawat—You can't miss with tandoori—cooked before your eyes in the big ovens in the back—or with any of the more unusual regional specials. Actress and cookbook author Madhur Jaffrey is responsible for the very popular and wide-ranging menu. 210 E. 58th St. (355-7555). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Fifty Seven Fifty Seven—The country's entertainment-industry glitterati make themselves right at home at I. M. Pei's monumental dining room. Susan Weaver is one of the only working chefs to combine contemporary presentation and technique with classic Provençal on one plate. The weekend bar scene puts the concept-hotel bar scene to shame. 57 E. 57th St. (758-5700). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Les Célébrités—Plush and old-fashioned, this imposing dining room in the Essex House on Central Park South also happens to have a very fine kitchen. Dinner only. 160 Central Park So. (484-5113). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

The Manhattan Ocean Club—Savor your seafood in an elegant dining room decorated with Picasso ceramics and Brazilian-red-cherry floors. 57 W. 58th St. (371-7777). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V

March—This small townhouse feels homey and romantic. Try confit and grilled duck touched with sweet and savory chutneys or Atlantic salmon with Middle Eastern spices and aioli. 405 E. 58th St. (754-6272). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Mickey Mantle's—A sleek sports bar and restaurant with an art gallery, the requisite TV monitors, and a collection of vintage baseball jerseys. Features American cuisine like hickory-smoked baby back ribs, chicken-fried steak, and grilled swordfish. 42 Central Park So. (688-7777). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V

Motown Cafe—Motor City music, live and memorialized in showbiz displays, keeps the crowds lining up. So do the down-home midtown versions of barbecue, fried chicken, meatloaf, and crab cakes. 104 W. 57th St. (581-8030). (I) AE, MC, V

Pamir on 58th Street—Upscale Afghan food (that's delicate blends of saffron, cardamom, raisins, and pistachios) in—surprise!—a tentlike setting. 1065 First Ave., at 58th St. (644-9258). (M) AE, DC, MC, V

Petrossian—Fast food for the very rich in an Art Deco setting with carved frosted glass, mink-trimmed banquettes, and period bronzes—lean flappers with leaner wolfhounds. 182 W. 58th St. (245-2214). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Rosa Mexicano—Did someone say "fresh-pomegranate margarita"? Yes, someone did. What's more, this spot prepares your guacamole tableside (a south-of-the-border hibachi?). Some of the tastier gourmet Mexican in the city. 1063 First Ave., at 58th St. (753-7407). (M) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

San Domenico—Toques off to owner Tony May, who may have done more for the cause of serious Italian cooking in New York than any other single restaurateur. His dining room is formal, and the food is wonderful. 240 Central Park So. (265-5959). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V

Serendipity 3—A fun house for grown-ups and kids alike, with a foyer boutique and a wildly eclectic American menu featuring frozen hot chocolate, foot-long hot dogs, and fabulous dessert concoctions. 225 E. 60th St. (838-3531). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V

Above 60th Street, East Side

Arizona 206—Innovative southwestern, situated amid a cluster of movie theatres, and spitting distance from Bloomingdale's. Adobeli setting with fireplace and active sort-of-singles bar. Ideal spot for a drink or a feast. 206 E. 60th St. (838-0440). (M) AE, MC, TM, V

Baraonda—When the rest of the neighborhood is dark, this elegant Northern Italian hot spot is just starting to glow. The Rangers celebrated their Stanley Cup victory here, and yes, that was George Michael. 1439 Second Ave., at 75th St. (288-8555). (M) (\$).

The Boathouse Cafe—This is a glorious oasis in Central Park where you'll find an array of seasonal specialties like roast rack of lamb, farfalle with

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RESTAURANTS

spring vegetables, and crabmeat-and-grapefruit salad. *Central Park, nr. 72nd St. and Fifth Ave. (517-2233). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.*

Cafe Crocodile—A French Mediterranean bistro with dishes ranging from Provençal to Moroccan. An intimate, romantic restaurant in a townhouse crowded with flowers and oil paintings. Serious foodies from the neighborhood and the occasional gaggle of well-informed Euro-tourists. 354 E. 74th St. (249-6619). (M) AE, MC, V.

Cafe Nosidam—Italian-American fare, and a people-watchers' paradise. 768 Madison Ave., nr. 66th St. (717-5633). (M) AE, MC, V.

China Fun—Bustling noodle house, with authentic Chinese dim sum, seasonal specials, and weekend brunch. Perfectly situated for post-movie dining. 1239 Second Ave., at 65th St. (752-0810). (I) AE, MC, V.

El Pollo—This Peruvian chicken joint has stuck with its simple, minimal menu, to the benefit of this otherwise barren neighborhood. Potatoes come four ways, but you can't miss with the incredible curly fries. 1746 First Ave., nr. 90th St. (996-7810). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Elaine's—Primarily a clubhouse for the city's notables and wannabes. A table here is considered a badge of honor by some. While discussing the issues of the day, try American fare for very busy people. 1703 Second Ave., bet. 88th and 89th Sts. (534-8103). (M) AE, DS, MC, V.

Hi-Life Restaurant & Lounge—A seamless fusion of a steakhouse and an ocean-liner lounge. The dining room's landscape is speckled with round booths so big and luxurious that they seem structural. This place has two gears: As the evening wears on, the young-moms-with-strollers eatery gives way to an East Side hot spot complete with a sushi bar. 1340 First Ave., at 72nd St. (249-3600). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

Isle of Capri—Three steps away from the hustle and bustle of Bloomingdale's, here's a cozy Italian spot that's been around for 40 years, serving specialties like pappardelle con porcini and trippa alla Calabrese. 1028 Third Ave., at 61st St. (223-9430). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

JoJo—The grilled chicken with chickpea frites is a great dish. But then, Jean-Georges Vongerichten doesn't make many mistakes in this elegant, jewel-like dining room situated on two floors of an East Sixties townhouse. Lunch upstairs, overlooking the street, is especially lovely. 160 E. 64th St. (223-5656). (E) AE, MC, V.

La Granita—A casually elegant two-story trattoria, serving charcoal-grilled fish, meat, and poultry, and thin-crust pizza from a wood-burning oven. Two fireplaces, and a smoking room for lighting up of a more personal nature. 1470 Second Ave., at 77th St. (717-5500). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Le Cirque—In the heady eighties, haute fashion, finance, and cuisine collided here. Owner Sirio Maccioni still orchestrates a lively scene, and Sylvain Portay still believes in the magic of foie gras and crème brûlée. 58 E. 65th St. (794-9292). (E) AE, CB, DC.

Letizia—Upper East Side neighborhood Italian that treats everyone like a local. Try unusual pasta dishes like the half-moon ravioli filled with shrimp and broccoli rabe. 1352 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (517-2244). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Lex—A spot for ladies who lunch, in exactly the right neighborhood. Lots of comfy food like

Ground Rules:

Here lie a few hundred of the city's more noteworthy restaurants, some *New York* advertisers among them. The price guide, admittedly imperfect, is as follows: (E) = expensive, \$35 and over per place; (M) = moderate, \$15-\$30 per place; (I) = inexpensive, \$15 and under per place.

Following each listing there is also a code indicating acceptable methods of payment: (\$) = cash only, AE = American Express, CB = Carte Blanche, DC = Diners Club, DS = Discover, M = MasterCard, TM = Transmedia, V = Visa. "AE only" indicates that American Express is the only accepted charge/credit card.

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club sandwiches, pot pies, beef stew, and brownies. 133 E. 65th St. (744-2533). (E) AE, MC, V.

Marti Turkish Restaurant—Kebabs 'R' Us, and the stuffed cabbage is good, too. A dining room that seats 200 people, complete with live music and wandering belly dancers. There is also a "special party room." 1269 First Ave., nr. 68th St. (737-5922). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Nino's—Elegant Italian with a romantic mural garden and nightly live entertainment. Try the grilled dishes—tuna on a bed of balsamic onions, double-cut veal chop—or the lobster fra diavolo. 1354 First Ave., nr. 72nd St. (988-0002). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Park Avenue Cafe—A polished, countrified American cafe for business lunches and off-duty get-to-know-yous in the evening. Chef David Burke makes the tired catchall "American fare" sing, and keeps the *haute* neighbors rapt with signature dishes like rack of lamb and his swordfish chop. 100 E. 63rd St. (644-1900). (E) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

Post House—Clubby and comfortable, this handsome dining room specializes in good quality and big portions. The peppery Cajun-style steak is a favorite, especially with a side order of French fries or onion rings. There are dishes with decidedly less cholesterol—poached salmon, say, or lemon chicken—but this isn't a place to watch your waistline. Seriously. 28 E. 63rd St., in the Lowell Hotel (935-2888). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Toraya—A Japanese teahouse offering an enticing assortment of confections, green teas, and desserts. 17 E. 71st St. (861-1700). (I) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Above 60th Street, West Side

Cafe des Artistes—A smartly run, wonderfully romantic bistro with frolicking nudes on the walls. Open and serving all the time. Stop in before or after a jaunt to Lincoln Center. 1 W. 67th St. (877-3500). (M-E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

China Fun—Oodles of noodles, every which way, plus dim sum and Cantonese barbecue dishes. Try the Shanghai weekend brunch. 246 Columbus Ave., nr. 71st St. (580-1516). (I) AE, MC, V.

Gabriela's—Real Mexican, promise. Don't come here for bulging burritos, but for fragrant chicken soup, steamed tamales that taste like corn, and tender pork marinated in Seville orange juice and spices. Try the *licuados*, fruit shakes, and the *aguas frescas*, fresh-fruit drinks, to cool off. 685 Amsterdam Ave., at 93rd St. (961-0574). (I-M) AE, MC, V.

Hi-Life Bar & Grill—Big-city brasserie with retro feel. During the week, the mahogany French doors, an overstuffed banquet, and the oversize goldfish tanks provide a cozy refuge for the neighborhood. Fine food that ranges from steamed dumplings to strawberry sundaes. After dinner every weekend, a DJ. tilts the place toward a party. 477 Amsterdam Ave., at 83rd St. (787-7199). (M) AE, DC, MC, V.

La Caridad—Chino-Latino soul food in a neighborhood notoriously devoid of restaurant personality. Mammoth portions, enormous lines. 2199 Broadway, at 78th St. (874-2780). (I) \$.

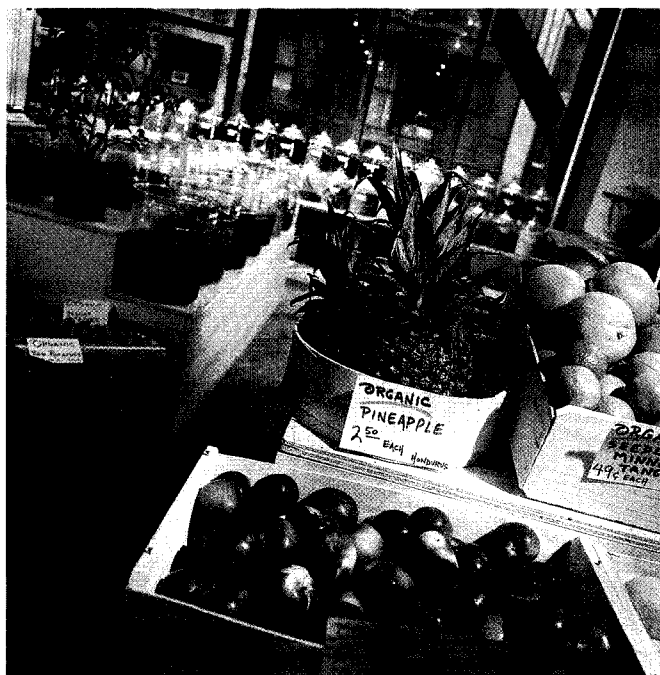
Londel's—Food cooked soulfully on a blooming strip off Strivers Row. Live music most nights and velvet rope at the front door create an ambience not often associated with home cooking. Try the smothered pork chops, but be forewarned: Everything's cooked to order—slow-cooked to order. 2620 Frederick Douglass Blvd., at 140th St. (234-6114). (I-M) CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

M&G Diner—Dropping-off-the-bone short-rib sandwiches at the counter and low-key comfort. Jukebox is worth scanning. 383 W. 125th St. (864-7326). (I) \$.

Main Street—This lofty dining room with a skylit atrium and general-store décor is a great place for large parties (or hungry couples) dining family-style on enormous platters of meat loaf, terrines of macaroni and cheese, and trays of filet mignon au poivre. Bring an appetite. 446 Columbus Ave., nr. 81st St. (873-5025). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, TM, V.

Picholine—Chef Terrance Brennan's French-Mediterranean cuisine is as beautiful to look at as it is delicious to eat. Try the risotto, smoky with tender duck and wild mushrooms, and velvety foie gras with peach coulis, and save room for a glass of port to accompany the amazingly rich and well-chosen cheese course. 35 W. 64th St. (724-8585). (E) AE, DC, MC, V.

Sarabeth's—This New York institution is a homey place for upscale down-home food like chicken potpie and pancakes. It also offers a children's menu and a mouth-watering bakery counter, with homemade, award-winning jams and preserves. 423 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (496-6280). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.



Shopping Cargo Cult

David Bouley's already staked out the inventory at SoHo Provisions, an upstart David to Dean & DeLuca's Goliath up the block. The new international food store carries affordable organics, bulk grains, and hard-to-find imports like Persian dried lemons and Bhutanese red rice. (518 Broadway, near Spring Street.)

Tavern on the Green—A must for your country cousin. This mazelike collection of dining rooms, each with a view of the park better than the previous one's, is worth cutting the hansom-cab ride short for. Central Park at 67th St. (873-3200). (E) AE, CB, DC, DS, MC, V.

Brooklyn

Cucina—A labor of love. Northern Italian in an elegant and very well appointed room. Sensational antipasti. 256 Fifth Ave., nr. Garfield Pl. (718-230-0711). (M) \$.

Gargiulo's—On its own block, with a fortress to fend off the encroaching pathos of Coney Island. Great food and service passed down through the family. The 100-foot Styrofoam octopus is gone, a casualty of the recent renovation.

When pressed, Louis Russo will tell you he cooked it. 2911 W. 15th St., nr. Surf Ave. (718-266-4891). (I) AE, DC, MC, V.

Lundy Bros.—A restored Brooklyn landmark serving a wide-ranging menu of fish, pasta, chicken, and steak but specializing in fresh seafood. Don't miss the raw bar or the reconstructed shore diner. 1901 Emmons Ave. (718-743-0022). (M) AE, MC, TM, V.

Peter Luger's—Steak for one, steak for two, steak for four, and creamed spinach. Apply for your own house credit card, or bring cash. 178 Broadway, at Bedford Ave. (718-387-7400). (E) \$.

The River Cafe—It's always worth crossing the bridge to sit waterside, enchanted by the skyline and a celebration of contemporary American cooking that predates the throng. Outdoor seating in season. 1 Water St. (718-522-5200). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, V.

Two Tom's—Firehouse-kitchen ambience and a waiter who tells you what you want to eat. The double-rib pork chops are peerless, and the escarole is great, too, but refuse the mercilessly overcooked pasta when it's offered. Eat early during the week and call ahead on weekends. Regular private parties make getting a table frustrating, but it's always worth the trouble. 255 Third Ave., nr. Union St. (718-875-8689). (I) \$.

Queens

Elias Corner—Mix with the locals in Astoria as they queue up for a table at this Greek fish tavern. Don't wait for a menu; it won't come. Instead, eyeball the counter as you enter. If the offerings look like today's catch, they are. The owner fetches the fish each morning. Opt for the deep-fried, pinky-size bait fish over the squid. 24-01 31st St., at Astoria Blvd. (718-932-1510). (M) \$.

Ralph's Italian Restaurant—Solid, hearty Italian food in a conventional restaurant setting. Dine under the chandeliers and try the osso buco, one of Ralph's specialties. 75-61 31st Ave., Jackson Heights (718-899-2555). (I) AE, DC, TM, V.

Stick to Your Ribs—Deservedly heralded as New York's best barbecue, this cozy Queens joint draws fans from much further than across the East River. The barbecued Texas beef is sublime. 5-16 51st Ave., Long Island City (718-937-3030). Also, 433 Amsterdam Ave., nr. 80th St. (501-7897). (I) \$.

Water's Edge—East River views floor-to-ceiling windows; every table has a view of Manhattan. Quiet and elegant. 44th Dr. at the East River (718-482-0033). (E) AE, CB, DC, MC, TM, V.

Bronx

Cafe Sevilla—A cozy Spanish restaurant that people travel to from as far away as Yonkers. Try the chicken and rice and the seafood gumbo accompanied by sweet and garlicky plantains. 1209 White Plains Rd., nr. Westchester Ave. (718-792-3367). (M) AE, MC, V.

Harry's Jerk Center and Restaurant—An authentic island experience; not that polished resort ambience, the dirt-road-in-the-hills thing. 296 E. Gun Hill Rd., at Burke and Wilson Aves. (718-798-4966). (I) \$.

Staten Island

Aesop's Tables—Arrive by ferry or bridge to this charming bistro and garden that serves inventive, bold Mediterranean fare with an emphasis on handpicked fresh seafood. 1233 Bay St., Rosebank (718-720-2005). (M) AE, DC, DS, MC, V.

the mix

Antiquarian Book Fair... Jackie O. Superstar

Radio Highlights

Symphony Hall—4/16: Glanville-Hicks's *Etruscan Concerto* and Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 1 in c, Opus 11. 4/17: Heinrich's Concerto in F, S 231, and R. Strauss's *Don Quixote*, Opus 35. 4/18: Suppe's *Faust* Overture and Tchaikovsky's Symphony No. 4 in f, Opus 36. 4/19 Mendelssohn's *Calm Sea and Prosperous Voyage*, Opus 27, and Mozart's Piano Concerto No. 22 in E flat, K482. 4/22: Vivaldi's Violin and Oboe Concerto in B flat, RV 548, and Delius's Violin Concerto. 4/23: Prokofiev's Violin Concerto No. 1 in D, Opus 19, and *Cinderella*: Suite No. 1, Opus 107. 4/24: Galuppi's Flute Concerto in D and Bizet's Symphony in C. Weeknights at 8. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Texaco-Metropolitan Opera—4/20 at noon: Wagner's *Die Walküre*. With Gabriele Schnaut, Deborah Voigt, Hanna Schwarz, Plácido Domingo, Robert Hale, and John Macurdy. WQXR, 96.3 FM.

Sunday Night Opera House—4/21 at 8: Rubinstein's *The Demon*. With Anatoly Lochak, Alison Browner, Marina Mescheriakova, Leonid Zimnenko, Valery Serkin, and the Wexford Festival Opera Chorus. Alexander Anissimov conducts. WQXR, 96.3.

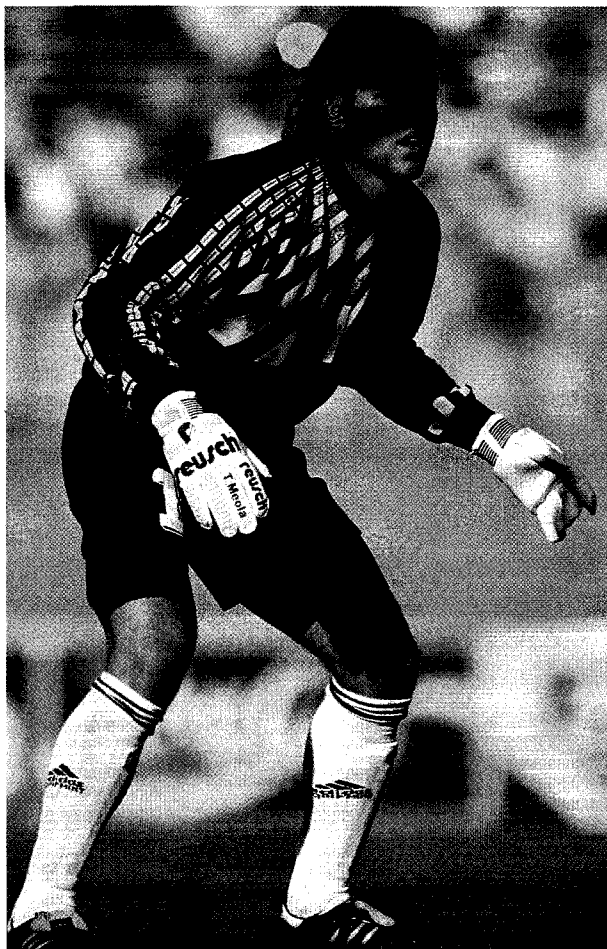
Live From the Upper West Side—4/21 at 11 A.M.: Mike Feder interviews author Samuel Delany on *Dhalgren*. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

Casper Citron—4/20 at 10 P.M.: Catherine Deneuve discusses her film *My Favorite Season*; Andres Oppenheimer, author of *Bordering On Chaos* and prize-winning journalist, talks about the turmoil that exists in Mexico today; author Vassilis Vassilikos talks about his new book *... And Dreams Are Dreams*; actress Amanda Plummer talks about her new movie *Butterfly Kiss*. WOR, 710 AM.

In the Studio—4/22 at 10 P.M.: Rosanne Cash. WFUV, 90.7 FM.

The Merchant of Venice—4/22 at 10 P.M.: Quicksilver Radio Theater presents this play in the year of its 400th anniversary on the day of Shakespeare's birth. WBAI, 99.5 FM.

New York and Company—4/16: Noa Ben Artzi Pelososs discusses his book *In the Name of Sorrow and Hope*; J. S. Marcus on his novel *The Captain's Fire*; the cappella group Pieces of Eight. 4/17: Etymologist Richard Lederer offers his advice on how to speak proper English; Vassilis Vassilikos talks about his novel *... And Dreams Are Dreams*. 4/18: Catherine Deneuve on her role in *My Favorite Season*; A. M. Homes on her novel *The End of Alice*. 4/19: David Quammen on his book *The Song of the Dodo*. 4/20: Jim Wright on presidents and members of Congress from the McCarthy era to the Gingrich moment; Stewart O'nan on his novel *The Names of the Dead*. 4/23: James Houston on *Confessions of an Igloo Dweller*; Warren Rudman on twelve years in the U. S. Senate; Petru Popescu on *Almost Adam*, a novel. 4/24: Melissa Fay Greene on *The Temple*



Preview Kick Start

Goalkeeper Tony Meola (above) and the MetroStars—New York's (and New Jersey's) first pro-soccer franchise of note since the late, lamented Cosmos—open at home against the New England Revolution Saturday, April 20, at 7:30 at Giants Stadium. (See listing.)

Bombing; Louise Erdrich on her new novel *Tales of Burning Love*; Marion Winik on her memoir *First Comes Love*. 4/25: Larry Sabato and Glenn Simpson on corruption in American politics; David Kirp on his book about race, housing, and suburbia; John Medina on his book about aging. Leonard Lopate is the host. Weekdays at noon on WNYC, 820 AM.

The Written Word

Seamus Heaney and Paul Muldoon—4/15 at 7:30: This year's Nobel Prize-winning poet, Seamus Heaney,

the author of ten collections of poetry and several collections of essays, will be joined by his friend Paul Muldoon, himself the author of six collections of poetry, for a reading of their work. Manhattan Theatre Club, City Center, 131 W. 55th St. (645-5848); \$10.

Mark Doty—4/15 at 7: Reading from his new memoir, *Heaven's Coast*. A Different Light, 151 W. 19th St. (989-4850); free.

James Merrill: A Memorial Reading and Tribute—4/15 at 8: John Malcolm Brinnin, Rachael Hadas, Anthony Hecht, John Hollander, Alison Lurie, J. D. McClatchy, Richard Wilbur, and others honor Merrill with readings and commentaries. Untenberberg Poetry Center/92nd Street Y, 1395 Lexington Ave. (415-5760); \$8.

Ben Neihart—4/16 at 7:30: Reading from *Hey, Joe* at Barnes & Noble, 4 Astor Pl.; free.

Saul Bellow—4/16 at 7: Queens College Library, 2nd fl., Flushing (718-997-4646); \$4/free with student I.D.

A. M. Homes—4/18 at 7:30: Reading from her new books *The End of Alice* and *Appendix A*. Barnes & Noble/ Union Square, 33 E. 17th St.; free.

2001: End of the World Poetry Party—4/21 at 3 P.M.: Open mike. Poetry and art performances. Costumes. Bring 105 copies of a poem for *Danse Macabre* 'zine. Main Stage, Knitting Factory, 74 Leonard St. (bet. Broadway and Chambers); \$5.

Tom Sleight, M. Wyrebeck, Eleanor Wilner, Lloyd Schwartz—4/21 at 3: Reading at the Civic Center Synagogue, 49 White St. (bet. Church and Broadway, three blocks below Canal St.); \$7 suggested contribution.

John Lancaster—4/23 at 7:30: Reading from *The Debt to Pleasure*. Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800); free.

Extraordinary Liberty: A Celebration of Frank O'Hara—4/24 at 7:30: Featuring readings and recollections of O'Hara by Jane Freilicher, Kenneth Koch, Ron Padgett, Larry Rivers, David Shapiro, and more. Books & Co., 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St. (737-1450); free.

A. B. Yehoshua—4/24 at 7:30: Reading from *Open Heart*. Shakespeare & Co., 2259 Broadway, at 81st St. (580-7800); free.

Readings by the Writer's Studio—4/26 at 8: Ilise Benun, Joi Brozek, O. B. Crowder, Martin Walker, Cynthia Weiner, and Jody Winer. Eureka Joe, 168 Fifth Ave., at 22nd St. (741-7500); \$3.

Lectures and Panels

Technology in the 1990s: The Human/Machine Interface—Mondays at 6:30 P.M. 4/8, 4/15, 5/13, and 5/20: Part of the Video Viewpoints Series at MOMA, this series of symposia showcases several pioneering digital artists who are succeeding in various areas of new media. Speakers include Jane Veeder, Julia Scher, Benjamin Weil, Jim Campbell, and Simon Penny. Museum of Modern Art, 11 W. 53rd St. (708-9400).

Noa Ben Artzi Pelosoff—4/15 at 7:30: The granddaugh-

Objects of Desire Jackie Under Our Skin

At her death, she was Patrick Henry in jodhpurs: "That is a patriot passing by," Peggy Noonan, in *Time*, hoped parents would tell their children at Jackie Onassis's funeral. One year later, in *The Encyclopedia of New York City*, she was identified as "Editor," as if indistinguishable from Maxwell Perkins. Now, as Sotheby's prepares to sell thousands of her belongings, she is a "pack rat" (*People*). She is even, *The New Yorker's* Calvin Tomkins assures us, someone for whom spending (not to mention marrying) big money "would have been considered a touch vulgar"; it's a dead-on description not of Mrs. Onassis, whose staging of Camelot inspired Nancy Reagan's household expenses, but of Mrs. Bush. The increasingly unspoken heart of the matter—that Jackie was a mere superstar and we are mere groupies—is buried in Lot 858 of the auction. Classified as "Periodicals," it's a stash of several hundred magazines, "mostly American, containing articles and/or photographs of Mrs. Kennedy and members of her family, ca. 1960s–1980s. Included are issues of *Life*, *Time*, *People*, *Cosmopolitan*, *McCall's*, *Modern Screen*, *Ladies' Home Journal*, *Newsweek*, etc." The truth about Jackie is attainable, per Sotheby's estimate, for \$100 to \$200. (April 23–26. See "Art" listings.) **LINDA HALL**



ter of Israel's slain prime minister, Yitzhak Rabin, will make her first United States appearance in conjunction with the publication of her book *In the Name of Sorrow and Hope*. She will talk about her life, her family, her grandfather, and growing up in Israel today. No reservations are needed; seating will be on a first-come, first-seated basis. Leon Lowenstein Auditorium, Temple Emanu-El, 10 E. 66th St.; free.

Reaching Out—4/16 at 6: Grace Paley presents this lecture in connection with NYPL's newest exhibit, "The Global Library." Celeste Bartos Forum, Public Education Program/NYPL, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (930-0571); \$7.

Eleanor Roosevelt and Human Rights—4/16 at 3:30: Speaker: Dr. Blanche Wiesen Cook. Pace Downtown Theater, Spruce St. entrance. Located opposite City Hall bet. Park Row and Gold St. (346-1642); free.

Pico Iyer: The Lure of the Ambiguous—4/17 at 6: Lecturing on Havana, Pyongyang, and places in between. In connection with NYPL's newest exhibit, "The Global Library." Celeste Bartos Forum, Public Education Program/NYPL, Fifth Ave. and 42nd St. (930-0571); \$7.

Currier and Ives—4/20 at 2: Kevin O'Rourke, author of *Currier & Ives: The Irish and America*, presents a lecture-slide on a previously little known group of colorful Currier and Ives prints covering Irish-American history and heroes and Irish life in Ireland and America. Museum of the City of New York, 1220 Fifth Ave., at 103rd St. (534-1672); \$15, \$12 members, students, and seniors.

Jeffrey Wigand—4/22 at 7: Before his lecture, Dr. Wigand, a former vice-president of research and development at Brown & Williamson Tobacco Corporation, will be presented with the Ethical Humanist Award for his courageous stance in revealing tobacco-company research and policies detrimental to the public good. New York Society for Ethical Culture, 2 W. 64th St. (874-5210); free.

Tours

The New Hudson River—4/19 at 12:30: A bus and walking tour focusing on the revitalization of the West Side waterfront. Stops include the TriBeCa Piers and the new Chelsea Waterside Park. Municipal Art Society tour leader: Arne Abramowitz, vice-president for public affairs, Hudson River Park Conservancy. Meet at the Urban Center, 257 Madison Ave., bet. 50th and 51st Sts. Reservations required (935-3960); \$12, \$10 for M.A.S. members.

Literary Greenwich Village—4/20 at 1:30: Visit the building that was home to *The Nation*, and see where Theodore Dreiser lived on St. Luke's Place. Also visit Patchin Place, the home of e.e. cummings and Djuna Barnes. The tour will conclude at Washington Square, made famous by Henry James, Edward Hopper, Stephen Crane, Eugene O'Neill, and Eleanor Roosevelt. Meet at the Washington Square Hotel at 103 Waverly Pl. (254-1200); \$20 (includes tea at C3 restaurant following the tour).

Events

Antiquarian Book Fair—4/19 through 4/21: One hundred and forty international booksellers exhibit rare books, autographs, fine bindings, manuscripts, modern firsts, ephemera, maps, graphics, first editions, illustrated and art books, *lives d'artiste*, children's books, and more. Fri. 11–9, Sat. 11–7, and Sun. 11–5. Seventh Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 67th St. (777-5218); admission is \$10 for one day or \$20 for three.

Gardening-for-Beginners Weekend—4/20 and 4/21: A special two-day program for those who want to garden but do not know where to begin, or for those who feel they need a refresher on the basics. Students will work with the New York Botanical Garden's horticultural staff for expert instruction. Subjects covered are: soil skills; terrific trees and shrubs; planting, transplanting, and pruning; vegetable gardening for maximum results; as well as annuals and perennials. The New York Botanical Garden in the Bronx. Call the Continuing Education Department at (718) 817-8747 to register. Sat. 9 A.M. to 4:45 P.M. and Sun. 10 A.M. to 5:15 P.M.; \$218 nonmembers, \$196 members.

Lesbian and Gay Jews—4/21 at noon: Stephen Wise Free synagogue will host a daylong conference to celebrate the achievements that lesbian and gay Jews have made in the Jewish community over the past ten years. The conference will also consider goals unmet or newly realized. The keynote address will be given by Rabbi Margaret Moers Wenig, and the subject of her speech will be "The Jewish Community's Stake in the Legalization of Lesbian and Gay Marriages." Stephen Wise Free Synagogue, 30 W. 68th St. (877-4050); \$10 (\$5 for seniors).

Benefits

Sports Ball '96—Bob Costas and Robin Roberts will co-host the Arthur Ashe Institute for Urban Health's black-tie event at the Regiment Armory on Lexington Ave. at 26th St. on April 18 at 6 P.M. The ball was created to increase visibility for the institute and to raise money to sustain and expand its community-based programs that aim to improve the health and well-being of poor people living in American cities. Grant Hill, Nancy Leiberman-Cline, Mark Bricklin, and Dr. Luther T. Clark will be honored for

outstanding contributions to the worlds of sports, health, and humanity, respectively. Black tie. Tickets are \$100, \$250, and \$500. Call 285-0020.

Sports

Goal!!!!!!—The sports passion that drives millions across the globe absolutely batty is scheduled to take possession of Giants Stadium Sat., 4/20, when the MetroStars soccer team hold their home opener against the New England Revolution. Despite a league-imposed, NBA-emulating salary cap of \$1.2 million, the MetroStars have put together an impressive team, one that includes American stars Tony Meola and Tab Ramos, as well as Italian giant Roberto Donadoni, arguably the league's best player. Soccer is a sport that's as much about what doesn't happen as what does; and what doesn't happen—the passes that aren't made and yes, the goals that aren't scored—is much better seen from the stands than on TV. Saturday's game against New England, led by red-haired sometime grunge-rocker Alexi Lalas, promises to be a good indication of the kind of thrills Major League Soccer can provide. At 7:30 P.M. For ticket information, call 307-7171.

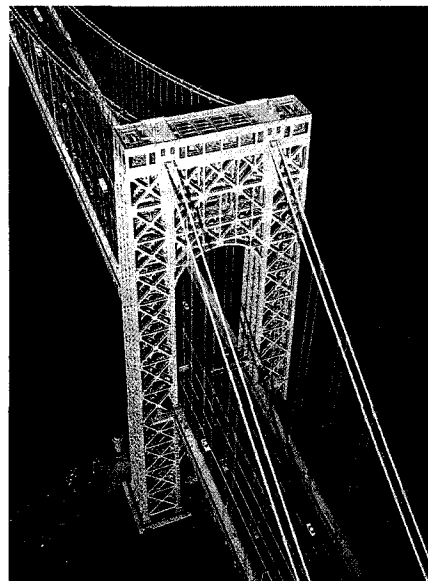
The End Is Nigh—Knicks vs. Toronto Mon., 4/15, at 7:30. Vs. Charlotte Fri., 4/19, at 8. At Boston Sun., 4/21, at 1. Nets at Miami Mon., 4/15, at 7:30. Vs. Toronto Wed., 4/17, at 7:30. Vs. Boston Fri., 4/19, at 7:30. At Atlanta Sat., 4/20, at 7:30.

Neither Rain nor Snow nor Plagues of Locusts Will Keep Them From Their Appointed Rounds—Yankees at Milwaukee 4/16–4/17, Tues. at 7, Wed. at 1. At Minnesota 4/19–4/21, Fri. and Sat. at 8, Sun. 2. Mets vs. Houston 4/16–4/17, Tues. at 7:30, Wed. at 1:30. Vs. Colorado 4/19–4/21, Fri. at 7:30, Sat. and Sun. at 1:30.

Project ACES 1996—At 10 A.M. EST Wed., 5/1, millions of schoolkids in some 50 countries all over the world will promote physical fitness in our youth by taking part in Project ACES (All Children Exercise Simultaneously) 1996. Contact project coordinator Len Saunders, Valley View School, Montville, N.J. (201-696-2668) for more info.

Last Shot Spanning a Career

One more week to catch the coolly authoritative "Six Bridges: The Making of the New York Megalopolis," Cooper-Hewitt's tribute to the work of Othmar H. Ammann, that quiet Swiss engineer who just may have been the greatest master builder since Ramses II. (At the PaineWebber gallery through April 19. Call 713-2885.)



Solutions to last week's puzzles



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Chris Norris *continued from page 60*

Voice of the Black Underclass in "Honky's Ladder" is outdone only by the brashness he shows in attempting an Al Green falsetto. And though his working knowledge of L.T.D. and the Ohio Players is impressive—deftly employed with gospel piano and blaxploitation strings—Dulli's larynx-shredding holler too often lapses into indie-rock amateurism, leaving the drama to dissemble into self-conscious deconstruction.

Another problem may be more endemic to white-boy soul envy. As one might expect from the band's cheeky album title (and the Barry White cover it did for the film *Beautiful Girls*), Dulli's will-to-blackness occasionally verges on camp, which can be vaguely off-putting—a bit like Quentin Tarantino's apparent ease with the *n*-word. When Dulli's gospelish flights don't quite come off, they can sound like the neo-rockabilly yelp of the Jon Spencer Blues Explosion, only devoid of Spencer's redeemingly clownish Elvisisms. And alternative rock does not need its own Tom Jones.

Still, I have to admire Dulli's gutsiness and, even more, his rejection of the standard white-dude posture of the post-grunge era. Dulli is no spokesman for dysfunctional suburbia. He offers no recovery anthems à la Eddie Vedder or the Smashing Pumpkins' Billy Corgan. Instead, he speaks knowingly—and, I'd say, more honestly—from adult male power, which makes for richer and more resourceful songwriting, the kind that can refer to black traditions with authority. Although he takes the license of a novelist, Dulli also speaks as a smart white kid who has used and abused that status's privileges. This sort of inner conflict may be what gives the pomo soul dramas Dulli renders their gravity.

It may also be what pushes the best song on *Black Love* into the transcendence its music portends. Halfway through the record, "Honky's Ladder" just explodes. "Got you where I want you motherfucker," Dulli sings, heavy-metal guitar chunks punctuating his words. "Since I don't believe a word you say . . . Swallow, time to pay." Brutal lyrics fill the verses while car-alarm guitars adrenalize panic. Then, at the chorus, the music opens up into the kind of sweeping elegy I can't imagine anyone but Dulli attempting. "Up on the ladder they sing, how high does a brother have to climb to touch the light?"

Dollying back with stunning expertise, the song moves from a terrifying street confrontation to a haunting rumination on dreams deferred, stepping into the mind of a tormented soul seeking payback. "Won't you take me up there with you / You said you would," Dulli sings in an almost child-like voice—and the title "Honky's Ladder" coheres its meaning. It's majestic, elegiac, and engagé like no rock song I've heard this year. And for that, I'll forgive a lot.

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Virtual... Sheep Shearing

Children's Events

Bright Lights, Big Top—This year's **Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey's Greatest Show on Earth** is especially strong on visual drama—elephants in glittery outfits, Roman soldiers, lions, tigers, and major tightrope action. Children may not want to sit down throughout—or close their mouths. **Madison Square Garden**, Seventh Ave. at 33rd St. (307-7171), through 4/28; \$10 to \$35.

Single-Minded—Three workshops that focus on common concerns of parents who are raising children without a partner are given on three consecutive Tues. evenings this month (from 7:45 to 9:30). **92nd St. Y**, Lexington Ave. at 92nd St. (996-1100). Each workshop \$15, or \$40 for all three.

Angels in the Architecture—Pick up maps that pinpoint the location of nineteenth-century stone-carved serendipity (4/20 at 1 at Anglers & Writers Restaurant, corner of Hudson and St. Luke's Place). Afterward, a post-"Architectural Treasures Hunt for Families" party with prizes and treats is at Barnes and Noble, Union Square, 33 E. 17th St. (924-3895). Free to children, \$12 for adults. Reservations are recommended. ●

Dad's on the Ceiling—Inspired by the Chagall exhibition currently hanging in the museum, families paint murals with artist and educator Benny Feldman. The workshop, from 1 to 4, will be repeated 4/28 and 5/4. **The Jewish Museum**, 1109 Fifth Ave., at 92nd St. (423-3271). General admission \$9, \$7 seniors and students, free to children under 12.

Sheep to Shawl—Wool moves from the back of a sheep through shearing, dyeing, spinning, weaving, and sewing to take its place in an eighteenth-century fashion show at a demonstration for families. 4/20 and 4/21 from 10 to 4. **Philipsburg Manor**, Rt. 9, North Tarrytown, two miles north of the Tappan Zee Bridge (631-3992). General admission is \$8, \$6 seniors, \$4 children ages 6 to 17, free to younger children. ●

Onstage—Ian James, an Emmy Award-winning writer for *Sesame Street*, dons a goldilocks wig at one point in his "Jazz Tales" show, where fairy tales are a jumping-off point for a jazz journey. 4/20 at 1. **Kids Theatre at the Knitting Factory**, 74 Leonard St. (877-6115); \$7. Artists from the New York City Opera present a workshop that will show how songs, costume, scenery, and a story combine, for an upcoming (June 1) performance of Rossini's *Cinderella*. 4/20 at 12:30. **ArtsConnection**, 120 W. 46th St. (302-7433); \$2. The same ever-popular if-the-shoe-fits fable is performed by marionettes in a Spanish setting with bullfights and a prince named Pápino, at the recently renovated **Swedish Cottage Marionette Theater**, mid-Central Park at 81st St. Performances are Tues.

through Fri. at 10:30 and noon and Sats. at noon and 3. Reserve by calling 988-9093; tickets are \$5 for adults, \$4 for children. And yet another version of *Cinderella*, this time performed with rod and hand puppets by the Papageno Puppet Theater, Sats. at noon through 4/27, at the **Brownstone School**, 128 W. 80th St. (874-3297). Reservations are required; \$6, free to children under 2. **The Puppet Company** presents *Franklin the Wizard*, a musical marionette fairy tale; 31 Union Sq. W., at 16th St., Loft 2B; Sats. and Suns. at 1 and 3, through 4/28; \$7.50. Reserve (741-1646). *Kids for President!*, by the Chicago-based **Child's Play Touring Theatre**, incorporates rap songs, essays, stories, and poems by school-age children from across the country. 4/20 at 3. **Arts Connection**, 120 W. 46th St. (302-7433); \$5. *The Pied Piper*, about a mayor who tries to solve problems without any extra cash outlay, strikes a special resonance. The production, performed by both puppets and human actors, promises pesky roller-skating-rat mayhem—and, unlike the original version, a happy ending. **Tribeca Performing Arts Center**, 199 Chambers St. (346-8500). The traditional Arabian version of *Aladdin and His Magic Lamp* is performed weekends through 6/9 at 1:30; a decidedly nontraditional version of *The Three Little Pigs*, in which a wolf disguised as Donald Trump convinces Old MacDonald to sell the farm, little pigs and all, is performed weekends at 3. **Grove Street Playhouse**, 39 Grove St. (741-6436); \$7. "Singer illusionist" J. P. Jarrett gets the audience to help make ghosts float and bunnies appear out of nowhere in a show called *Altered Reality*. Sundays at 12:30 and 3 through 5/26. **Theatre East**, 211 E. 60th St. (838-8528); \$12.

Get Virtual—Snowboard on into spring (well, virtually) at an up-to-the-minute "Virtual World" exposition at **Liberty Science Center**. Microsoft representatives present their "3-D Moviemaker" software, designed to allow 8-to-12-year-old children to program movies. Weekends in April, 11 to 4. Exit 14B off the New Jersey Turnpike, Jersey City (201-200-1000). Hours are Tues. through Sun. 9:30 to 5:30. Admission to the museum is \$9 for adults, \$8 for students and seniors, \$6 for children ages 2 to 12.

High Kicking—A troupe of mixed-breed dogs rescued from shelters performs canine feats in the **New Radio City Spring Spectacular**. Not to be outdone, the Rockettes dance their way through a special-effects thunderstorm to a final kicline of 50 bunny rabbits. Through 4/21. 1260 Sixth Ave. (247-4777); \$25 to \$41. ●

Play Date—Celebrate a soon-to-be new downtown playground, and the spirit of undaunted volunteerism in general, with a **Lower Manhattan Neighbors' Organization**-spon-

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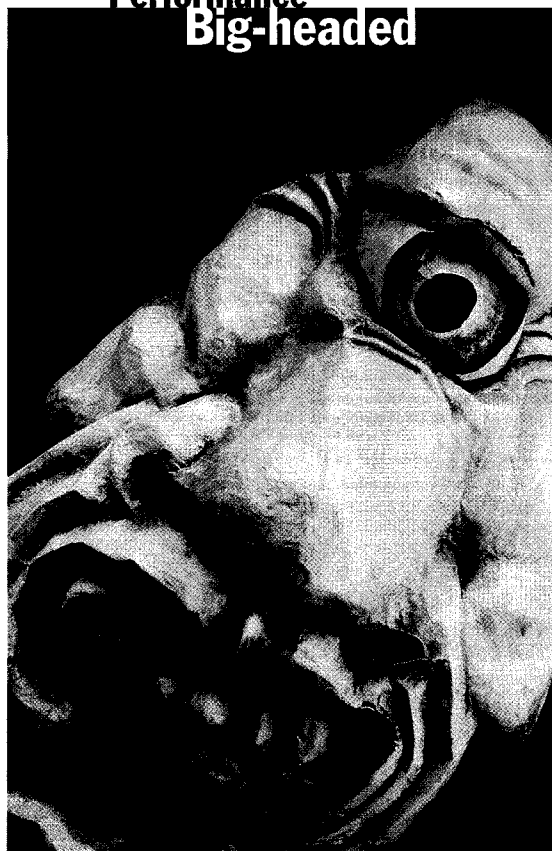
sored "Play Day," which includes a bicycle parade, organized games, a bake sale, and a fair. 4/20 from 11 to 4 (raindate, 4/21). At the future playground site: on Mercer St. bet. Bleecker and W. 3rd Sts. ●●

Embracing Nature—Earth Day at the **New York Botanical Garden** is a dandy excuse to take in 100,000 blooming daffodils—while children join in a group tree hug, catch tadpoles, make leaf hats and teepee trellises (for sugar snap beans). 4/20, 10 to 4. 200th St. and Southern Blvd. in the Bronx (718-817-8700). General admission is \$3, \$1 for seniors, students, and children ages 6 to 16. ●

Moving—and Growing—The **American Museum of the Moving Image** unveils a \$3 million renovation with *Behind the Screen*, a show of film and television ephemera—including nineteenth-century zoetrope toys, early television sets, and lots of interactive stations, among them several that fill visitors in on hundreds of industry job descriptions. Opens 4/20 at 11. New hours are Tues.-Fri. noon to 5 and weekends 11 to 6. 35th Ave. at 36th St., Astoria, Queens (718-784-4520). General admission is \$7, \$4.50 seniors, \$3 students and children.

Onscreen for Teens—A bunch of films from around the world, curated by a panel of New York City teens, includes Marcel Camus's *Black Orpheus* (1959), Ching Siu-tung's *Chinese Ghost Story* (1987), and several new films by emerging African-American film/video artists. The World Cinema Festival runs from 4/15 through 4/21 at **The New Victory Theater**, 209 W. 42nd St., just west of Broadway (239-6200); \$8 for a double feature.

Performance Big-headed



Handel's *Acis and Galatea* stars this gargantuan, lovesick Cyclops in a cultural picnic for both grown-ups and children, **April 19 at eight and April 20 at two and eight**. Arts at St. Ann's, corner of Clinton and Montague Streets, Brooklyn (718-858-2424); \$20 for adults, \$8 for children.

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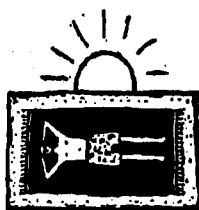
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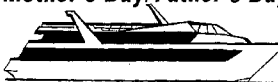
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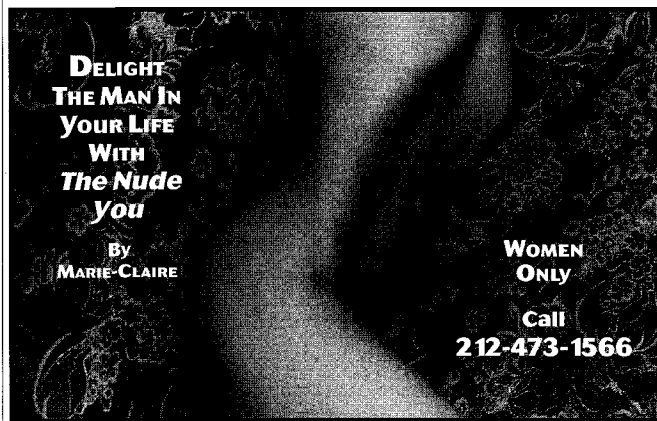
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Will You Still Need Me—Will you still feed me, when I'm 64? Well? Successful Jewish male, good looks, good health, seeks attractive woman, 48-52, with warmth and humor. Photo. 6747 ☒

Film Buff—Very pretty, very together, slim female attorney (42, 5'4", 112 lbs), Jewish, have had my share of romantic adventures - now seek the real thing. I love movies, tennis, biking, outdoors, literature. CT and NY ties. If you are a bright, tall, sincere professional male (42-50), ready for a non-cliche relationship, please send note and photo. 6754 ☒ ☐

Novelist—Genetically female, 42 - looks 41 1/2. Doesn't like walks on beach, candlelit dinners. Could go for a guy taller than he is wide (I am), with a sense of humor and a day job. No bad boys or serial killers, please. I'm not perfect, but then, trust me - neither are you. Pulitzer Prize winners and diamond merchants given preference. You also must be able to read film subtitles without moving lips. Let's meet, have coffee, get married, adopt a Chinese baby and have an acrimonious divorce, just like everyone else. 6777 ☒ ☐

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She Says I'm Ready—Saratoga Springs, NY, Jewish professional male, middle 40s, physically/financially fit, seeks a nonsmoking slim female, 30-50, for fun and romance. Passion for golf a plus. Photo and note. 6794 ☒

This Bull Market—Is not going to last forever, and neither is this one-of-a-kind investment. Beautiful, glamorous, slender, 5'8", 32-year-old Wall Street professional seeks handsome, intelligent, athletic man, 32-45, for a lifetime of love, laughter and adventure. Note/photo/phone. 6742 ☒

A Man For All Seasons—Whose thoughts turn to serious romance this spring. I'm a very smart, funny, handsome, romantic (year-round), athletic, 5'11", communicative, direct, Jewish, blue-eyed, (fully) brown-haired, youngish (looking 30ish, but a typo on my birth certificate puts me just past 40), accomplished writer (seven books of nonfiction) and sports editor who savors adventure travel, foreign films, tennis, folk music. I'm looking to fall for an exceptionally smart, funny, beautiful, playful, independent, sensitive, adventurous, emotionally and physically fit, 30ish woman seasoned with her own passions and preferences. I'm also looking to fall (or spring) for someone who can luxuriate in summer days and help brave the winter(s) ahead. Note/photo/nonsmoker please. 6829 ☒ ☐

Damn Good-Looking Woman—40, brown hair and eyes, seeks special man for spontaneous adventures, either rollerblading around Manhattan, skiing, scuba diving or just hiking in a museum. You are highly educated, 38-52, nonsmoking gourmet with a killer smile and a romantic streak. 6806 ☒ ☐

A Very Rare, Very Unique—And very successful, Park Avenue, beautiful ex-model, Wall Street investor, with big, beautiful blue eyes, auburn hair, with a great personality, zest for life - down-to-earth, bright, loyal, flexible, warm, open, charismatic, not jaded, emotionally secure, dependable, optimistic, global traveler... Loves the arts, reading, sports, etc. Seeking male counterpart, 50-60, for relationship leading to possible marriage. 6793 ☒ ☐

Rare Find—Sexy and elegant, spectacular redhead, with fabulous legs and a size 8 figure, a pleasure to be seen with and easy to be with, seeks a very tall, witty, successful gentleman over 50. 6835 ☒

Me?—A supercharged, British-born Jewish woman with an exciting mind and a great body - elegant, athletic (tennis, skiing, cycling)... I enjoy antiquing and old houses. I'm spiritual, passionate, independent, culturally and intellectually diverse. You? My match - a remarkable man around 50, ready for the love of his life! 6012 ☒

Be Mine Forever—Be my best friend, my partner in life, my lover and my true love forever. I'm a 40, single white Jewish male in Manhattan, 6'1", fit, attractive, very wealthy and (I'm told) very sexy. I'm into the arts, travel, shopping and good TV. I'd love to spoil you and let you spoil me. I love kids and dogs (have none, want both). You are smart, funny, very pretty, 25-35, and tired of being single. My heart has so much love in it to give, sometimes it hurts. Photo/phone a must. 6746 ☒

Exceptionally Handsome JD/MB—Mid 30s, 6'1", successful, Jewish, refined, world-traveled - seeks marriage-minded woman, 25-32, preferably with European background. You should be 1.) kind and caring, 2.) from a good family, 3.) extremely attractive, 4.) elegant, 5.) highly educated (grad school is a plus), 6.) Manhattan-based. Note/photo. 6798 ☒

Ensnare Me—Attractive, single Jewish man, 37, Anne Rice fan, cultured, literary, romantic and playful, seeks to abandon the pedestrian and explore the esoteric with a strong-willed woman, average to Rubenesque, who will literally captivate me with her charms. Can dance if forced to. Shall we tie the knot? 6817 ☒ ☐

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Seeking Nice, Warm, Open Woman—With good sense of humor, to fill void in heart, arms and comfortable Manhattan home of similar man. You are intelligent, slender and pretty, and ideally also petite, elegant, outgoing, spirited and under about 50. In return you get a tall, slim, reasonable, considerate, WASP-born, successful Wall street professional who is 66, and misses the sharing, giving and emotional enhancement that go with commitment to the right woman. I love travel, opera and other music, movies, books, tennis and bonding with you if I should be so lucky as to find you. Photo helpful. 6836 ☒

Gorgeous Blond—34, 5'7", bright mind sexy body, warm heart. Seeks successful gent, to 40s, for happily-ever-after. Note/photo/address - will exchange. 6843 ☒

Beautiful Woman Desired—If you're tired of your job and want to pursue your dream...wealthy, generous, sensitive, romantic man seeking long-term relationship...to your rescue. I'm 36, 5'10" and slender. Looking for a 27-36, 5'3"-5'9", gorgeous woman. Photo a must. 6784 ☒ ☐

Young (44)—International investment banker/commodity trader/yacht owner/one woman man with golden heart, tired of dating game and piranha-like women, with widest interests looking for beautiful lady, 18-40, interested in serious relationship/real love/possible marriage - who knows that a real relationship must be two-way. Photo and letter a must. 6839 ☒ ☐

Marriage-Minded DDS—Seeks single, Jewish professional gal, 29-35, for love, marriage, family. Phone/photo. Queens/LI. 6796 ☒

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Pretty Face, Great Figure—53, seeks professional man, 60 plus. 6708 ☒

Smart, Sexy, Spirited!—Single - 7 years. seeks mensch, 47 plus - smart, playful, funny...for whatever happens. 6780 ☒

Attractive, Bright, Slim—Black female, 52, loves the arts, theater, beaches and ravel - seeking a warm, caring, intelligent, successful man with a sense of humor. Race is not a factor. Note/photo. 6813 ☒

A Complete Package—White, 6'2" male, 50, intelligent, handsome, big-hearted, professional, funny - enjoys an active life and a genuine curiosity. Wants romance with a special woman, 28-34, who's smart, attractive, independent. Note/photo/phone. 6816 ☒ ☎

Prefers The New Yorker—To NY Magazine. Easy to look at, easy to be with, simmering, bright, funny/serious, eclectic Manhattan redhead, 49 - seeks smart, thoughtful man who might also enjoy art, jazz, walking, exploring, snorkeling, raving out and hanging in. 6827 ☒

If You Think—A nurturing, charming, prominent corporate president, handsome, with sense of humor, honor, tall, fit, 40, fun, is someone to meet...then respond if you are a caring lady under 37, with beautiful heart, mind, over 5'5". Serious response/phone/photo a must. 6752 ☒

Gay Male—37, handsome, built, sensitive, accomplished professional with a playful nature. I'm interested in romance, working out, art, travel and having fun. Seeks a special guy (32-42) to enjoy life with. Photo/note. 6832 ☒

Me:—Pretty, intelligent, witty. You: attractive, interesting, nonsmoking gentleman, 50s. Us: possibilities. 6757 ☒

April Is On Sale—And I am looking for a Jewish male. P.S. I'm 33. Send note/photo/photo/sketch. 6748 ☒

Tall, Dark, Very Handsome Man—Good build, Jewish, 39, lawyer, own practice, adventurous. Loves books, world ravel, Tennessee Williams plays (can do shirt scene from "Streetcar"), horseback riding, swimming, scuba. Seeks lovely woman with integrity, 25-36, with very nice figure, sense of fun - adventurous, affectionate and passionate. Letter/photo/phone, please. 6824 ☒ ☎

Springtime/Lifelong Romance—Handsome, Jewish Ivy MBA, sensitive, sensual, spiritual, 6', trim, seeks sexy best friend - slim, curvaceous, 27-36, to share long soulful talks, warm nights, marriage, kids. 6820 ☒ ☎

Heart Of Gold—Inside a successful media sales exec, 38, Jewish, 6'2", JFK Jr. type looks, sweet, kind, caring, loyal, funny, affectionate - seeks an angel for a lifetime of hugs, kisses and laughter. Note/photo, please. 6751 ☒

Say Yes To Life, To Spring And Me!—Intelligent black ex-model, 5'9", 140, seeks handsome, financially secure man, 40-55, for friendship, maybe more. Enjoys ravel, movies, dancing. No "BS" allowed. Recent photo/note are. 6723 ☒ ☎

Sophisticated, Vivacious—On the outside, warm, vulnerable inside. 5'6", slim NYC woman with infectious laugh and lots of love to give. Like golf, ice skating, biking, the arts. Seek successful, intelligent, 48-60, witty man, to love me back, make me laugh. Note/photo/photo. 6834 ☒ ☎

Pretty, Slender, Blond Mom—With warmth, humor, intelligence and integrity, seeks special man, 45-55. 6844 ☒

Pretty Blond—With beautiful green eyes, 42, slim, Catholic, great sense of humor, romantic and feminine. Loves city/country, beach, golf, tennis, the arts, Europe and antiques. Seeks soul mate. Note/photo. 6830 ☒

Goal: Anniversary At Bouley—Strategy: spring skiing, flick at Angelika, moonlight swim. Tactic: intelligent conversation, lots of laughs with 32-42-year-old, sincere professional male. Note/photo. 6701 ☒

Tall, Handsome 36-Year-Old—Tennis-playing Jewish attorney seeks attractive, capable female for serious, affectionate relationship. Note/photo. 6814 ☒ ☎

You're Wonderful—Which is why I'm looking for you. I am an attorney (but still human), male, 6'2", 48, brown hair, blue eyes, smoker, loving, brainy, kind, with wide interests and a good, if slightly warped, sense of humor. Ms. Wonderful is smart, pretty, funny, gentle, likes cats and wants to love, marry and have children with me. If you are interested, send note/photo and make my life while I make yours. 6733 ☒

Gay White Female - But Not Typical—Athletic, young, attractive, feminine, stylish, refined, educated professional, seeks passionate other. 6790 ☒

Tall, Dark, Handsome—Retired man, 56, seeks slim, pretty, Upper East Side, retired female friend, 50-56, for long walks in Central Park. I'm a good listener, understanding, emotionally supportive, easygoing, affectionate and a big giver of TLC. POB 340, Brooklyn, NY 11229

Warm, Gentle, Considerate—Divorced Jewish male physician, 50, 5'8", 170 lbs, handsome, athletic, loves travel, tennis, sailing, skiing. Seeking bright, educated, affluent, fit woman, 38-48, who likes kids and can beat me at Scrabble. 6791 ☒ ☎

Calling All Redheads—Or blonds or whatever - 38-year-old Catholic MD seeks honest, sincere female for love, marriage and eternal happiness. 6788 ☒ ☎

Handsome, Easygoing Professional—36, 5'11", athletic, loves outdoors. Seeks slender, fit woman with family values and career, mid 20s-early 30s. Note/photo/phone. 6697 ☒

First Round Draft Pick Sought—Let's watch VanGundy get a miracle. 32, Rubenesque female - down-to-earth, spontaneous, kind, sports fan - looking for a male friend to play with in Central Park, see a Broadway show, and cuddle. Photo/note, please. 6703 ☒

One-Man Man—Funny, bright, caring, gay, Jewish, 39, Wall Street professional, 5'7", slim, attractive, healthy. Seeking that one man to share friendship, more... Phone/photo/note. 6775 ☒

Successful LI VP—Handsome, tall and trim, seeks single white female (38-48) who is bright, educated, very pretty, trim and fit. Romance, adventure and laughter awaits. Photo a must. 6767 ☒ ☎

Marriage And Children—Yours and ours. Very pretty blond with a doctorate, warm, spirited, with many cultural and outdoor interests, seeks a man, 43-53, who is tall, rugged, established, affectionate and faithful, to love passionately. 6694 ☒

Jeep Cherokee—House in the suburbs. All the right toys for successful couple. He: black male, well-educated, doctor. You: white or light-skinned black female, educated, 25-40, ready to bring your toys and to make a home. 6698 ☒ ☎

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A Smile To Last A Lifetime—Jewish male, financially secure, 32, sincere, handsome, witty, confident and genuine. Enjoys music, athletics, travel and adventure. Seeks 26-30 year old, single Jewish female. She should be confident, warmhearted, fun, sparkling personality, attractive, fit, and have a zest for life. Photo/note/photo a must. 6838 ☒

Very Pretty, Vibrant, Warm—Bright, slim, gentle, funny, passionate woman, looking for loving, financially secure man, 50-65. Photo/note. 6769 ☒

Caring, Loyal, Stable—Professional Jewish male, with fine values, zest for life, seeks female to 39, for marriage with love, trust, kindness. Photo. 6707 ☒

Marrakesh, Mozart, Monet—Inspire this warm, pretty, athletic arts lover, traveler, seeking cultured, handsome man, 45-59. Photo/note. 6800 ☒

Gay Professional Woman—42, attractive and feminine. I seek a relationship rooted in mutual respect, honesty, compassion and playfulness. Do you? 6773 ☒ ☎

NJ And You—Cute, 31, 5'10", 170 lbs, blond hair, blue eyes, professional male. Funny, sensitive and giving. Free-spirited and outgoing. Enjoys the outdoors. Seeks all-American female counterpart, 23-30. (908) preferred. Note and photo. 6799 ☒

Slim, Seductive, Leggy Lady—Seeks elegant, successful, charming man. I'm 48, 5'8", red hair, blue eyes. You are smart, refined, good-looking and affectionate. Note/photo preferred. 6745 ☒

For Sale Or Lease—1953 Limited Edition model with powerful engine, original body parts and sensitive clutch. Avoids potholders and enjoys long drives to unknown and romantic places. Seeking that special female who is prepared to drive with passion and to maintain with love and affection. Please be 32-37, petite and attractive, under 5'7", Christian and warmhearted. Serious adventures - unique in mind, body and spirit, with substance and style, please respond with long note and photo. 6706 ☒

Star Needed—Attractive, financially secure, NYC-based producer/actor, 29, 5'10", 170, seeks attractive woman under 32, 5'4" plus, to co-star in incredible lifelong adventure. Note/photo; will reciprocate. 6753 ☒

Gay, Warm, Sexy Man—47, seeks a "bit of magic" with romantic man, 40-57. Photo! POB 36, FDR Sta., NYC 10150

Very Rare—Mature, energetic, successful 27-year-old female, no baggage, seeks Manhattanite with substance, for fun/companionship. Like me, must be financially/emotionally secure, enjoy travel, sports, fine food, the arts. 6763 ☒

City Slicker Turned Country Bumpkin—Gorgeous, brainy blond - creative, successful, outgoing, moved from NYC to East Hampton and found a more peaceful life. Now I'm ready to share it with the right guy. If you've been there, done that, and love the East End, we might have something to talk about. Nonsmoking professional/entrepreneur, 45-55, with style, morals and a little history preferred. Note/current photo. 6826 ☒

Gay, Handsome White Male—34, successful entertainment exec, adores the theater and travel and loves cooking, opera and film - seeks partner in happiness to share exciting, adventurous times. Please be 33-42, attractive, professional, nonsmoker. Laughs/fun come first. 6712 ☒

Blond Skydiving Goddess—Now that I have your attention! Out there is a warm, wonderful, intelligent man with eclectic tastes in sports, music and art...waiting to meet strong, vital woman, well-blended mixture of 49.3 years of culture, education and sensibilities. Wanna be my birthday present? Not tightly wrapped. 6819 ☒ ☎

Handsome, Smart, Nice Guy—Youthful 49, intense but with a wry sense of humor, successful academic, consultant and investor, now semi-retired - looking for an attractive, well-educated, sophisticated woman, nonsmoker, in her late 30s or 40s. I'm seeking a passionate, fun, honest, long-term relationship based on friendship and the insight that one of life's great pleasures is helping someone you care for be truly happy. My interests include sailing, world travel, classical music, antiques, literature and the arts - it would help if you enjoyed some of these pastimes. Note/photo/phone please. 6759 ☒

Country Estate—31, 6'1", attractive, professional white male, with rugged good looks, seeks a professional white female, 25-35, who loves the country and fine dining. If you are seeking a commitment, please respond. Note/photo. 6700 ☒

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Look No Further—If you're a pretty, sincere, affectionate and fit, 27-35-year-old female, and would like to meet a tall, handsome, 38-year-old, Jewish business professional. Note/photo requested. 6776 ☎

Almost Perfect—Pretty, perky, perceptive Jewish female, fit, nonsmoker, seeks gentleman, 49-57, widowed/divorced, who's playful, passionate and positive, for possible partnership. 6761 ☎

Man's Best Friend—Cat and dog, too! Funny, pretty Wasp woman with sense of adventure and sharing, seeks nonallergic soul mate who's a fun, outdoors type, between 45 and 60, and comfortable with himself. 6833 ☎

Frankly Fabulous Female—Looks, brains, class, NY and Hamptons life style, seeks home for her heart with qualified white male, 58-65. 6809 ☎

Handsome Jewish Dentist—Good-natured...seeks cute, slender, easygoing, down-to-earth Jewish girl, 29-35, with old-fashioned values, who is sincerely looking for a serious relationship leading to marriage and children. Brief note, photo and phone number a must. 6797 ☎

Pretty, Kind, Educated Asian Lady—Seeks educated, successful, caring male, to 40, for love and marriage. 6808 ☎

30, New To City—Very good-looking, fit, 6' plus, 182 lbs, light brown hair, blue-green eyes, Jewish, successful, refined and upscale, friendly businessman, traveler, social and fashionable - seeks exhilarating girlfriend with honorable intentions, for fun, friendship and excitement. Photo, please. 6801 ☎

Beautiful/Sexy Head-Turner—Great figure, fit, advanced degree, confident, upbeat, Jewish. Seeks handsome, fit, intelligent guy, 37-52. 6729 ☎

Tired Of Playing Games—Manhattan exec, 60, seeks serious relationship with nonsmoking female who likes to hug and laugh. Photo preferred. 6802 ☎

Tall, Innovative Indian Photographer—30s, wants to meet an artistic, level-headed woman with talent, nice looks and few pretenses. 6737 ☎

Single Asian Physician—Cute, new to NYC, seeks attractive, single, divorced white female, 25-35, financially and emotionally secure, for stable relationship. Please surprise me. 6725 ☎

Caring, Sharing—Attractive, LI Jewish professional, athletic, fit, secure, varied interests, fun-to-be-with, seeks sincere professional/business male, 55-65. 6740 ☎

Unpretentious Man—Low-key, Jewish, 61, seeks Jersey lady, 5'9" plus, very fit/strong. Brainy okay. 6785 ☎

If Exploring City Blocks—And biking in Nantucket appeal to you, let's meet for an evening of theater, fine food and great conversation. I'm an attractive, 5'4", hazel-eyed, auburn-haired professional woman looking for a zesty, financially secure single man. Must love animals. 6760 ☎

Skier, Jogger, Opera-Loving Woman—5'8", outrageous sense of humor, entrepreneur, wants to meet active, intelligent man, 50s, with sense of adventure. Note/photo, please. 6727 ☎

Pretty, Warm, Spirited—Happy, accomplished Jewish professional, 5'7", very young, fit 49, with sensitivity, integrity and joie de vivre, seeks fine-valued Jewish gent. I love family, friends, travel, learning, laughing, working out and music - but mostly enjoy being with you. 6795 ☎

Attractive, Petite 46-Year-Old—Seeks gentleman who has heart. I'm a feminine, sincere and compassionate woman who desires a special man in my life, to share his hopes, dreams, joys, disappointments, passions and surprises. My loves include pizza, animals, my work, veggies, camping, psychology, affection, Fairway, lazy Sunday mornings... I look forward to sharing this and more with a really nice guy. 6756 ☎

Chicken Soup Versus Sushi—6', 180 lbs, blue-eyed, Waspy Jewish male, all-lys education, 32, extremely athletic (skiing, blading, running). I survived Jewish schools... I don't kill whales, build nuclear bombs or start forest fires. Seeking a pretty, cool, down-to-earth, independent Jewish woman who must be willing to "lie" about how we met. Photo, please. 6782 ☎

Downtown, Professional, Gay Male—With down-home values...seeks partner. 39, 6'2", 190, brown/blue, caring, commitment, conversation, cuddling and country home. Comfortable in black tie to black leather. Photo a must, with letter and phone. 6822 ☎

Successful Christian Male—Good-looking, 40s, MBA, professional, uncumbered, many interests. Seeks female for good times/hopefully forever. 6828 ☎

Tall, Very Pretty—Successful 28-year-old female - enjoys working out, movies, ice cream and the summertime. Looking to meet a tall, professional, good-looking mensch for laughter and a "little" love. Photo preferred. 6823 ☎

Strong, Articulate Type—Creative, blue-eyed writer, 36, smart, fit, passionate. Seeks arty, offbeat woman into Nirvana, Miles, sultry dancing, MOMA, spicy food, working out, slow kissing. Note/photo. 6774 ☎

Gay 60ish Female—With stellar career, finally free to get a life with woman of substance and sensibilities. 6772 ☎

Fit And Handsome—Psychologically minded physician, 32, into art, poetry and long walks, looking for a beauty to settle down with and wake up to. Note/photo. 6811 ☎

I Know That You Are Out There—I'm a 25-year-old female, 5'7", very pretty, with a great smile, confident, slender and athletically fit. I would love to meet a professional, good-looking, intelligent, 28-37-year-old male who will be my best friend and more. You are someone who loves to laugh, going out for a night on the town, but equally satisfied snuggling during Thursday night TV or watching a Knicks or Rangers game. I believe in commitment and don't want someone who is still playing the field or into head games. I have a lot to offer and I know you do as well - so why not give this a try? Note/photo/phone for a reply. 6779 ☎

Attractive, Kind, Smart—Successful, happy lady, very fit (37, looks 27), seeks a professional male (35-40) with the same attributes. Note/photo. 6728 ☎

Honest, Sensitive—Good-looking, responsible family man. Jewish nonsmoker. Athletic, 6', 59, good health, successful business owner. Loves music, animals, dancing, sunshine, white beaches and flies own plane. Looking for my "best friend" - lively, 39-45, 5'7", sexy, spontaneous woman with similar interests, and willing to accept and give love. Note, recent photo, phone for reply. 6709 ☎

Wanted: One Fabulous Lady—Great legs a plus, to share life's pleasures with 44-year-old, 5'7", 140-lb Italian-American male. Note/photo, please. 6768 ☎

Ready For The Real Thing—Handsome Jewish male, 48, real estate exec, seeking truly attractive, bright, slim, active female with real values and class, 29-39, 5'11"-5'7", for lasting love - and kids too. Let's go for it. Note/recent photo. 6815 ☎

Sailor Seeks Mate—I split my time cruising Caribbean to Long Island, with active NY lifestyle... 53, Jewish, nonsmoking, healthy and happy male seeks adventurous female. Note/photo, please. 6821 ☎

Laughter, Music, Movies—36, businessman - looking for 27-34, pretty Jewish lady to share life and love. Are you responsible and wacky, caring and wild? Note/photo/phone. 6789 ☎

Soul Mate And Prospective Dad—Sought by attractive, warm, playful Jewish woman, 37, civil rights attorney, still an idealist. Enjoys eclectic NYC lifestyle (e.g. independent films, spicy food, museums, bookstores, variety of live music), weekends Upstate (long walks, swimming, cooking, reading, reflecting), world travel and intimate relationships. Looking for sensitive, self-aware, politically progressive Jewish man, 30-45, slightly irreverent, funny and very communicative, for marriage and child(ren). 6724 ☎

Female Editor—35, cute, slim, loving, bright. Likes conversation, books, music, walks, swimming, dancing. Hoping Mr. Right - caring, genuine and willing to overlook my cooking - will give fate a helping hand. Photo. 6744 ☎

Handsome, Successful Male—(30s) with integrity plus interests in the arts and fitness, looking to meet reliable female, (24-34). Note/photo, please. 6837 ☎

Cultural Diversity—This single black female of good character, kind and loving, searches for a white male, 37-49, for monogamous relationship. 6762 ☎

I'm Tired Of Waking Up Alone—Divorced, attractive, movie-going, bookish Upper West Sider, successful journalist, 51, 5'9", seeks slim, pretty woman to love for life. 6807 ☎

Slim, Attractive Father Of One—Financially secure, seeks athletic, intellectual Christian woman, 36-45. I love running, tennis, cycling, travel and the arts. Letter/photo. 6766 ☎

Early 40s, Shy Catholic Male—Seeks real friendship with lady, 27-34, who loves watching sports, enjoys swimming, walks. Prefer slim, cute, down-to-earth gal. Photo appreciated. 6812 ☎

Sexy, Smart And Sassy—Attractive, classic, passionate, intelligent, Wall Street professional woman - lover of life, family and friends, adventure, laughter, athletics, arts, entertaining, traveling and much more. Seeks successful, attractive, secure man, 35-45, with same goals. 6770 ☎

What? Another Jewish Doctor?—35, funny, nonreligious, slim, politically incorrect. Seeks attractive, smart, fit, funny female, 25-35, for Manhattan adventures. Note/photo. 6805 ☎

Not Just Any Man—This professional, Jewish, athletic, sincere, honest male is 39, 5'9", has a great sense of humor and, currently, a lonely heart - ready to share life with a single, Jewish, nonsmoking female who enjoys movies, sports, dining out, among other things. Note/photo a plus. 6758 ☎

Successful—36, 5'11", 185, brown hair, brown eyes, very handsome, emotionally sound, physically fit, seeks attractive, olive-complexed Italian woman to share long-lost weekends upstate, moonlight walks on deserted Caribbean beaches...leading to marriage and children. Willing to give all the love your heart can hold. Nonsmoker/drug and disease free. Note/photo. 6699 ☎

Single Jewish Male—32, doctor with Lexus, in search of sexy, intelligent female co-pilot to share my heated seats. Note/photo/photo a must. 6818 ☎

Attractive, Blue-Eyed Blond—Slim, athletic, lively woman, good sense of humor, seeks easygoing, up-front, fit man (35-46). Photo/note. 6705 ☎

A Touch Of Class—Handsome, dark-haired, successful Jewish professional, 37, Wall Street and Ivy grad. Seeks true romance with sweet, sincere, cute and cuddly Jewish woman, 23-36. We both are bright yet down-to-earth, love to laugh, and enjoy art museums, travel, sports, the beach and new adventures. Don't hesitate... Destiny (or at least a cup of coffee) awaits!! Send note and photo. Nonsmokers, please. 6803 ☎

Pretty, Petite, Slim—Business professional, youthful 53, down-to-earth, enjoys sports, travel, dining. Seeks successful, intelligent, fun-loving soul mate, 52-63. You won't be disappointed. LI preferred. Photo/phone appreciated. 6702 ☎

Two Cute Canines—Seek nice Jewish female, 22-37, for their daddy: 37, entrepreneur, good provider of doggie snacks. Photo/phone please. 6764 ☎

Works/Plays Hard—Extremely fit, blond, blue-eyed MD, Jewish, 33, eclectic tastes, seeks female best friend. Note and photo, please. 6765 ☎

Upbeat, Lovely—Entrepreneurial woman, Jewish, filled with joy and a zest for life, seeking an intelligent, attractive man of humor and charm, over 45, whose glass is half full. Please respond with note/photo/phone. 6710 ☒

Happy Together—Dining, skiing, swimming, concerts, movies, the Food Emporium. Warm, attractive professional female, 30s, seeks fun-loving, bright, sensitive, professional Jewish male, 36-44, for everything special in life! 6730 ☒

Down-To-Earth—Female arts professional, 35, tall, Ivy, Wasp, attractive brunette - seeks intelligent, fun, normal guy. Note/photo. 6755 ☒

Norwegian/Canadian/New Yorker—5'6", slim, well-built, divorced, 40s, extremely lovely, quietly sexy, chic, with a sense of humor, style, playfulness, depth, seeks guy, 40-55, to get to know. 6783 ☒

Marriage-Minded Male—Handsome, sensitive, 6'1", 38, works out regularly, Manhattanite. Business professional, financially secure, well-educated and traveled. Equestrian lifestyle, enjoys art and music and the finer things in life. Seeks beautiful, sensuous Christian gal, 25-35, physically fit, with a great figure, who is interested in commitment. No reply without very recent photo/note. 6842 ☒

Gay Woman—45, multifaceted NYC professional, seeks friend/lover. 6741 ☒

Sexy Cool, Dreams Come True—Best-looking 41-year-old, open-minded Jewish male - tall, lean, strong classic good looks, wavy dark red hair, romantic Renaissance man of many talents, laid-back yet intense, good communicator, respected Wall Streeter, work hard, play hard, homes in Manhattan and Hamptons. You are a very special woman and you know it, 20s-30s, sensual, gorgeous, intense in passion and in all things. I may be your one real love - you may be mine. Take a chance and send a note and photo. Thank you. 6778 ☒

Attractive Blond—Slim, 47, seeks man for friendship/love/commitment. 6792 ☒

Handsome, Irish-Catholic—30s, blond/blue, never married, nonsmoker, successful, down-to-earth, easygoing, who enjoys fitness, family, friendships, seeks an attractive, fit, commitment-minded female. Note. 6739 ☒

Successful, Semi-Retired—Investment professional, Jewish (nonreligious), 60ish but looks 50ish, attractive, sensitive, humorous, with varied interests, 5'10", 175 lbs and in good shape. Seeks attractive, slender, intelligent female, preferably late 40s or thereabouts, for friendship, romance, travel and God knows what else. Recent photo appreciated. 6713 ☒

Attractive Woman MD—With New Age values - Manhattanite, 5'6", 145, 50 - seeks nonsmoking gentleman, 40s-50s. Intellect, humor and home phone number requested. 6749 ☒

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800-677-8215

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Easy Rider Yuppie—Single, white professional male, 50, tall, fit, handsome, enjoys Berkshire house for getaway weekends, nature and motorcycling. Seeks tall, slender, younger woman, 35-42, for serious relationship. LI/Queens! 6841 ☒

Wanted: Witty, Wry Jewish Nice Guy—To 40, well-educated, with integrity, by warm, keen, upbeat Jewish woman, young 37, 5'3", slender, for wedded bliss. Photo helpful. 6750 ☒

Sensual Bisexual Redhead—With hourglass figure, long tresses, intelligent, cultured, seeks highly successful, quality gentleman who feels he deserves the finer things in life. 6810 ☒

Assortments

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We were at 34th & 10th Ave. 12:30pm, Mon, 4/8/96. You were waiting for the x-town bus. You are a tall, beautiful woman, dressed in black, long dark hair, great smile. I was in a car going West. Would have stopped, but would have crashed. Might have been worth it. 6825 ☒

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HANDSOME MEN!**

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A+ RATING! Meet beautiful Russian & Jewish ladies living in NY. Catalog avail + tours to Moscow Int'l Singles 212-206-6831

Straight Professional Woman—Seeks same for friendship. I'm 37, live in Manhattan, own a car, and enjoy movies, theater, museums, crafts fairs, shopping, fine dining and travel. 6781 ☒

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NEW YORK MAGAZINE COMPETITION

Kareem E. Bach—composer, athlete.

Alvah Genie—his wife, a travel agent.

Neva Moore—reclusive raven-haired American poet.

Buster Palace—keeper of the Queen's statuery.

Wolfpuck Gang—owner, Spago and the L.A. Kings.

Little Lord Warn Leroy—fictional restaurateur.

Above, twofers. Competitors are invited to provide one pair of related, fractured names.

Results of Competition 848, in which you were asked to encapsulate a well-known plot in a twenty-words-or-fewer telegram.

Report: Yes, we know. "Stop" actually replaced a "." in messages of olde. But sooth, it worked well for these. Subjects ranged from nursery and other rhymes to classics: the Bible, TV, Dickens, *GWTW*, and comics. You did fine work here. It was not easy. We promise not to set this one again. Thank you for calling. Your call is valuable to us. Stop.

First Prizes of two-year subscriptions to New York to:

ACTION. STOP. ACTION. STOP. ACTION. STOP. ACTION. STOP. ACTION. STOP. ACTION. STOP. A WALT DISNEY PRODUCTION.
Rose Wassman, Portola Valley, Calif.

HE'S ALIVE! HE ESCAPES. HE KILLS. MOB STORMS CASTLE. DESTROYS MONSTER. HE'S ALIVE!
Jan Streilein, Lansdale, Pa.

OZYMANDIAS WRECK. SAND. STOP. SAND. STOP. SAND. STOP. NOTHING BESIDE REMAINS.
George Hilton, Toronto, Ont.

Runner-up Prizes of one-year subscriptions to New York to:

ALL QUIET WESTERN FRONT.
Richard Fried, Brooklyn, N.Y.

CHUCKLES THE CLOWN SHELLED BY ROGUE ELEPHANT STOP. DEAD. STOP. IT'S NOT FUNNY, MARY. STOP.
*similarly: Francis R. Coyne, Narbeth, Pa.
Dierdre Gallan, Louisville, Ky.*

And Honorable Mention to:

ANYWAY, THIS KID GOT KICKED OUT OF SCHOOL. AND THEN HE BUMMED AROUND. BIG DEAL. YOU PROBABLY READ IT YOURSELF.
*John Kallir, Scarsdale, N.Y.
similarly: Mark Wolfson, Lauderhill, Fla.*

ETHERISED, TROUSERS ROLLED. SLIGHTLY BALDING, NOT SO BOLD. PEACHES, MERMAIDS? NOT FOR ME. LET US GO THEN / DARE FOR TEA.
Austin Wilkie, N.Y.C.

JACK. JILL. HILL. BECAUSE IT'S THERE.
Edmund Conti, Summit, N.J.

JEHOVAH CREATES WORLD. STARTS FLOOD. ENDS FLOOD. GIVES LAW. GROWS VEXED. SENDS SON WHO DIES. RESURRECTS SAME. YOUR MOVE.
Owen S. Rackleff, N.Y.C.

HANSEL, GRETEL MISSING. STOP.
Francesca Proios, Bayonne, N.J.

GIRL MEETS WOLF. GIRL LOSES WOLF. WOLF GETS GRANDMA.
Gene Schinto, Shelburne, Vt.

ILSA HERE, SAW RICK. LEFT WITH LAZLO. MAJOR SHOT. USUAL ROUNDUP. RICK, LOUIS GONE. PLACE SOLD. FIND ME WORK. SAM.
Howard Kenny, N.Y.C.

EARTH ROUND. NATIVES NAKED, ODD COLOR. STILL LOOKING SPICES. REGARDS TO HER MAJESTY.
William J. Giovan, Grosse Pointe Park, Mich.

WAR. STOP. PEACE. STOP.
*similarly: Joseph Lannon, San Jose, Calif.
Helen Dessau, Phoenix, Ariz.*

GIVE ME YOUR TIRED, POOR. HUDDLED MASSES YEARNING TO BREATHE FREE. STOP. HURRY. AM STANDING IN COLD WATER.
Molly Garcia, N.Y.C.

EDEN GARDEN DEVELOPER EVICTS FIRST FAMILY. ADAM, EVE DUPED BY SERPENT. SENT PACKING. BOOOO HISSSS.
Joan E. Koppel, Scarsdale, N.Y.

NEVERMORE. STOP.
Pamela O. Davis, Brooklyn, N.Y.

HANKIE LOST. OTHELLO ACCUSES, LOVES UNWISELY, DESDEMONA PILLOW VICTIM. MANY DEAD. MOOR TO FOLLOW. STOP.
Mrs. Pearl Panes, Great Neck, N.Y.

KATIE SCARLETT O' HARA. STOP. MRS. CHARLES HAMILTON. STOP. MRS. FRANK KENNEDY. STOP. MRS. RHETT BUTLER. STOP. OH, WAR, TOO.
*John DiLeo, N.Y.C.
sp. ment.: David Chasman, Beverly Hills, Calif.*

MADISON COUNTY: NOTHING HAPPENING HERE.
*Kurt Henry, San Jose, Calif.
sp. ment.: Margaret D. Dale, Longmeadow, Mass.*

CANTERBURY COLORFUL. SHOURES SOTE. LETTYRE FOLLOWS.
*similarly: Bobby J. Ward, Raleigh, N.C.
Patrick Killcullen, London, UK.*

BUSY WEEK. NEED DAY OFF. RESTING SUNDAY. BE GOOD.
Richard Schwartz, Madison, Wisc.

ACHILLES GETS MAD. THEN GETS EVEN.
L. Soth, Northfield, Minn.

BOULDER RUSHES UPHILL. CRUSHES COYOTE. BOMB EXPLODES. LANDS ON COYOTE. ROCKET SCORCHES COYOTE. BEEP. BEEP.
Frank J. Dupignac Jr., Toms River, N.J.

ELEVATOR HOSTAGES. STOP. BOMB RIGGED ON BUS. CAN'T STOP.
Georgene Gallo, Glenshaw, Pa.

HEADS. STOP. TAILS. STOP. HEADS. STOP. TAILS. CAN'T STOP. DEATH. ROSENCRANTZ, GUILDENSTERN.
M. M. De Voe, N.Y.C.

RUSH IS BIG. STOP. RUSH IS FAT. STOP. RUSH IS IDIOT. STOP. FRANKEN.
Bob Kopac, Poughkeepsie, N.Y.

BOSWORTH EXCLUSIVE TO GLOBE: RICHARD OFFERS KINGDOM FOR A HORSE. NO HORSE. DAMN.
Wesley P. Hackett Jr., East Lansing, Mich.

STAYING BEV WILSHIRE. STOP. JURY STILL OUT. MAY BE WEEKS. CALL BROKER. STOP. SELL HERTZ. BUY HOME DEPOT.
Ann Schneider, Valley Stream, N.Y.

THE SHOE FIT. HAPPILY EVER AFTER.
Lilith Budman, Yonkers, N.Y.

GOVERNESS LOVES THORNFIELD. BIGAMOUS WEDDING OFF, PYRO-EX DEAD. ROCHESTER BLINDED. READER SHE MARRIED HIM.
*Susan Llewellyn, N.Y.C.
similarly: Joe McGunagle, Surfside, Fla.*

WITCH OF A HAIRCUT. SEND LADDER. AND PRINCE. RAPUNZEL.
Joan Moore, Naperville, Ill.

BARK, BARK. WHAT IS IT GIRL? THE MINE? TIMMY FELL DOWN THE ABANDONED MINE? BARK, BARK. OK, GIRL, LET'S GO.
Tim Hanley, N.Y.C.

WHALE GETS MAN. MAN SEEKS WHALE. WHALE GETS MAN.
Tom Frenkel, Sunnyside, N.Y.C.

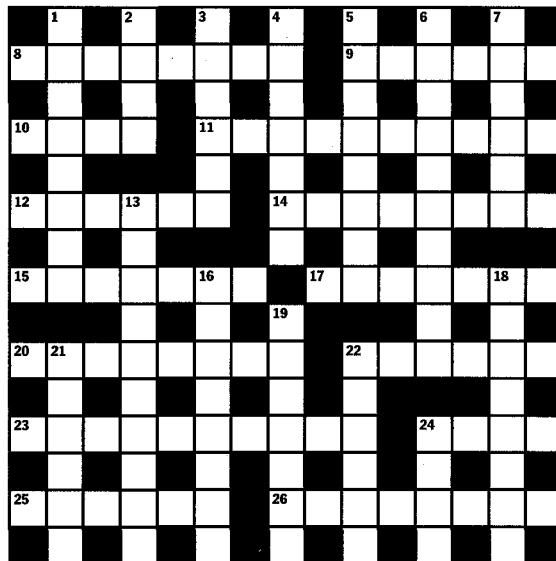
MARSUPIAL ENTERED BAR. ORDERED DRINK. STOP. HOPPING MAD AT HIGH PRICES. STOP. LEFT BAR. STOP.
John Falxa, N.Y.C.

Competition Rules: POSTCARDS, PLEASE, TYPEWRITTEN IF POSSIBLE. ONE ENTRY ONLY should be sent to Competition Number 851, New York Magazine, 755 Second Ave., New York, NY 10017-5998 or e-mailed to 76711.2310@compuserve.com. It must be received by April 26. Editor's decisions are final, and all entries become property of New York. Results and winners' names will appear in the May 27 issue.

The 'Guardian' Crossword

ACROSS

- 8 Ordered 24 sheets in colour. (8)
- 9 Wager about dumb animal being a dog. (6)
- 10 Boss seen in a boiled shirt. (4)
- 11 Understanding the purpose of a compass. (10)
- 12 Meat in an iron container cooked in blazing brandy. (6)
- 14 Perverted anti-mass in devil-worship. (8)
- 15 Enthusiasts may wax it. (7)
- 17 Reveals changes for divers. (7)
- 20 Fish cut back severely. (8)
- 22 Start to impress the opposite sex. (3,3)
- 23 Cruelty that's inherent in society. (10)
- 24 Spend unwisely, being depressed. (4)
- 25 Port is passed round for the toast. (6)
- 26 Not an odd tune for a church service. (8)



DOWN

- 1 Chaps keep score in mind. (8)
- 2 Pool giving pleasure to many. (4)
- 3 A little sweet. (6)
- 4 Speech written on an envelope? (7)
- 5 A worker interrupted by ecstatic non-worker. (8)
- 6 Chap under terrible strain becomes acerbic. (10)
- 7 Game won by the over-forties. (6)
- 13 Not a starter in the ocean race. (4,6)
- 16 Choice way to take sustenance. (1,2,5)
- 18 Members of this society have a lot in common. (8)
- 19 Any girl who pleases may have one. (7)
- 21 Disregard one note and not another. (6)
- 22 An exceptionally warm spring. (6)
- 24 Attempt to form a party. (4)

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'It Is I': 'Cue' Crossword . By Maura B. Jacobson

ACROSS

- 1 Suffix for land or sea
- 6 Computer information
- 14 Rose essence
- 19 Infatuate
- 20 Worshiper
- 21 Ventriloquist Lewis
- 22 I, to an old mathematician
- 24 Macho types
- 25 One of the Stooges
- 26 Brick poudage
- 27 City near Provo
- 28 Axing
- 29 Loser to Dwight
- 31 Bruce or Laura
- 34 Former aviation agcy.
- 36 Cry of woe
- 37 Low ornamental stand
- 39 Rumor
- 42 I, to a gamester
- 47 Elec. units
- 49 Shifter's concern
- 50 Mimic
- 51 Tax-deferred acct.
- 52 Remain stationary, at sea
- 54 Remove a waist accessory
- 56 Whodunit award
- 58 Corp. letters
- 59 Less cramped
- 63 AP rival
- 66 Colleague of Volta
- 67 I, to a driver
- 73 Matador's prize
- 74 Between fa and la
- 75 Alumni gala
- 76 Dryly humorous
- 77 Rite site
- 79 Enticing
- 82 She says "uncle"
- 84 "Xanadu" band, for short
- 85 Section of Queens
- 88 Prod
- 92 "Say Hey" Willie
- 93 I, to a grammarian
- 97 Bolivar's birthplace
- 98 British café
- 99 Poet Millay
- 102 Alias, in brief
- 103 Medieval menial
- 104 Japan's second city
- 108 Songsmith Jones
- 110 Seine tributary
- 113 Moose's relative
- 115 Rock-group booking

- 116 "Once — midnight dreary . . ."
- 117 I, to a chemist
- 122 Veep Barkley
- 123 More seasonable
- 124 Engaged in single combat
- 125 Yorkshire metropolis
- 126 Crow's-nest observers
- 127 Rodeo animal

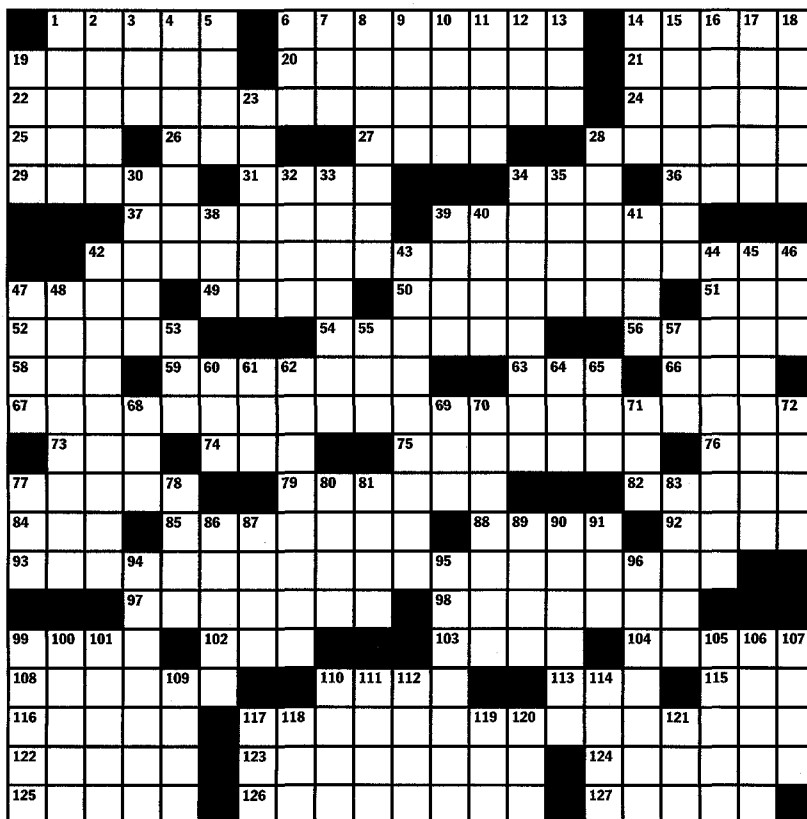
DOWN

- 1 Hairnet of a sort
- 2 Dromedary
- 3 "Today I — man"
- 4 General Motors

- 5 Rubik of cube fame
- 6 Not bright
- 7 Drink that sounds helpful
- 8 Home of the Maple Leafs
- 9 Controversial apple pesticide
- 10 Hay package
- 11 Energy source
- 12 D.C. legislator
- 13 Before, in palindromes
- 14 Wimbledon great
- 15 "— Feel Tonight" (1977 tune)

- 16 Native of southern India
- 17 Amphitheater
- 18 Wedding exchange
- 19 Columnist Bombeck
- 23 Like neglected tasks
- 28 Doesn't own
- 30 Nuke tryout
- 32 Brünnhilde's mother
- 33 Army enlistee
- 34 "You — Me Off"
- 35 Opera soliloquy
- 38 Where peat is found
- 39 Oscar-winner Cronyn
- 40 Jannings of early films
- 41 As busy as —

- 42 Audience member
- 43 Bookroom worker
- 44 Pajamas, often
- 45 Manhattan park
- 46 Regatta need
- 47 Et — (and others: Lat.)
- 48 "Cabaret" star
- 53 Esposito's teammate
- 55 Born, to Brigitte
- 57 — double take
- 60 Spy guys, once
- 61 Sioux tribesman
- 62 Minorca's neighbor, Spanish style
- 64 Rock and Roll Hall of Fame architect
- 65 Literature Nobel
- 68 Andric
- 69 Period in history
- 70 He's a Hur
- 71 Baby carriages
- 72 Publican's place
- 73 Goes blond
- 77 Pershing's gp.
- 78 Pro — (proportionately)
- 80 Bear of the skies
- 81 Branco and Grande
- 83 Muslim leaders
- 86 Use an aerosol
- 87 Deck wood
- 89 — even keel
- 90 Like-minded one
- 91 Couple
- 94 Made a radar sweep
- 95 Metal playing-marble
- 96 Watch it!
- 99 Of the same status
- 100 Twofold
- 101 Weeper of myth
- 105 Light on one's feet
- 106 Hall-of-Famer Ralph
- 107 Had another birthday
- 109 Recyclable items
- 110 Bullets, familiarly
- 111 Chocolate-syrup brand
- 112 Nut's partner
- 114 Eye-shadow locales
- 117 Kin of aves.
- 118 Puppy's bark
- 119 Chemin de —
- 120 Conjunctions used in choices
- 121 Fourth-rate mark



Mail-Bomb Mocha

After yet another stroke, Sandy starts getting increasingly visionary.

BAD PUBLICITY
BY LARRY DOYLE & KYLE BAKER

I'M SORRY, MR. OVITZ. MY FATHER HAD ANOTHER STROKE EARLY THIS MORNING.

WHY IS IT THAT EVERY TIME WE ARE IN CRISIS MODE, HE'S HAVING A STROKE?

I'M SURE IT'S JUST A COINCIDENCE. CAN I HELP YOU?

DID YOU HEAR WHAT OHLMEYER CALLED US? DID YOU SEE WHAT THAT NBC FUNCTIONARY TOLD TIME MAGAZINE?

"MICHAEL OVITZ IS THE ANTICHRIST, AND YOU CAN QUOTE ME ON THAT."

I KNOW; IT'S HORRIBLE. BUT I MET YESTERDAY WITH THE DISNEY LEGAL POD ASSIGNED TO THAT QUOTE, AND THEY'VE IDENTIFIED TWO PROBLEMS: (1) YOU'RE A PUBLIC FIGURE, AND (2) THE BURDEN WOULD BE ON YOU TO PROVE THAT THE STATEMENT WAS, IN FACT, NOT TRUE.

THIS IS PRECISELY THE LACK OF FIDUCIARY IMAGINATION WE CAME IN TO RETOOL. FORGET LIBEL—WHAT ABOUT REVEALING TRADE SECRETS? TORTIOUS INTERFERENCE IN A PACT WITH A THIRD PARTY?

NO, ANY MESSAGES?

YOUR FATHER CALLED FROM THE HOSPITAL, I DON'T KNOW, FOUR OR FIVE TIMES...

WHAT'D HE SAY?

I DON'T KNOW. I LET THE MACHINE GET IT.

WHAT?!

AND SINCE WHEN DO WE HAVE A "MACHINE"?

WHEN BRAD PITT FINALLY DOES CALL BACK, I DON'T WANT HIM TO THINK I WAS JUST SITTING HERE WAITING BY THE PHONE.

BIP! BIP! BIP! BIP!

HEY, SWEET SYD, SANDY FLACCO! LISTEN, AS LONG AS I'M IN HERE, I THINK I'LL GET MY TONSILS OUT.

BIP!

BUT LISTEN, UNABOMBER ON LARRY KING. WORKED FOR BRANDO. WORKED FOR PEROT THE FIRST DOZEN TIMES...

BIP!

BIP!

LISTEN, BEFORE THIS ANESTHESIA KICKS IN: BETTER YET, LEFT-WING UNABOMBER, RIGHT-WING OKIE BOMBER, THEIR OWN CNBC SHOW. FROM KOOK TO NUT. IT'S CROSSFIRE WITH THE POSSIBILITY OF ACTUAL CROSSFIRE!

BIP!

BIP!

OKAY, LISTEN, I'M A LITTLE FUZZY IN HERE, BUT: "WHAT'S IN MY POWERBOOK?" THE COMPUTER SO SIMPLE EVEN THE UNABOMBER LOVES IT!

HEY, HAND-CARVED ALL-WOOD NACS! UNEXPLORED NICHE!

BIP!

BIP!

HEY... SLEEPY... SCOOBY DOOBY DOO... TESTING... OKAY... TYSON VS. KACZYNSKI. IRON MIKE TAKES ON THE MAD BOMBER IN A CHARITY THING—FIGHT, BOIT—TO SAVE THE BATTERED WOMEN OF THE RAIN FOREST!

EVERYBODY WINS! YEAH! YIPPEE!

BIP!

BIP!

UNABOMB NO EXCUSES NO WASH-AND-WEAR JEANS!

HEY!! KIDZSH! THE NUT-PACKED UNABOMB POP! EXPLODING WITH FLAVOR!

WHOA, GOTTA GO.

DOC SAYS PHONE INTERFERING WITH HEART MONITORS...

FZZZZZZT!

BIP!

HEY, SWEET SYD, GREAT NEWS!

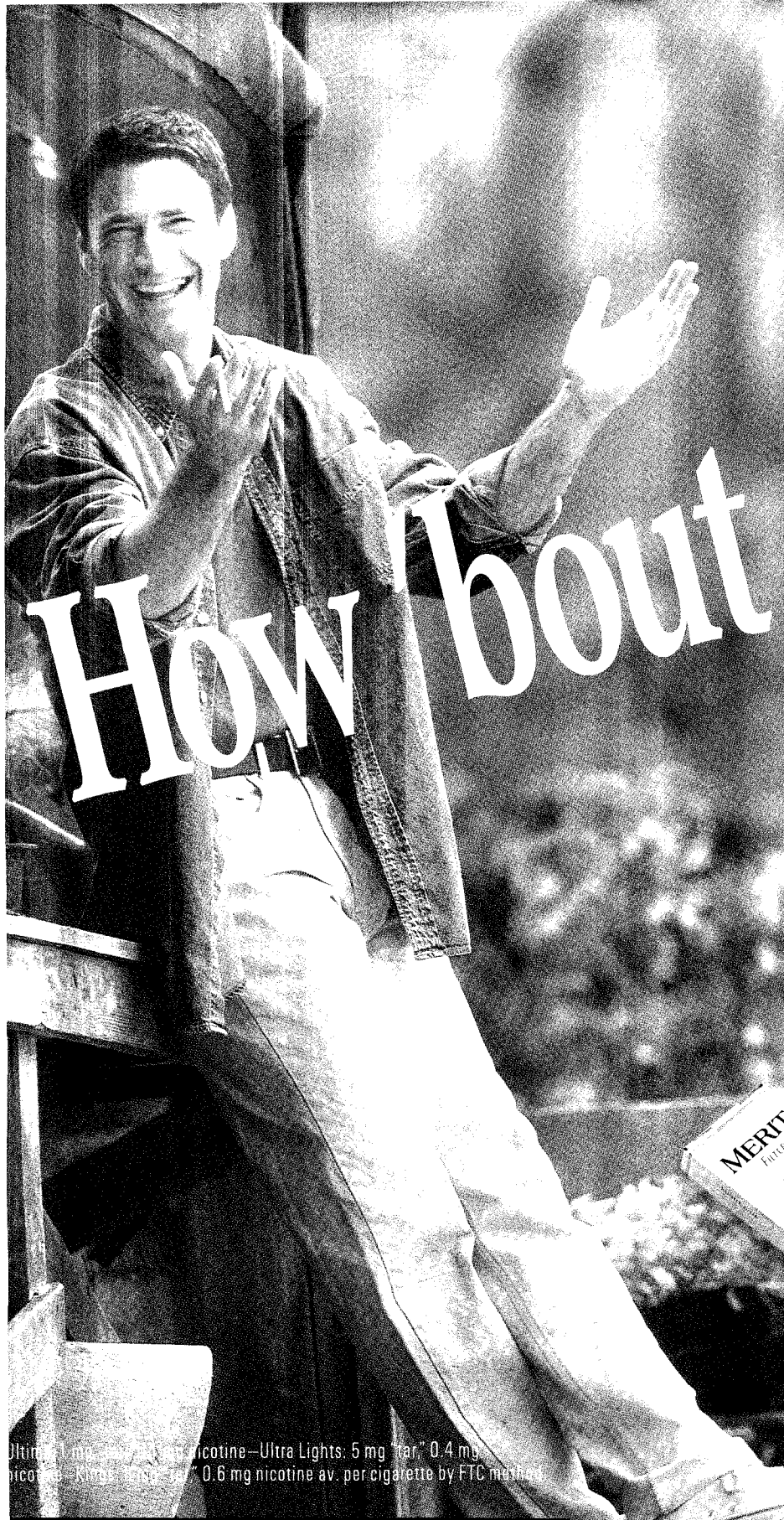
I DIED ON THE TABLE AND HAD A VISION:

COMES IN NATURALLY UNFLAVORED AND TRIPLE MAPLE WOOD CHIP!

MO, CALL THE HOSPITAL.

I'M DRYING HERE!

HERRY'S EDWARDS
YUMMY BOMBERS



How about

that!

Great news!
You can switch down to
lower tar and find
satisfying taste.



You've
got
MERIT

Ultra Lights: 1 mg. "tar," 0.1 mg. nicotine—Ultra Lights: 5 mg. "tar," 0.4 mg. nicotine—Kings: 8 mg. "tar," 0.6 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

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F. Shairov

ARTIST: FATHULLA SHAIROV, RUSSIAN, BORN 1960 (TASHKENT)

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